

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XIV.

FEBRUARY, 1821.

VOL. III.

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LONDON :

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE LION'S HEAD.

Valiant as a lion, and wondrous affable.——SHAKSPEARE

WE have to intreat the indulgence of Authors and Correspondents this month. We have received large consignments, both of publications and contributions—which must remain unnoticed for “one revolving moon,” more—but which we have not consigned to oblivion. On the contrary, they are all at present in our eye, and on our mind. In our next number we hope to quiet the reproaches of the mass, by reducing its bulk.

Our Correspondent's paper on the Fine Arts, we have not been able to find room for:—but we cannot omit extracting one part of it—which we think contains important information.

“This country, though distinguished at present in the practice of the Fine Arts, has been long reproached, and with some show of reason, with a want of sufficient attention to the elements of design; and it became a matter of general remark, that instruction in the first principles of drawing and painting, was less provided for in England, than in any other enlightened nation. We are happy to find that this deficiency cannot now be said any longer to exist. A gentleman of experience in the art of painting has prepared a spacious building, in all respects well calculated for its purpose—which is that of affording every kind of advantage to students, both in drawing and painting. It is admirably lighted,—provided with a library,—casts from the antique statues,—and copies from the finest pictures, to illustrate the teacher's instructions. The benefits resulting from his method are proved by the striking circumstance of his pupils generally bearing off the prize medals, &c. offered by the public establishments for the encouragement of Art. Several of them were so distinguished at the last distribution of prizes at the Royal Academy. There are two deaf and dumb youths educated at this school,—and it is most interesting to observe the progress they are making. Their drawings are of an excellence which is seldom surpassed by students of older standing, who have the full possession of their natural senses. Other drawings, by youths from twelve to sixteen, reared in this school, are particularly worthy of praise for their simplicity and correctness. Such as are advancing in oil-painting, promise to do equal credit to the establishment.”

We have a Correspondent's letter by us on a political subject, which we would fain notice without delay, because we could show his blame to be unjust:—but we must deny ourselves this satisfaction for the present. In

the meanwhile, we refer him to the paper entitled, "*Signs of the Times*," and ask him if its motto is not applicable to its sentiments.

We are happy to find that the *Plate of the Bas-relief*, in our last Number, gave satisfaction; and we anticipate as much for the *head of Memnon*, in the present. We have a great respect for living heads that have any thing in them, but we hate bad portraits, and meagre biographies; and therefore prefer the novel course of pretty frequently offering to our readers representations of the most celebrated objects of art in sculpture and painting, as embellishments of our Magazine, accompanied by papers on their peculiar character, and merits. To be sure, we flatter ourselves that we *have that within us which passeth shew!*—but these are days of exertion,—of patronage,—of popularity,—of liberality,—and every fine quality besides! The LONDON MAGAZINE, therefore, must play its part, as occupying a distinguished place amongst the noise and bustle. *We apprehend that Magazines will soon form the only literature of the country!*

STATEMENT, &c.

THE EDITOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE thinks it necessary to publish a Statement of what has recently taken place between himself and Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, of Edinburgh, an understood, though unavowed, Conductor of BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. In so doing, the Editor will speak in his real name,—the matter being one that concerns his personal character.

On Wednesday, the 10th of January, Mr. Scott was waited upon by a gentleman, who, giving his name, said he was commissioned by Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, to inquire whether Mr. Scott considered himself responsible for a series of three Articles, which had appeared in the LONDON MAGAZINE, discussing the conduct and management of BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, and regarded by Mr. Lockhart as offensive to his feelings, and injurious to his honour? Mr. Scott demanded on what grounds Mr. Lockhart made this application to him? It was replied,—merely on the strength of the common public report, representing Mr. Scott to be Editor of Messieurs Baldwin's Monthly Publication: it was added, that if he (Mr. S.) disavowed the responsibility now inquired into, his denial would be considered satisfactory.

Mr. Scott said, that, in the course of a couple of hours, Mr. Lockhart's friend should have a reply to his question. Before that space of time had elapsed, Mr. Scott addressed a note to the gentleman who had waited upon him, informing him, that if Mr. Lockhart's motives in putting the inquiry should turn out to be such as gentlemen usually respect, there would be no difficulty experienced about giving it an explicit answer.

Mr. Lockhart's friend, at another interview with Mr. Scott, on the same day (Wednesday), declared, that Mr. Lockhart had no legal proceedings in view,—or, at least, that nothing which Mr. Scott might then admit should be taken advantage of, with reference to legal proceedings: Mr. Lockhart's object was to receive a public apology for matter which he considered personally offensive to himself,—or such other satisfaction as a gentleman was entitled to. Mr. Scott said, that it only then remained for him to ask, whether Mr. Lockhart was on the spot; and whether, in the event of Mr. Scott's being prepared to avow the relation in which he stood towards the LONDON MAGAZINE, Mr. Lockhart might be considered equally prepared to declare distinctly the nature of his connection with BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE? It was replied, that Mr. Lockhart was not in London, but in Edinburgh; that he had merely given directions by letter, that the inquiry above stated

should be put to Mr. Scott; and that he had expressly instructed his friend, that no preliminary explanation whatever, was to be expected from him. Mr. Scott answered, that he certainly expected to receive preliminary explanation from Mr. Lockhart, before he could pay any attention to his claim now preferred; or consider him as having proved his motives to be worthy of respect: and Mr. Scott justified his expectation chiefly on the following ground:—

The notoriety of the public understanding that Mr. Lockhart was actively engaged in conducting BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE; the reports to which effect, though necessarily involving serious charges against his honour and truth, he had, for a long series of time, neglected publicly to contradict.

Mr. Scott added, in the course of the conversation, that he thought Mr. Lockhart *ought* to have been on the spot when he directed a demand of the present nature to be made; for, in such matters, delay was not becoming; and it was peculiarly desirable to have an explicit answer, *on the instant*, to any inquiry deemed, by either of the parties, essential to the acknowledgment of the other in the capacity of a gentleman.

Mr. Lockhart's friend expressed a decided difference of opinion from Mr. Scott on both these points,—and pressed for a reply to Mr. Lockhart's question. Mr. Scott said he did not feel, at that moment, that Mr. Lockhart had entitled himself to receive one; but that he would reconsider the point, and give his decision in the course of the evening.

About eight o'clock, Mr. Scott dispatched the following note to Mr. Lockhart's friend, as conveying the decision he had promised.

Mr. Scott clearly expected that, in the explanation of Mr. Lockhart's motives for calling upon him (Mr. S.) to avow or disavow any particular articles in the LONDON MAGAZINE, Mr. Christie would have been prepared to include—

First, a statement that Mr. Lockhart was on the spot,—

And, secondly, such open reference to the ground of complaint, as, by rendering Mr. Lockhart responsible in honour for the justice of his pretensions to having been injured, could alone entitle him to expect an irregular concession of information tending to his advantage.

Mr. Christie not having felt himself competent to establish such a claim to the voluntary communication he required, Mr. Scott declines to make any further allusion to the LONDON MAGAZINE on Mr. Lockhart's call.—Mr. Scott cannot but feel astonishment at Mr. Lockhart's founding an application of the nature of the one made through Mr. Christie, with expressed reference to *three* articles, *two of which have been more than a month before the public*;—and it is calculated to increase his surprise, that Mr. Lockhart should have authorized so direct a demand to be made on Mr. Scott, Mr. Lockhart himself remaining at a distance which would render further and considerable delay inevitable.

The very extraordinary fact of Mr. Lockhart's having permitted the second, and severest, article of the three that have appeared in the

LONDON MAGAZINE, in which his name is, either directly, or by implication, concerned, to remain before the public, and to be noised about in his ears in Scotland, for a full month, without making a demand, either on Mr. Scott, or any other person, in regard to it,—struck Mr. Scott's mind very forcibly, after the second visit of Mr. Lockhart's friend. It appeared to throw still further suspicion on the application; and, with other circumstances, induced Mr. Scott to determine, that he would have most distinct reason to know in which of two capacities Mr. Lockhart ought to be regarded—whether as a *gentleman*, assailed in his honourable feelings by an indecent use of his name in print; or as a *professional scandal-monger*, who had long profited by fraudulent and cowardly concealment; and who was only now driven to a measure of tardy hardihood, by being suddenly confronted with entire exposure,—and hearing each day, and at every corner, the voice of scorn and indignation becoming louder and louder as his silence and discomfiture became more and more confirmed.

On Thursday, the 18th, Mr. Lockhart's friend again called on Mr. Scott, and delivered to him a letter from Mr. Lockhart, dated in London. This letter, which, by the desire of the gentleman who brought it, was returned to him when read, contained a demand of an apology for the matter affecting Mr. Lockhart's feelings and character, which had appeared in the LONDON MAGAZINE,—with an allusion to the other alternative.

Mr. Scott, immediately on reading this letter, declared, that, since Mr. Lockhart was now in London, he (Mr. S.) distinctly avowed himself to be the Editor of the LONDON MAGAZINE; and, as Editor, responsible for the articles it contained. Mr. Scott added, that, as he had thus frankly met an inquiry, put to him on the sole authority of public report, he expected that Mr. Lockhart would acknowledge public report to be a sufficient ground for questioning him, as to his concern with the management of BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE; more particularly as the justice of Mr. Lockhart's pretension to having been unfairly treated by Mr. Scott, altogether depended on the real state of his (Mr. L.'s) connexion with the work just-named. Mr. Scott did not scruple to decide, that, should it now appear, either by Mr. Lockhart's silence, or his acknowledgment, that he had been actively and secretly engaged, as a paid writer, in a long-continued series of anonymous outrages on truth and character, evidently projected under sordid motives, and carried into effect under evasion, denial, and artifice,—Mr. Scott could not accept Mr. Lockhart's tardy personal appeal, as entitling him to a privilege, which belongs, of right, only to the gentleman whose actions, whether they are just or otherwise, are openly committed in his own name, and palpably in his own person.

Mr. Lockhart's friend entirely dissented from the view Mr. Scott took of the subject; expressed his own personal conviction, that the

charges which had appeared in the LONDON MAGAZINE, so far as they affected Mr. Lockhart, were, in nine points out of ten, untrue: maintained that Mr. Lockhart's character, as a gentleman, was unimpeachable;—but did not specify *any particular instances* of the incorrectness of what had been published in the LONDON MAGAZINE. With reference to the delay in preferring the complaint, this gentleman said he understood, that Mr. Lockhart *had not seen the second article, until three weeks after its publication*; and also, that he regarded the third article as still more objectionable than the second. He concluded by declaring that Mr. Lockhart would make no preliminary explanation whatever, and demanded of Mr. Scott to name his friend.

In reply to the demand of naming a friend, Mr. Scott declined doing so, until Mr. Lockhart should have made the necessary previous explanation;—and the gentleman, on receiving this refusal, expressed his dissatisfaction, and retired.

In the course of the same evening, Mr. Scott, to prevent the possibility of misconception, in regard to what had taken place in conversation, between himself and Mr. Lockhart's friend, drew up, in writing, a memorandum of his sentiments, which was conveyed to the latter gentleman, very early the following morning. It is only necessary here, after what has already been said, to give the concluding paragraph of this paper.

If Mr. Lockhart will even now make a disavowal of having been concerned in the system of imposition and scandal adopted in BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Scott consents to recognize his demand made through Mr. Christie; and in that case, and that only, Mr. Christie is referred to Mr. Horatio Smith, No. 29, Throgmorton-street, as Mr. Scott's friend, empowered by him (Mr. Scott) to arrange what may be proper under such circumstances.

What occurred in consequence of this communication will best be explained by the following letter, which Mr. Scott received from Mr. Smith, on the subject.

Fulham, Friday Evening.

DEAR SCOTT,

As I cannot see you this afternoon, I think it right to let you know that Mr. Christie called upon me before I left the City, and showed me the whole correspondence—between you, Mr. Lockhart, and himself. After perusing it, I asked him whether Mr. Lockhart had complied with the preliminary upon which my interference was conditional, as stipulated in your last memorandum; and, upon finding that he had not, I said I conceived Mr. Christie's call was irregular; and that I was not bound, as matters then stood, to listen to any propositions, or make them.—If Mr. Lockhart could make the avowal required, I repeatedly told Mr. Christie that I was authorized by you to offer him satisfaction, and I expressed my entire concurrence in the sentiments of your last communication.

Mr. Christie admitted, that as my interference was made dependant upon a condition not performed, it was irregular to call upon me; and we subsequently fell

into a long conversation, which I will detail to you, as correctly as I can, when we meet.—We differed in our views of the conduct which you were bound to adopt; and Mr. Christie left me with an intimation that you were to take the consequences of your resolution.

I am,

Dear Scott,

Yours, very truly,

HORATIO SMITH.

On Saturday morning Mr. Scott received the following note from Mr. Lockhart (written on Friday), transmitted through his friend.

London, January 19.

Mr. Lockhart, without admitting that Mr. Scott has, according to the usual practice of gentlemen in similar situations, any right to a preliminary explanation, does nevertheless not hesitate to offer Mr. Scott any explanation upon any subject in which Mr. Scott's personal feelings and honour can be concerned; in the hopes, and on the understanding, that Mr. Scott will then no longer delay giving Mr. Lockhart the explanation and satisfaction alluded to in Mr. Scott's communications.

To this note Mr. Scott immediately returned the following answer:

Mr. Scott does not think it necessary to discuss Mr. Lockhart's denial of his right to a preliminary explanation:—it is sufficient for Mr. Scott to have made up his mind on that point; to have his opinion supported by that of his friend—a man of unblemished honour; and to be prepared to stand the test of the feelings of society upon it.

It is, however, his wish to limit the explanation he demands, within the narrowest bounds the case will possibly admit of:—he will not therefore require of Mr. Lockhart any avowal or disavowal directed towards particular articles that may have appeared in *BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE*;—all he requires is—that Mr. Lockhart should declare, upon his honour, in explicit terms, that he has never derived money from any connection, direct or indirect, with the management of that work; and that he has never stood in a situation giving him, directly or indirectly, a pecuniary interest in its sale.

Mr. Lockhart will see that the terms of this disavowal have no reference whatever to occasional or even frequent contributions,—which Mr. Scott waives his right to inquire into.—They are simply intended to draw the line of distinction between the dealer in scandal, and the man of honour.

The system of concealment and evasion adopted in regard to the Editorship of *BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE*—and obstinately maintained under calls as direct as that which Mr. Lockhart has now made on Mr. Scott—but which Mr. Scott could not bring himself to imitate;—also, Mr. Lockhart's silence under the general public report, attributing to him a principal share in the getting-up of that work, are sufficient to justify Mr. Scott in demanding this preliminary explanation. The disavowal required by Mr. Scott being made,—he holds himself prepared to give Mr. Lockhart satisfaction without delay.

Saturday Morning.

Mr. Scott was not able to refer to his friend, Mr. Smith, before dispatching the above; and as the result of the latter gentleman's conversation with Mr. Lockhart's friend had been totally unsatisfactory, Mr. Scott (it being now pretty late on Saturday) could not certainly cal-

culate on being able to command Mr. Smith's attendance so promptly as it would have been desirable to have had the affair terminated, in the event of Mr. Lockhart's feeling himself in a situation to make the declaration demanded by Mr. Scott. Besides, Mr. Scott had some reason to doubt whether Mr. Smith would sanction the *latitude* left to Mr. Lockhart in Mr. Scott's last note; and therefore Mr. Scott, while he sent off to Mr. Smith (then in the country) an intimation of what he had done, deemed it necessary to prepare himself provisionally with the services of another friend, in case Mr. Lockhart's reply should be of a nature permitting a meeting. Mr. Scott, therefore, applied to his friend Mr. P. G. Patmore, who, with infinite liberality, instantly consented to engage in the affair, kindly overlooking the lateness of the application made to him. Mr. Scott received the following note from this gentleman.

DEAR SCOTT,

In reply to your *provisional* request for my services in your affair with Mr. Lockhart, I have no hesitation in saying, that you may command them whenever they can be of use to you.

I am glad to find that you had placed the affair in the hands of a gentleman of such unquestioned honour as your friend Mr. Horatio Smith;—but if, consistently with his already expressed opinion on the subject in question, that gentleman should object to sanction the proposal which you have now, in his (Mr. Smith's) absence, made to Mr. Lockhart, I repeat you may command my services: for I decidedly think, that, if Mr. Lockhart is prepared to make the disavowal which you have required of him, you are bound to give him the satisfaction which he demands.

As, in case Mr. Lockhart should think it right to make the required disavowal, my part in this affair will be confined to arrangements, about which there can be little or no discussion, it is perhaps unnecessary for me to express any opinion as to what has hitherto passed: but still it may not be improper for me to add, that I fully recognize the fairness of your preliminary stipulation.

Believe me,

Dear Scott,

Ever yours,

P. GEO. PATMORE.

Saturday afternoon, Jan. 20, 1821.

Within the time limited by Mr. Scott for receiving Mr. Lockhart's final reply, he was waited upon by Mr. Lockhart's friend. That gentleman, not finding Mr. Smith present, wished to consider for a moment whether he ought to communicate to Mr. Scott, in his friend's absence, Mr. Lockhart's answer, which he then held in his hand. Mr. Scott stated the circumstances that had prevented him from securing the immediate attendance of Mr. Smith; and added, that if Mr. Lockhart was now prepared to make the explanation required, Mr. Scott would engage to produce Mr. Smith in two hours to settle the very few arrangements which would then remain to be adjusted, or, in his absence, another friend, equally unexceptionable, for the same purpose.—The gentleman declared that Mr. Lockhart had not acceded to Mr. Scott's demand; that he did not think Mr. Scott had any title to make such a demand, that he objected to the way in which it was worded, and refused on the point of right. Mr. Scott then declared, that he con-

sidered his communications with Mr. Lockhart as terminated. Mr. Lockhart's friend expressed a strong desire that Mr. Scott should hear one passage read of Mr. Lockhart's communication: this, after some discussion, and explanation, as to the language in which that desire had been expressed,—Mr. Scott, conceiving the passage might bear upon the point in dispute, consented to do: on hearing, however, a few words, it appeared to him to be altogether irrelevant to that point, and Mr. Scott therefore begged that the discussion might be considered as peremptorily closed by him.

Mr. Scott, in the course of the same evening, received a note from Mr. Lockhart, which he opened (not knowing the seal), and found it to contain abusive epithets. These, as Mr. Scott had, throughout the whole of the affair, consulted, not the first impulses of his feelings, but the principles of justice and honour, believed by himself, and two gentlemen of unsullied character, to be applicable to the case, as it stood between Mr. Lockhart and him, could not, of course, be considered as in any way altering the position of the matter.

Mr. Scott regards the abuse in question as coming from a person concerned in conducting *BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE*:—a mercenary dealer in calumny and falsehood; who, by a series of pitiful artifices and evasions, has skulked from the consequences of his own actions, until he has been dragged forth to infamy by a powerful hand:—who even then, finding himself beaten, and exposed without hope, as a calumnious writer, still lay inactive for a considerable space of time; and who, at last, has been driven, solely by the encreasing torment of an intolerable situation, to make a desperate and tardy attempt to recover himself,—by claiming a privilege which is only due to that quick and fine sense of honour, which would shudder at wearing a vizor, and still more at using poisoned weapons from under its protection—which has nothing to weigh or balance, on receiving a wound, but the promptest and most candid manner of demanding reparation.

Little or nothing of argument being mixed-up with the above narrative, the Editor of the *LONDON MAGAZINE* wishes to add a few words, in his public capacity, in support of the principle on which he has acted, in his treatment of Mr. Lockhart's claim.

The right which a gentleman has to demand satisfaction for injury done to his feelings, or reputation, must be considered strictly dependent on his standing frankly, in his proper person, ready to answer for such of his own actions as affect the feelings or reputation of others.

An anonymous agent, in conducting a work devoted to criticism and satire, who earns money by his labours in this capacity, and who, by studied and artful devices, and pretensions, conceals himself from the knowledge of the persons that are, from time to time, subjected to his remarks, cannot be regarded as occupying such a place in society, as would entitle him to the right above-mentioned.

The public report, representing Mr. Lockhart to be actively and constantly engaged, for hire, or salary, or pecuniary profit of some sort, in the management of BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, is sufficiently general and notorious to warrant his being called upon to avow or deny the fact, by any one to whom he may prefer an application for the privilege of receiving gentlemanly satisfaction.

The Editor of the LONDON MAGAZINE has given himself a peculiar title to make this demand, by his prompt acknowledgment of the situation in which *he* stands towards the publication in which the articles, complained of by Mr. Lockhart, have appeared; and by admitting his personal responsibility as Editor, and his liability to be called upon to give satisfaction for *injuries* committed by him in his public capacity.

It cannot be permitted to a person, who has taken advantage of concealment in making attacks on feeling and character, so long as concealment could be continued by evasion and denial, suddenly to turn necessity into a virtue, when he has been forcibly, and against his will, drawn forth into exposure.

Nor can it be permitted to any one to *time*, so as to suit his convenience, the avowal of his own actions, affecting the interests or feelings of his neighbours.

For these reasons, a gentleman's privilege could not have been conceded to Mr. Lockhart had he *avowed*, on the present occasion, that he was engaged in conducting BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE—for this avowal has been evaded by him, when, if such be really his situation, it was due from him to injured and inquiring parties.

Nothing, therefore, but Mr. Lockhart's disavowal of the connection in question, could have been considered as establishing his title to the privilege he claimed. If he had made it, on his word of honour, he would have received the satisfaction he desired. His pretension of being withheld by pride and delicacy from denying what there was no ground for charging him with, is calculated to excite contempt; preferred, as it is, in the face of a long-standing public report, and the conviction of thousands in Edinburgh and elsewhere. If, in fine, he is unable to make the disavowal required, his attempt now to play the part of a *gentleman* touched in the point of honour, because the press, which he has abused as an instrument of injury, has been at length turned against him as one of justice, must be considered to be quite as impudent as it is desperate. The interests of society demand, that such an attempt should be firmly repelled. It is proper that the individual who sits down to write or plan outrages on private feeling and character, with the chances of concealment in his favour, and the profits which fraud and hypocrisy are calculated to ensure in this world, tempting his cupidity, should be aware, that he runs some risk in return for these advantages—the risk of being repulsed with indignant scorn, should his complete exposure as knave, leave him no other resource but that of claiming, with affected brevity, to receive satisfaction as a man of honour!

C. Baldwin, Printer,
New Bridge-Street, London.

THE
London Magazine.

N^o XIV.

FEBRUARY, 1821.

VOL. III.

MEMNON'S HEAD.

It is well known, that there were two statues of Memnon: a smaller one, commonly called the young Memnon, whose bust, by the skill and perseverance of Belzoni, has been safely deposited in the British Museum; and a larger and more celebrated one, from which, when touched by the rays of the morning sun, harmonious sounds were reported to have issued. Cambyses, suspecting that the music proceeded from magic, ordered this statue to be broken up, from the head to the middle of the body; and its prodigious fragments now lie buried amid the ruins of the Memnonium.—Strabo, who states himself to have been a witness of the miracle, attributes it either to the quality of the stone, or to some deception of the priests; while Pausanias suspects that some musical instrument was concealed within, whose strings, relaxed by the moisture of the night, resumed their tension from the heat of the sun, and broke with a sonorous sound. Ancient writers vary so much, not only as to the cause of this mysterious music, but even as to the existence of the fact itself, that we should hardly know what to believe, were it not for the authority of Strabo, a grave geographer, and an eye-witness, who, without any apparent wish to impose upon his readers, declares that he stood beside the statue, and heard the sounds which proceeded from it:—"Standing," he says, "with Elius Gallus, and a party of friends, examining the colossus, we heard a certain sound, without being exactly able to determine whether it proceeded from the statue itself, or its base; or whether it had been occasioned by any of the assistants, for I would rather believe any thing than imagine that stones, arranged in any particular manner, could elicit similar noises."

Pausanias, in his Egyptian travels, saw the ruins of the statue, after it had been demolished by Cambyses, when the pedestal of the colossus remained standing; the rest of the body, prostrated upon the ground, still continued at sun-rise, to emit its unaccountable melody. Pliny and Tacitus, without having been eye-witnesses, report the same fact; and Lucian informs us, that Demetrius went to Egypt, for the sole purpose of seeing the Pyramids, and the statue of Memnon, from which a voice always issued at sun-rise. What the same author adds, in his Dialogue of the False Prophet, appears to be only raillery: "When (he writes) I went in

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my youth to Egypt, I was anxious to witness the miracle attributed to Memnon's statue, and I heard this sound, not like others who distinguish only a vain noise; but Memnon himself uttered an oracle, which I could relate, if I thought it worth while."—Most of the moderns affect to discredit this relation altogether, but I cannot enrol myself among them; for, if properties, even more marvellous, can be proved to exist in the head of the young Memnon, it would be pushing scepticism too far, to deny that there was any thing supernatural in the larger and more celebrated statue. Unless I have been grossly deceived by imagination, I have good grounds for maintaining, that the Head, now in the British Museum, is endued with qualities quite as inexplicable, as any that have been attributed to its more enormous namesake.—I had taken my seat before it yesterday afternoon, for the purpose of drawing a sketch, occasionally pursuing my work, and occasionally lost in reveries upon the vicissitudes of fate this mighty monument had experienced, until I became unconscious of the lapse of time, and, just as the shades of evening began to gather round the room, I discovered that every visitor had retired, and that I was left quite alone with the gigantic Head! There was something awful, if not alarming, in the first surprise excited by this discovery; and I must confess, that I felt a slight inclination to quicken my steps to the door. Shame, however, withheld me;—and as I made a point of proving to myself, that I was superior to such childish impressions, I resumed my seat, and examined my sketch, with an affectation of *nonchalance*. On again looking up to the Bust, it appeared to me that an air of living animation had spread over its Nubian features, which had obviously arranged themselves into a smile. Belzoni says, that it seemed to smile on him, when he first discovered it amid the ruins; and I was endeavouring to persuade myself, that I had been deceived by the recollection of this assertion, when I saw its broad granite eyelids slowly descend over its eyes, and again deliberately lift themselves up, as if the Giant were striving to awaken himself from his long sleep!—I rubbed my own eyes, and, again fixing them, with a sort of desperate incredulity, upon the figure before me, I clearly beheld its lips moving in silence, as if making faint efforts to speak,—and, after several ineffectual endeavours, a low whispering voice, of melancholy tone, but sweet withal, distinctly uttered the following

STANZAS.

In Egypt's centre, when the world was young,
My statue soar'd aloft,—a man-shaped tower,
O'er hundred-gated Thebes, by Homer sung,
And built by Apis' and Osiris' power.

When the sun's infant eye more brightly blazed,
I mark'd the labours of unwearied time;
And saw, by patient centuries up-raised,
Stupendous temples, obelisks sublime.

Hewn from the rooted rock, some mightier mound,
Some new colossus more enormous springs,
So vast, so firm, that, as I gazed around,
I thought them, like myself, eternal things.

Then did I mark in sacerdotal state,
Psammis the king, whose alabaster tomb,
(Such the inscrutable decrees of fate,)
Now floats athwart the sea to share my doom.

O Thebes, I cried, thou wonder of the world !
Still shalt thou soar, its everlasting boast ;
When lo ! the Persian standards were unfurl'd,
And fierce Cambyzes led th' invading host.
Where from the East a cloud of dust proceeds,
A thousand banner'd suns at once appear ;
Nought else was seen ;—but sound of neighing steeds,
And faint barbaric music met mine ear.
Onward they march, and foremost I descried
A cuirass'd Grecian band, in phalanx dense,
Around them throng'd, in oriental pride,
Commingle tribes— a wild magnificence.
Dogs, cats, and monkeys in their van they show,
Which Egypt's children worship and obey ;
They fear to strike a sacrilegious blow,
And fall—a pious, unresisting prey.
Then, Havoc leaguings with infuriate Zeal,
Palaces, temples, cities are o'erthrown ;
Apis is stab'd !—Cambyzes thrust the steel,
And shuddering Egypt heaved a general groan.
The firm Memnonium mock'd their feeble power,
Flames round its granite columns hiss'd in vain,—
The head of Isis frowning o'er each tower,
Look'd down with indestructible disdain.
Mine was a deeper and more quick disgrace :—
Beneath my shade a wondering army flock'd,
With force combined, they wrench'd me from my base,
And earth beneath the dread concussion rock'd.
Nile from his banks receded with afright,
The startled Sphinx, long trembled at the sound ;
While from each pyramid's astounded height,
The loosen'd stones slid rattling to the ground.
I watch'd, as in the dust supine I lay,
The fall of Thebes,—as I had mark'd its fame,—
Till crumbling down, as ages roll'd away,
Its site a lonely wilderness became.
The throngs that choak'd its hundred gates of yore ;
Its fleets, its armies, were no longer seen ;
Its priesthood's pomp,—its Pharaohs were no more,—
All—all were gone—as if they ne'er had been.
Deep was the silence now, unless some vast
And time-worn fragment thunder'd to its base ;
Whose sullen echoes, o'er the desert cast,
Died in the distant solitudes of space.
Or haply in the palaces of kings,
Some stray jackal sate howling on the throne :
Or, on the temple's holiest altar, springs
Some gaunt hyæna, laughing all alone.
Nature o'erwhelms the relics left by time ;—
By slow degrees entombing all the land ;
She buries every monument sublime,
Beneath a mighty winding-sheet of sand.
Vain is each monarch's unremitting pains,
Who in the rock his place of burial delves ;
Behold ! their proudest palaces and fanes,
Are subterraneous sepulchres themselves.

Twenty-three centuries unmoved I lay,
 And saw the tide of sand around me rise ;
 Quickly it threaten'd to engulph its prey,
 And close in everlasting night mine eyes.
 Snatch'd in this crisis from my yawning grave,
 Belzoni roll'd me to the banks of Nile,
 And slowly heaving o'er the western wave,
 This massy fragment reach'd th' imperial isle.
 In London, now with face erect I gaze
 On England's pallid sons, whose eyes up-cast,
 View my colossal features with amaze,
 And deeply ponder on my glories past.
 But who my future destiny shall guess ?
 Saint Paul's may lie—like Memnon's temple—low ;
 London, like Thebes, may be a wilderness ;
 And Thames, like Nile, through silent ruins flow.
 Then haply may my travels be renew'd :—
 Some Transatlantic hand may break my rest,
 And bear me from Augusta's solitude,
 To some new seat of empire in the west.
 Mortal !—since human grandeur ends in dust,
 And proudest piles must crumble to decay ;
 Build up the tower of thy final trust
 In those blest realms—where nought shall pass away !
H.

TABLE TALK.

No. VII.

ON READING OLD BOOKS.

I HATE to read new books. There are twenty or thirty volumes that I have read over and over again, and these are the only ones that I have any desire ever to read at all. It was a long time before I could bring myself to sit down to the *Tales of My Landlord*, but now that author's works have made a considerable addition to my scanty library. I am told that some of Lady Morgan's are good, and have been recommended to look into *Anastasius* ; but I have not yet ventured upon that task. A lady, the other day, could not refrain from expressing her surprise to a friend, who said he had been reading *Delphine* :—she asked,—If it had not been published some time back ? Women judge of books as they do of fashions or complexions, which are admired only “in their newest gloss.” That is not my way. I am not one of those who trouble the circulating libraries much, or pester the booksellers for mail-coach copies of standard periodical publications. I cannot say, that I am greatly ad-

dicted to black-letter, but I profess myself well-versed in the marble bindings of Andrew Millar, in the middle of the last century ; nor does my taste revolt at *Thurloe's State Papers*, in Russia leather ; or an ample impression of *Sir W. Temple's Essays*, with a portrait after *Sir Godfrey Kneller*, in front. I do not think, altogether, the worse of a book for having survived the author a generation or two. I have more confidence in the dead than the living. Contemporary writers may generally be divided into two classes—one's friends, or one's foes. Of the first we are compelled to think too well, and of the last we are disposed to think too ill, to receive much genuine pleasure from the perusal, or to judge fairly of the merits of either. One candidate for literary fame, who happens to be of our acquaintance, writes finely and like a man of genius ; but unfortunately has a foolish face, which spoils a delicate passage :—another inspires us with the highest respect for his

personal talents and character, but does not quite come up to our expectations in print. All these contradictions and petty details interrupt the calm current of our reflections. If you want to know what any of the authors were who lived before our time, and are still objects of anxious inquiry, you have only to look into their works. But the dust, and smoke, and noise of modern literature have nothing in common with the pure, silent air of immortality.

When I take up a work that I have read before, (the oftener, the better,) I know what I have to expect. The satisfaction is not lessened by being anticipated. When the entertainment is altogether new, I sit down to it as I should to a strange dish,—turn and pick out a bit here and there, and am in doubt what to think of the composition. There is a want of confidence and security to second appetite. New-fangled books are also like made-dishes in this respect, that they are generally little else than hashes and *refaccimentos* of what has been served up entire and in a more natural state at other times. Besides, in thus turning to a well-known author, there is not only a security, that my time will not be thrown away, and my palate nauseated with the most insipid or vilest trash,—but I shake hands with, and look an old, tried, and valued friend in the face,—compare notes, and chat the hours away. It is true, we form dear friendships with such ideal guests—dearer, alas! and more lasting, than those with our most intimate acquaintance. In reading a book which is an old favourite with me (say the first novel I ever read) I not only have the pleasure of imagination, and of a critical relish of the work, but the pleasures of memory added to it. It recalls the same feelings and associations which I had in first reading it, and which I can never have again in any other way. Standard productions of this kind are links in the chain of our conscious being. They bind together the different scattered divisions of our personal identity. They are land-marks and guides in our journey through life. They are pegs and loops on which

we can hang up, or from which we can take down, at pleasure, the wardrobe of a moral imagination, the relics of our best affections, the tokens and records of our happiest hours. They are “for thoughts and for remembrance!” They are like Fortunatus’s Wishing Cap—they give us the best riches—those of Fancy; and transport us, not over half the globe, but (which is better) over half our lives, at a word’s notice!

My father Shandy solaced himself with *Bruscambille*. Give me for this purpose a volume of *Peregrine Pickle* or *Tom Jones*. Open either of them any where—at the *Memoirs of Lady Vane*, or the adventures at the masquerade with *Lady Bellaston*, or the disputes between *Thwackum* and *Square*, or the escape of *Molly Seagrim*, or the incident of *Sophia* and her muff, or the edifying prolixity of her aunt’s lecture—and there I find the same delightful, busy, bustling scene as ever, and feel myself the same as when I was first introduced into the thick of it. Nay, sometimes the sight of an odd volume of these good old English authors on a stall, or the name lettered on the back, among others on the shelves of a library, answers the purpose, revives the whole train of ideas, and sets “the puppets dallying.” Twenty years are struck off the score, and I am a child again. A sage philosopher, who was not a very wise man, said, that he should like very well to be young again, if he could take his experience along with him. This ingenious person did not seem to be aware, by the gravity of his remark, that the great advantage of being young is to be without this weight of experience, which he would fain place upon the shoulders of youth, and which never comes too late with years. Oh! what a privilege to be able to let this hump, like *Christian’s* burthen, drop from off one’s back, and transport one’s-self, by the help of a little musty duodecimo, to the time when “ignorance was bliss,” and when we first got a peep at the raree-show of the world, through the glass of fiction—gazing at mankind, as we do at wild beasts in a menagerie, through the bars of their

cages,—or at curiosities in a museum, that we must not touch! For myself, not only are the old ideas of the contents of the work brought back to my mind, in all their vividness; but the old associations of the faces and persons of those I then knew, as they were in their lifetime—the place where I sat to read the volume, the day when I got it, the feeling of the air, the fields, the sky—return, and all my early impressions with them. This is better to me—those places, those times, those persons, and those feelings that come across me as I retrace the story and devour the page, are to me better far than the wet sheets of the last new novel from the Ballantyne press, or even from the Minerva press in Leadenhall-street. It is like visiting the scenes of early youth. I think of the time “when I was in my father’s house, and my path ran down with butter and honey,”—when I was a little, thoughtless child, and had no other wish or care but to learn my task, and be happy!—Tom Jones, I remember, was the first work that broke the spell. It came down in numbers once a fortnight, in Cooke’s pocket-edition embellished with cuts. I had hitherto read only in school-books, and a little ecclesiastical history (with the exception of Mrs. Radcliffe’s *Romance of the Forest*): but this had a different relish with it,—“sweet in the mouth,” though not “bitter in the belly.” It smacked of the world I lived in, and in which I was to live—and showed me groups, “gay creatures” not “of the element,” but of the earth; not “living in the clouds,” but travelling the same road that I did;—some that had passed on before me, and others that might soon overtake me. My heart had palpitated at the thoughts of a boarding-school ball, or gala-day at Midsummer or Christmas: but the world I had found out in Cooke’s edition of the *British Novelists* was to me a dance through life, a perpetual gala-day. The six-penny numbers of this work regularly contrived to leave off just in the middle of a sentence, and in the nick of a story—where Tom Jones discovers Square behind the blanket; or where Parson

Adams, in the inextricable confusion of events, very undesignedly gets to bed to Mrs. Slip-slop. Let me caution the reader against this impression of Joseph Andrews; for there is a picture of Fanny in it which he should not set his heart on, lest he should never meet with any thing like it; or if he should, it would, perhaps, be better for him that he had not. It was just like ———! With what eagerness I used to look forward to the next number, and open the prints! Ah! never again shall I feel the enthusiastic delight with which I gazed at the figures, and anticipated the story and adventures of Major Bath and Commodore Trunnion, of Trim and My Uncle Toby, of Don Quixote and Sancho and Dapple, of Gil Blas and Dame Lorenza Sephora, of Laura and the fair Lucretia, whose lips opened and shut like buds of roses. To what nameless ideas did they give rise,—with what airy delights I filled up the outlines, as I hung in silence over the page!—Let me still recal you, that you may breathe fresh life into me, and that I may live that birthday of thought and romantic pleasure over again! Talk of the *ideal*! This is the only true ideal—the heavenly tints of Fancy reflected in the bubbles that float upon the spring-tide of human life.

Oh! Memory! shield me from the world’s
poor strife,
And give those scenes thine everlasting
life!

The paradox with which I set out is, I hope, less so than it was: the reader will, by this time, have been let into my secret. Much about the same time, (or I believe rather earlier,) I took a particular satisfaction in reading Chubb’s Tracts, and I often think I will get them again to wade through. There is a high gusto of polemical divinity in them: and you fancy that you hear a club of shoemakers, at Salisbury, debating a disputable text from one of St. Paul’s Epistles, in a workman-like style, with equal shrewdness and pertinacity. I cannot say so much for my metaphysical studies, into which I launched shortly after with great ardour, so as to make a toil of a pleasure. I was presently entangled

in the briars and thorns of subtle distinctions,—of “fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,” though I cannot add that “in their wandering mazes I found no end;” for I did arrive at some very satisfactory and potent conclusions; nor will I go so far, (however ungrateful the subject might seem,) as to exclaim with Marlowe’s Faustus—“Would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book,”—that is, never studied such authors as Hartley, Hume, Berkeley, &c. Locke’s Essay on Human Understanding is, however, a work from which I never derived either pleasure or profit; and Hobbes, dry and powerful as he is, I did not read till long afterwards. I read a few poets, which did not much hit my taste,—for, I would have the reader understand, I am deficient in the faculty of imagination: but I fell early upon French romances and philosophy, and devoured them tooth-and-nail. Many a dainty repast have I made of the New Eloise:—the description of the kiss; the *promenade sur l’eau*; the letter of St. Preux, recalling the time of their first loves; and the account of Julia’s death; these I read over and over again, with unspeakable delight and wonder. Some years after, when I met with this work again, I found I had lost nearly my whole relish for it (except some few parts), and, I remember, was very much mortified with the change in my taste, which I sought to attribute to the smallness and gilt edges of the edition I had bought, and its being perfumed with rose-leaves. Nothing could exceed the gravity, the solemnity with which I carried home and read the Dedication to the Social Contract, with some other pieces of the author, which I had picked up at a stall in a coarse leather cover. Of the Confessions I have spoken elsewhere, and may repeat what I have said—“Sweet is the dew of their memory, and pleasant the balm of their recollection!” Their beauties are not “scattered like stray-gifts

o’er the earth,” but sown thick on the page, rich and rare. I wish I had never read the Emilius, or read it with less implicit faith. I had no occasion to pamper my natural aversion to affectation and pretence, by romantic and artificial means. I had better have formed myself on the model of Sir Fopling or Sir Plume. There is a class of persons whose virtues and most shining qualities sink in, and are concealed by, an absorbent ground of modesty and reserve; and such a one, I do, without vanity, profess myself.* Now these are the very persons who are likely to attach themselves to the character of Emilius, and of whom it is sure to be the bane. This dull, phlegmatic, retiring humour is not in a fair way to be corrected, but confirmed and rendered desperate, by being there held up as an object of imitation, as an example of simplicity and magnanimity—by coming upon us with all the recommendations of novelty, surprise, and a superiority to the prejudices of the world—by being stuck upon a pedestal, made amiable, dazzling, a *leurre de dupe*. The reliance on solid worth which it inculcates, the preference of sober truth to gaudy tinsel, hangs like a mill-stone round the neck of the imagination—“a load to sink a navy”—impedes our progress, and blocks up every prospect in life. A man to get on, to be successful, conspicuous, applauded, should not retire upon the centre of his conscious resources, but be always at the circumference of appearances. He must envelop himself in a halo of mystery—he must ride in an equipage of opinion—he must walk with a train of self-conceit following him—he must not strip himself to a buff-jerkin, to the doublet and hose of his real merits, but must surround himself with a *cortege* of prejudices like the signs of the Zodiac—he must seem any thing but what he is, and then he may pass for any thing he pleases. The world love to be amused by hollow professions, to be

* Nearly the same sentiment was wittily and happily expressed by a friend, who had some lottery puffs, which he had been employed to write, returned on his hands for their too great severity of thought and classical terseness of style; and who observed on that occasion, that “Modest merit never can succeed!”—

deceived by flattering appearances, to live in a state of hallucination; and can forgive every thing but the plain, downright, simple, honest truth—such as we see it chalked out in the character of Emilius.—To return from this digression, which is a little out of place here.

Books have in a great measure lost their power over me; nor can I revive the same interest in them as formerly. I perceive when a thing is good, rather than feel it. It is true,

Marcian Colonna is a dainty book;

and the reading of Mr. Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes* lately made me regret that I was not young again. The beautiful and tender images there conjured up, "come like shadows—so depart." The "tiger-moth's wings," which he has spread over his rich poetic blazonry, just flit across my fancy; the gorgeous twilight window which he has painted over again in his verse, to me "blushes" almost in vain "with blood of queens and kings." I know how I should have felt at one time in reading such authors; and that is all. The sharp luscious flavour, the fine *aroma* is fled, and nothing but the stalk, the bran, the husk of literature is left. If any one were to ask me what I read now, I might answer with my lord Hamlet in the play,—"*Words, words, words.*"—"What is the matter?"—"Nothing!"—They have scarce a meaning. But it was not always so. There was a time when, to my thinking, every word was a flower or a pearl, like those which dropped from the mouth of the little peasant in the Fairy Tale, or like those in Mr. Fellowes's answers to the Addresses to the Queen! I drank of the stream of knowledge that tempted, but did not mock my lips, as of the river of life freely. How eagerly I slaked my thirst of German sentiment, "as the hart that panteth for the water-springs:" how I bathed and revelled, and added my floods of tears to Goethe's Sorrows of Werter, and to Schiller's Robbers—

Giving my stock of more to that which had too much!

I read, and assented with all my

soul to Coleridge's fine Sonnet, beginning—

Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd
to die,

If through the shuddering midnight I had
sent,

From the dark dungeon of the tow'r time-
rent,

That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry!

I believe I may date my insight into the mysteries of poetry from the commencement of my acquaintance with the authors of the Lyrical Ballads; at least, my discrimination of the higher sorts—not my predilection for such writers as Goldsmith or Pope: nor do I imagine they will say I got my liking of the novelists, or the comic writers,—for the characters of Valentine, Tattle, or Miss Prue, from them. If so, I must have got from them what they never had themselves. In points where poetic diction and conception are concerned, I may be at a loss, and liable to be imposed upon: but in forming an estimate of passages relating to common life and manners, I cannot think I am a plagiarist from any man. I there "know my cue without a prompter." I may say of such studies—*Intus et in cute*. I am just able to admire those literal touches of observation and description, which persons of loftier pretensions overlook and despise. I think I comprehend something of the characteristic part of Shakspeare; and in him indeed, all is characteristic, even the nonsense and poetry. I believe it was the celebrated Sir Humphry Davy, who used to say that Shakspeare was more a metaphysician than a poet. At any rate, it was very well to say so. I wish that I had sooner known the dramatic writers contemporary with Shakspeare; for in looking them over, about a year ago, I almost revived my old passion for reading, and my old delight in books, though they were very nearly new to me. The Periodical Essayists I read long ago. The Spectator I liked extremely: but the Tatler took my fancy most. I read the others soon after, the Rambler, the Adventurer, the World, the Connoisseur: I was not sorry to get to the end of them, and have no desire to go regularly through them again. I consider myself a thorough

adept in Richardson. I like the longest of his novels best, and think no part of them tedious; nor should I like to have any thing better to do than to read them from beginning to end, to take them up when I chose, and lay them down when I was tired, in some old family-mansion in the country, till every word and syllable relating to the bright *Clarissa*, the divine *Clementina*, the beautiful *Pamela*, "with every trick and line of their sweet favour," were once more "graven in my heart's table."* I have a sneaking kindness for Mackenzie's *Julia de Roubigné*—the deserted mansion, and straggling gilliflowers on the mouldering garden-wall; and still more for his *Man of Feeling*; not that it is better, or so good; but at the time I read it, I sometimes thought of the heroine, *Miss Walton*, and of *Miss* — together, and "that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken!"—One of the poets that I have always read with most pleasure, and can wander in for ever with a sort of voluptuous indolence, is *Spenser*; and I like *Chaucer* even better. The only writer among the Italians I can pretend to any knowledge of, is *Boccaccio*, and of him I cannot express half my admiration. His story of the *Hawk* I could read and think of from day to day, just as I would look at a picture of *Titian's*!—

I remember, as long ago as the year 1798, going to a neighbouring town (*Shrewsbury*, where *Farquhar* had laid the plot of his *Recruiting Officer*) and bringing home with me, "at one proud swoop," a copy of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, and another of *Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution*—both which I have still, and I still recollect, when I see the covers, the pleasure with which I dipped into them as I returned with my double prize. I was set up for one while. That time is past "with all its giddy raptures:" but I am

still anxious to preserve its memory, "embalmed with odours."—With respect to the first of these works, I would be permitted to remark here, in passing, that it is a sufficient answer to the German criticism which has since been started against the character of *Satan* (*viz.* that it is not one of disgusting deformity, or pure, defecated malice) to say that *Milton* has there drawn, not the abstract principle of evil, not a devil incarnate, but a fallen angel. This is the scriptural account, and the poet has followed it. We may safely retain such passages as that well-known one—

— His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness; nor appear'd
Less than arch-angel ruin'd; and the excess
Of glory obscur'd—

for the theory, which is opposed to them, "falls flat upon the grunsel edge, and shames its worshippers." Let us hear no more then of this monkish cant, and bigotted outcry for the restoration of the horns and tail of the devil.—Again, as to the other work, *Burke's Reflections*, I took a particular pride and pleasure in it, and read it to myself and others for months afterwards. I had reason for my prejudice in favour of this author. To understand an adversary is some praise: to admire him is more. I thought I did both: I knew I did one. From the first time I ever cast my eyes on any thing of *Burke's* (which was an extract from his *Letter to a Noble Lord* in a three-times a week paper, *The St. James's Chronicle*, in 1796) I said to myself, "This is true eloquence: this is a man pouring out his mind on paper." All other style seemed to me pedantic and impertinent. *Dr. Johnson's* was walking on stilts; and even *Junius* (who was at that time a favourite with me), with all his terseness, shrunk up into little anti-thetic points and well-trimmed sen-

* During the peace of *Amiens*, a young English officer, of the name of *Lovelace*, was presented at *Buonaparte's levee*. Instead of the usual question, "Where have you served, Sir?" the First Consul immediately addressed him, "I perceive your name, Sir, is the same as that of the hero of *Richardson's Romance*!" Here was a Consul. The young man's uncle, who was called *Lovelace*, told me this anecdote while we were stopping together at *Calais*. I had also been thinking that his was the same name as that of the hero of *Richardson's Romance*. This is one of my reasons for liking *Buonaparte*.

tences. But Burke's style was forked and playful as the lightning, crested like the serpent. He delivered plain things on a plain ground; but when he rose, there was no end of his flights and circumgyrations—and in this very Letter, “he, like an eagle in a dove-cot, fluttered *Ms* Volscians” (the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale*) “in Corioli.”—I did not care for his doctrines. I was then, and am still, proof against their contagion; but I admired the author, and was considered as not a very staunch partisan of the opposite side, though I thought myself that an abstract proposition was one thing, a masterly transition, a brilliant metaphor, another. I conceived too that he might be wrong in his main argument, and yet deliver fifty truths in arriving at a false conclusion. I remember Coleridge assuring me, as a poetical and political set-off to my sceptical admiration, that Wordsworth had written an Essay on Marriage, which, for manly thought and nervous expression, he deemed incomparably superior. As I had not, at that time, seen any specimens of Mr. Wordsworth's prose style, I could not express my doubts on this subject. If there are greater prose-writers than Burke, they either lie out of my course of study, or are beyond my sphere of comprehension. I am too old to be a convert to a new mythology of genius. The niches are occupied, the tables are full.—If such is still my admiration of this man's misapplied powers, what must it have been at a time when I myself was in vain trying, year after year, to write a single Essay, nay, a single page or sentence; when I regarded the wonders of his pen, with the longing eyes of one who was dumb and a changeling; and when, to be able to convey the slightest conception of my meaning to others in words, was the height of an almost hopeless ambition! But I never measured others' excellences by my own defects: though a sense of my own incapacity, and of the steep, impassable ascent from me to them, made me

regard them with greater awe and fondness.—I have thus run through most of my early studies and favourite authors, some of whom I have since criticised more at large. Whether those observations will survive me (to say the truth) I neither know nor care: but to the works themselves, “worthy of all acceptance,” and to the feelings they have always excited in me ever since I could distinguish a meaning in language, nothing shall ever prevent me from looking back with gratitude and triumph. To have lived in the cultivation of an intimacy with such works, and to have familiarly relished such names, is not to have lived quite in vain.

There are other authors whom I have never read, and yet whom I have frequently had a great desire to read, from some circumstance relating to them. Among these is Lord Clarendon's History of the Grand Rebellion, after which I have a hankering, from hearing it spoken of by good judges—from my interest in the events, and knowledge of the characters from other sources, and from having seen fine portraits of most of them. I like to read a well-penned character, and Clarendon is said to have been a master in this way. I should like to read Froissart's Chronicles, Hollingshed and Stow, and Fuller's Worthies. I intend, whenever I can, to read Beaumont and Fletcher all through. There are fifty-two of their plays, and I have only read a dozen or fourteen of them. A Wife for a Month, and Thierry and Theodoret, are, I am told, delicious, and I can believe it. I should like to read the speeches in Thucydides, and Guicciardini's History of Florence, and Don Quixote in the original. I have often thought of reading the Loves of Persiles and Sigismunda, and the Galatea of the same author. But I somehow reserve them like “another Yarrow.” I should also like to read the last new novel (if I could be sure it was so) of the author of Waverley:—no one would be more glad than I to find it the best!

T.

* He is there called “Citizen Lauderdale.” Is this the present Earl?

A RECENT VISIT TO THE ABBEY OF LA TRAPPE.

La Trappe, 12th October, 1820.

AFTER depositing a letter for you, my dear —, with the old post-mistress at Mortaign,—which is a neat village about eight miles from hence, where I rested last night, and procured a guide—I set out for this place, and reached it a little before two. The rout passed through cultivated lands, varied with woods, which stretched off to the distance in pleasing swells. Soon after leaving the small village of Rinrolles, which consists merely of a few scattered huts, (or more properly hovels,) my guide pointed out the monastery. Its roof was just visible, amidst the thick body of foliage which surrounded it; indeed it is seated in an immense basin of wood. A small stream running through a valley, eastward of the convent, has had several barriers placed across it, at certain distances, to form, I imagine, fish-ponds. These heads of water vary the landscape most pleasingly, which otherwise would want feature, and present nothing but a mass of sky and wood. It must be allowed, however, that the latter is now a beautiful object by itself—glowing in all the richest tints of autumn. The woods here are principally of beech, intermixed with oak and linden. On the immediate approach, La Trappe appears little better than a collection of farm buildings. My guide sounded the bell at the great wooden gate, and placed me before the wicket, which was opened by a figure with a closely shaven head, wrapped in coarse brown cloth, reaching but little lower than his knees, and girded about the middle with a rope. In lieu of shoes and stockings he wore a pair of heavy wooden sabots; and directly, on opening the door, he threw himself on his knees:—bending his head completely to the ground, he coupled his hands in the form of supplication, at the back of his neck, and seemed to whisper, what I at first thought might be a short benediction; but I have since been led to think it might be an intercession in respect of the breach he found it necessary to make in his vow of silence. Though I came here, expecting to find the most

rigorous silence observed, as well as other severe penances, I had not anticipated a reception from one of the brethren in a manner so humiliating to himself, and affecting to me.

The brother, on raising himself, humbly asked my pleasure;—then, motioning to me to follow him, conducted me into a small, but neat room, and retired. I had scarcely looked round the room, ere the door opened, and two of the community entered. They were young looking men, apparently little more than thirty years of age: their garment proved to me, that they were of a different rank from the monk who admitted me, as they were clothed in a light drab coloured tunic, which reached from head to foot. They threw back their cowls, and prostrated themselves on the cold bricks at my feet. After continuing in this posture a minute, they raised themselves, and exclaimed "*Deo gratias.*" They then conducted me, in silence, to the chapel. The fraternity were just concluding the service as I reached it. In crossing the garden, there was something peculiarly solemn in the deep voices of the monks, contrasted with the perfect stillness that reigned around. The chapel is a plain wainscotted room, not above thirty feet in length, without any organ. I found the monks, about a dozen in number, on concluding the service, all turned towards the altar, and their eyes fixed on the ground: they remained thus stationary, observing profound silence. After a short time, the Superior gave a gentle tap with a hammer, and the fraternity retired.—Without a word, I was conducted back to the reception-room, and there left to my meditations: so that I now had an opportunity of inspecting it completely. It was of wainscot, with a brick-floor, and was decorated with four small prints:—the death of Joseph,—the Crucifixion of our Lord,—his Ascension,—and his Glorification in heaven, seated at the right hand of the Almighty. I found also a dissertation on the Trinity, in Latin; a crucifix, and re-

ceptacle for holy water ; and a manuscript, which speaks so much more forcibly to the general rules of the house, than I, by any description could do, that I took down the heads of it, and now send them you :—

“ Those who have entered this Monastery, have made the most humble supplications to Divine Providence. They avoid communication with each other, especially during pain. If they want any thing in the monastery, they address him who receives the visitors.

“ If you assist at the office of the church, or chaunt, conform to our manner, without noise at the end of the verse, or during the meditation, and begin not before the chaunters.

“ The fathers speak not :—one reads while eating ; they pray with a low voice. Wound them not, by examining too closely the reader.

“ The guests who come within this house will find nothing unhospitable. If the religious whom they meet hold no conversation with them,—it is because they are bound to keep silence ; and the Holy Spirit hath said, that the man who loves conversation will not prosper on earth.

“ Throughout this house the most inviolable silence is to be observed, in the church, in the garden, in the refectory, in the dormitory, in the cloister. If you speak, it must be in a low voice ; and speak not to the religious who may meet you.

“ If you perceive any one you have known in the world, it will be well if he does not recollect you. If it is your father, your brother, or your nephew, they have quitted the world. They converse only with God in this solitude ; they are occupied only with the affairs of the soul, which are most important ;

with prayers to God, and with penitence.

“ Note.—Our dear brothers, the candidates, not having permission to speak, they request the visitors not to accost them ; as they cannot answer, without breach of the faith plighted on entering this solitude, and forgetting their calling.”*

Every precaution, indeed, is adopted to avoid noise ; and any father who should inadvertently throw down a book in the chapel, drop a knife or spoon in the refectory, or in any other way interrupt silence, would subject himself to the penance enjoined by the rules of the house, which meet even the minutest actions. They do not suffer themselves to lean on a chair ; or, in illness, to take the benefit of physic.

After a short time, the father, whose office it was to receive strangers, and whom, for distinction's sake, I will name, *Pere Loquitur*, (for, on entering the Abbey, they abandon their family and take some sacred name)—entered the room. He first conducted me to the refectory, where preparations were made for dinner. It was a room about twenty-five feet in length, and fifteen in breadth, lighted by one window at the southern end. A small crucifix hung at the opposite extremity, and adjoining the door was a receptacle for holy water. Its walls were bare. Two narrow wooden tables, on trestles, ran along the room, on the sides of which, next the walls, were benches. Viands had been placed for fourteen persons, and the fare for each consisted of a thick *potage* of potatoes and greens, in a wooden bowl, holding above a quart ; a large lump of black bread, two small apples, and a dingy brown jug of water. By the side of each portion, a wooden spoon, a small red earthen-ware tumbler, and a little brown holland

* The writer regrets he cannot offer the above in its original language, particularly as so much depends upon idiom ; but unfortunately he entered it with pencil in his pocket-book in English for expedition's sake. He begs to observe too, that he intentionally omitted a sentence or two, which he has now no mode of replacing,—the material sense of one of which was, that strangers were requested to go no where but in the company of the attendant father.

napkin were placed. Thence I was conducted to the dormitory, which was over the chapel, and about the same size as the refectory: the beds exactly resembled the births in a packet, as they are ranged in a wooden frame-work, one above another, three in height, along the sides of the room. In front of each was a small pendant piece of brown holland: the internal furniture appeared to consist only of a mattress, blanket, and bolster; the members of this community never take off their clothes; they sleep in them. Adjoining this was a room appropriated to reading; it could hardly be called a library, for it contained only two or three shelves with books, a few stools, and a table. On the latter were scattered some volumes. At the north end, hung a tattered, but well executed, painting of a saint, writing by inspiration: it had no frame. On the stairs hung some coarse brown surtouts belonging to the fathers, ticketed with their respective names. The monastery is but a shattered relic of what it was before the Revolution. I made some enquiries of Pere Loquitur, and found there were nineteen fathers, including the Prior and Abbé, independent of the candidates, of whom there were about thirty. It was one of the candidates that opened the gate to me: indeed, upon them the menial offices appear principally to devolve. The candidates are distinguished by the appellation of "*Brethren*,"—the Monks, are "*Fathers*." I have before noticed the wide distinction which directly strikes the beholder in their dress.

Pere Loquitur requested me to stay to dinner; upon which I begged to dine in the refectory, and partake of their fare. The request seemed to give him pleasure, rather than otherwise; and he asked me to stop the night: I accordingly dismissed my guide, and walked in the garden with Pere Loquitur till the dinner bell rung. At the entry of the refectory, one father poured water on my hands; another held a bason for me; a third, a towel: all had their cowls drawn over the head and face, and, with the exception of the reader, they kept them so during the whole of the dinner time,

so that not a feature could be discerned. We entered the refectory in two files; and stood looking toward the cross while grace was chanting: after which, Pere Loquitur touched me on the arm, and pointed to a separate seat, where a neat table cloth was spread; two delft-plates, a queen's ware bason, filled with *potage*, and a metal spoon and fork were set before me. It was with much difficulty I could get much of the *potage* down; as a vast quantity of sorrel juice was incorporated in the liquid, and the crust was the only part at all palatable of the sour black bread. I observed my friend, Pere Loquitur, and another young father, waited on the rest, which they effected with much activity, and but little noise, particularly when it is considered that they, like all the rest, were equipped in heavy wooden shoes. When the fathers had nearly emptied their basons of *potage*, a tin pan of potatoes and one of hot milk, were placed before each person; in addition to which, before me, was placed a bottle of cider, a glass tumbler, and a small plate of apples. One of the younger fathers read all dinner time, from a dry treatise on the early converts to Christianity; and ever and anon the Superior required a cessation of all occupation, by a gentle tap on the table with his hammer; after a few minutes, another knock announced that eating, drinking, and reading might again proceed; nor was a moment lost by any of the parties in resuming their occupations: they commenced again, as if by mechanism. During these intervals, I heard another voice reading in a distant room, and I frequently heard a hammer knock in that direction, so that I conclude the candidates dined in a room apart. I observed also that I was shown over half the convent only. Dinner being ended, at the sound of the hammer we moved into the same files as before.—Grace was repeated,—after a few minutes of perfect silence, the hammer knocked, and we proceeded slowly into chapel to Vespers. At entering, every monk threw his cowl back, and I thus had an opportunity of seeing that one father was very aged: he appeared almost bent double. Their countenances gene-

rally were mild and pleasing, having an air of serenity; nor did I observe one, whose aspect was marked by dissatisfaction or gloom, although their life is one continued series of severe mortifications. A requiem formed part of the service; this I find is always the case, in the event of intelligence reaching the Superior of the death of a parent of either of the members; but it is never communicated to them which one has sustained the loss. I observed also a particular magnificat to the Virgin Mary; the whole occupied rather more than an hour. The same scene of motionless silence which I had observed on first arriving, again followed the conclusion of the service; and, after one or two of the fathers had retired, I left the chapel, round the door of which were gathered about a dozen of the candidates. I afterwards learnt that they were not permitted to enter, except on special occasions; they appeared to have been joining silently in the service.

In the garden was a large cross, directly fronting the door of the house, and here I seated myself; so that I observed the fathers passing from the chapel, one by one, and taking different routes in postures of meditation. The cemetery being a grass plat, in part of the garden, was between myself and the monastery: there were about nine or ten graves, and at the head of each was a little black cross, on which was painted the name of the deceased, his age, and the day of his death. One grave was open in readiness to receive an occupant, but the earth around it did not bear the least appearance of having been recently disturbed which rather contradicted the current report that the fraternity are in the daily habit of digging a portion of their graves. I had nearly finished a little sketch of the monastery, when I observed one of the fathers approach; he knelt down in prayer at the head of the untenanted grave, and I retreated amongst the shrubs that I might not disturb him. I returned to the reception room. My kind attendant Pere Loquitur was there, and invited me to follow him to the parlour. It was not much after five,

but he pressed me to have some supper: an attendant in a common dress set it on the table; it consisted of bread and cheese, a dish of apples and pears, and a bottle of cider. The first mentioned article, though brown, was of a very superior description to that I had had in the refectory: over the cupboard door was written,

Dieu voit.

The parlour was close to the reception room: its appearance was more comfortable than that of any other room I had entered in the house; and it was rendered still more so by a blazing fire, a luxury the fathers wholly abstain from. The room was hung round with small prints, representing their various usual occupations; its windows command, if I may so speak, a view of the world, for they look without the monastery, and give a sight of the road from Mortaign, and two other small paths from neighbouring hamlets. When I had supped, the father asked me if I wished to attend chapel again and receive mass; in answer to the latter part of the question, I told him I was a protestant, at which he seemed somewhat surprized; and, after leaving me for a few minutes, returned with a slip of paper, on which was written in pencil "*vous ne pouvez pas prier avec nous, parceque vous etes protestant,*" a sentiment I assented to; so furnishing me with a pen and ink, and two or three books, Pere Loquitur left me, in order to attend chapel himself. His books were, the "*Imitation of Christ*," in Latin and French; —a modern treatise entitled "*Religion before the Revolution*;" and the "*History of the Abbey of La Trappe, from the time of De Rance*." —The latter I skimmed, but slightly; unfortunately time would not permit me to do more. I gathered from it that the Abbey was founded in 1140, by Rotru, second Count de La Perche, pursuant to a vow he had made when in danger of shipwreck off the coast of Brittany. The original name of the Abbey was "*La Maison Dieu Notre Dame de la Trappe*." It was renowned for many ages for the irreproachable lives of its Abbots

and Monks; but the fury of civil wars, and the inroads of the English, introduced laxity and disorder. The *religieux* preserved no pretensions to piety but the name; the sports of the field paved the way to more questionable pursuits; the inhabitants of the Abbey became notorious for the profligacy of their manners; and licentiousness might be said to have reached its utmost limits, at the period when the celebrated De Rance sought retirement there, which was 500 years after the foundation of the Abbey.

Don Ormond Jean le Bouthillier de Rance, was born at Paris, the 9th of January, 1626; of an ancient family. He was a protégé of Mary de Medicis, a god-son of Cardinal Richelieu, and a nephew of De Chavigni, secretary of state, and superintendant of finances. Thus a golden path was opened for him. In his infancy he was created a Knight of Malta, and destined for the profession of arms; but, when ten years old, he entered the church, in order to fill the benefices of his brother, who had just died.

He cultivated the Belles Lettres, and at the age of thirteen, published, (the work observes, "with the assistance of his tutor,") an addition of Anacreon in Greek, with notes. (1639.)—As his revenues were considerable, after he had concluded his studies, and entered the world, he entirely abandoned himself to the dissipations of life. When he was scarcely thirty, on returning from a journey, and entering the apartment of a lady of high rank, for whom it was supposed he had contracted a passion, instead of meeting her, all life and gaiety, as he expected, he found her a corpse! The circumstance so depressed his spirits, that it brought on an illness, which nearly proved fatal. On his recovery, his melancholy increased; time, instead of alleviating, increased the agony of his mind, and he retired to an estate at Veret, near Tours. The misfortunes of Cardinal De Retz, a victim to the caprice of fortune, coupled with his own unhappiness, wrought in him so strong a conviction of the emptiness of all hu-

man things, that, regarding the world as one vast tomb, he determined to devote the remainder of his life to the strict service of his God, and to a cloister. He sold his estate, and gave the produce to the Hotel Dieu de Paris; resigned the presidency of three abbeys, and two priories; and, reserving to himself the abbey of La Trappe, he took the monastic habit, to which he had formerly felt the utmost repugnance. After passing his noviciate at the Abbey of Perseign, he took the vows on the 6th of January, 1664, at the age of thirty-nine, in this celebrated abbey, where he inspired the *religieux* with a new spirit. Here he established those unnatural severities for the strict observance of which the fraternity have become so distinguished, and in these solitudes his religious melancholy seems to have been perpetuated. He expired on a litter of cinders and straw, surrounded by the community, the 27th of October, 1700, aged 75 years.

The present prior, I think, rather inclines to relax the severity of the order, than otherwise; his countenance is extremely amiable, and though he never spoke, I experienced several little attentions from him. I could not but give the fraternity credit for suffering their attention to wander but little from their devotional exercises, though they are of so unceasing a nature, when I found, that, though I had attended their chapel twice, the father who conducted me had not observed I was not a catholic. I had told him in the first instance, that I was an Englishman, in order that he might not feel surprized at my not making use of the holy water, or entering into all the mechanical parts of their ceremonies; concluding he would not fail to notice my inattention.

About half-past six, Pere Loquitur came to show me to my chamber. He then told me, I was the first protestant that had ever been present in their chapel during worship. I was not inclined to contradict his assertion, though I know it required some qualification.

I sat down and wrote till I had burnt my candle to the socket; and then slept soundly on my little truckle bed, the mattress and bolster of

which were stuffed with hay. About eight in the morning, Pere Loquitur tapped at my door, conducted me to the parlour, requested me to make a good breakfast, (from the same viands that had been placed before me the preceding evening for supper) and then to depart. It was with difficulty I obtained permission to leave a little donation for the poor, by way of recompence for their kind hospitality. The father mentioned his regret, that he could not again show me the chapel; but he said, they were doing public penance: which I believe they do every morning. The routine of their exercises is wonderful:—they rise daily between one and two in the morning, and are engaged from that time for some hours in the chapel, and indeed, throughout the whole day with but little intermission. They take refreshment but twice in the day, on Wednesdays and Fridays; and then, no doubt, it is of a less inviting description than on the other days, when they eat three times. All their recreation seems to be comprised in a short walk each day (or in manual labour) within the narrow limits of their garden and orchard:—and then they appear to be wrapped up in meditation and prayer. There are certain days, when they exceed these bounds, and walk in a part of the adjacent wood, which is neatly kept, and intersected with several long umbrageous alleys, that diverge from a point near the monastery.

Northward of the present house, are some considerable ruins, but they are not marked by any beauties of architecture. Between the orchard and the ruins were one or two smaller walks of the description before mentioned, but entirely composed of firs and yews. Amongst the latter, stood a dilapidated grotto; indeed, every part of the monastery is marked with ruin. There is a convent of female Trappists some

miles distant; but I did not visit it, as gentlemen are refused admittance. I need scarcely observe, that the rule (*vice versa*) is observed here,—admittance being strictly denied to the ladies.

The fraternity are Capuchins of the Cistercian order of St. Benoit. "*Sedebit solitarius, et tacebit*," is their rule; and even (as in the case of De Rance) in the agonies of death, the fathers have resisted a breach of it, by expiring rather than communicate those wants, the relief of which might have lengthened their existence.

La Trappe, unlike many of its contemporaries, invited not the indolent to slumber within its walls; but it opened an asylum to those who had plunged in all the disorders and dissipations of life; whose minds were racked with the retrospect of a dark line of sins; and who indulged the idea (sanctioned by the Romish ritual,) that vehemence of humiliation might atone for past crimes. Though we may condemn a system which would lead us to suppose, that the severities of one period of life, would of themselves expiate the offences of a former, yet we cannot but respect the piety of many of these recluses. The great point of regret is, that any body of men should withdraw themselves so completely from the ability of practising the charities of life—should deny themselves those comforts which Providence has bountifully scattered around, and debar themselves from the use of speech, the noblest characteristic of mankind.

It was with feelings of regard for its inhabitants, as well as with those of regret at viewing men grovelling under such mistaken notions, that I took my leave of La Trappe, and entered again those busy scenes of life, which, though marked by disorder, form the allotted sphere of man.

I remain my dear ———, &c.

G. H. P.

A LEGEND OF ISCHIA.*

THERE is a dreamy softness, as day fades,
 Gathering along the ether ; it pervades
 The sea and earth, and o'er the wakeful soul
 A deepening hue of meditation flings,
 Whilst the advancing shadows thinly roll
 O'er the bright waters ; from their obscure wings
 Shedding oblivion on all mundane things.
 In the pale clearness of the delicate sky
 Yon mountain rears its ever-during head,
 O'er which the ocean's habitant once sped,
 Now echoing to the sea-gull's wailing cry ;
 Lonely it stands, lifting to heaven its brow,
 Scath'd with the levin-flash, where clouds repose
 Their dreary forms, when the sirocco blows
 Its baleful breath on withering man ; but now
 Its rugged lineaments are pictured fair
 On evening's wan expanse ; and on the height
 The convent tenants breathe a taintless air,
 On whose pellucid wings their vesper prayer,
 Unmix'd with aught of earth, springs in its upward flight.
 The breezes, winnowing round each fairy hill,
 So mildly blow, that scarce the clustering vine
 Waves with their gentle fanning, as they still
 Among its odours playfully entwine.
 And now the moon brightens her crescent pale,
 With one sole star, streaming celestial light ;
 And, from the dusky hill and shadowy vale,
 With her fair beam scatters the gloom of night.
 See ! Meteor-like, beneath the tendril bower,
 The wheeling fire-fly shoots his flame serene,
 Kindling with living flash the twilight hour,
 And glancing on the vine-leaf's tender green ;
 Whilst the last bird of even, which all night long
 Pours to the listening wood his plaintive note,
 In fitful sweetness tunes his liquid song,
 Anon, in melody's full tide to float,
 On the enraptur'd ear :—no other sound
 Breaks the deep seeming thoughtfulness around.

It was in such a night, when storms were o'er,
 When the rent cloud had sail'd in blackness by,
 Leaving in lovelier blue the vernal sky ;
 When the bright wave soft rippled to the shore,
 And winds were hush'd :—it was in such a night,
 Upon the silent swelling of the tide,
 A boat was seen, in solitary plight,
 Drifting to Ischia's coast, with none to guide
 Its reckless course ; but on the risings sheen
 Of that calm sea, near ever, and more near,
 It came, as if a spirit's hand unseen

* Ischia is a small romantic island, of volcanic origin, in the vicinity of the Bay of Naples. A church is erected in the Vale of Lacco, in honour of Santa Restituta, the patroness of the island, whose festival annually attracts, not only the islanders, attired in their best garb, but also the more devout Catholics from Naples, to worship at her shrine, and indulge in the revelries of a species of holy fair which is held for several days to grace the occasion.

Had led it gently from the realm of fear.
 "Some boat, perchance, torn by the sweeping gale
 And bounding surge, from a neglectful bark;
 Or the sole relic of some hapless sail,
 Wreck'd on Italia's shore, when tempests dark
 Scowl'd in the sounding heavens,—whose luckless crew,
 With unclosed eyes, fix'd in eternal sleep,
 Cold and unshrowded in the weltering deep,
 To home, to light, and life, have bid adieu."—
 Within yon little bay, whose gentle wave,
 Claspt by those arms, feels no disturbing gale,
 Whose playful rippings idly love to lave
 The yellow sands that skirt the sloping vale,—
 There, where the glimmering air its doubtful gleam
 Sheds soft upon the waters, like the play
 Of wilder'd fancy in a matin dream,
 The alien boat in peaceful haven lay.
 And other boats around the stranger press,
 And with experienced looks the seaman eyes
 The shapely contour of his easy prize,
 Whilst vaguely circulates the erring guess
 Of port and destiny. Why do they stand
 With one consent in still and silent gaze,
 As if the touch of an enchanter's wand
 Had frozen them to shapes of mute amaze?
 What is't they look on?—Wrapt in slumber deep,
 And shadowed by the evening's falling gloom,
 A female form reclin'd; quiet her sleep;
 Her face dropp'd on an arm, polish'd and fair;
 The fluttering wind had strewn her silken hair
 Of black o'er a pale cheek; most calm and holy
 Was her repose; yet trace of melancholy
 Had sunken there, of meek distress to tell.
 Her breathing was as still as the odorous smell
 Exhal'd from pulseless flowers; nor could be seen
 Motion of lips, or the fair bosom's swell—
 So hush'd she lay, so fearfully serene!
 The dark and silken lashes overshade
 An eye half open, glaz'd, and strangely still—
 And then her touch—ah heavens!—how deathly chill!—
 Alas! the young, the beauteous maid is dead!

Oh! bear her gently in your manly arms,
 And sing a requiem to her parted soul,
 Even as ye gaze on her dissolving charms,
 Nipp'd by the frost of an untimely doom,
 Let the slow strain to heaven's bright portals roll:
 And when the stranger asks in future time,
 Who rests the inmate of her sainted tomb?
 Tell him, a virgin of a foreign clime,
 Who, faithful to her creed, ne'er bent the knee
 To any god of mortal mould; that He
 Who kens the latent impulse of the heart,
 Amidst ordeals of infernal birth,
 Did, in her hour of need, his strength impart,
 And turn to marvelling fear the demon mirth
 Of Painims' frenzy, as they saw the flame,
 Prepared to desolate that beauteous clay,
 Round her soft limbs innocuously play,
 And frustrate thus their ineffectual aim:
 That, harden'd still in heart, in a lone boat

At length they plac'd her unresisting form,
 With things deflagable, thus left to float
 And perish on the tide by fire or storm.
 But neither fire nor flood had power to harm
 One precious limb ; the fire hath shot in air,
 And the strong surge hath curl'd in vain alarm,
 And hath not hurt one solitary hair :
 But God, who saw the sorrows of the maid,
 Lull'd her in peaceful sleep ; and as the breath
 Of dreams most holy on her faint lips play'd,
 He took her to himself :—thus gentle was her death !—

ON THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE OF GOTHIC, OR TEUTONIC RACE.

THE character of a people is faithfully expressed in their popular songs. It has been truly observed of such compositions, that, like the pulsation and breathing, they are the sign and measure of the inward life. That the lyrical productions of which we are about to treat, constitute an excellent index to the character of that particular race of men to which they belong, may, we think, be made very apparent ; but, before entering on these productions, it must be permitted to us to offer a few words on those peculiarities of disposition and habit which constitute and distinguish the character in question.

A number of circumstances concur in forming the character of a people. The nature of the government, the nature of the country, their occupation, their religion, and a variety of other particulars, have necessarily more or less influence on their habits and modes of thinking and feeling. Much, however, also must be conceded to depend on the natural and original temperament of a people. It is this which disposes them more to the reception of one set of impressions than another ; and thus accounts for the habits which grow up amongst them in their social infancy. The sanguine temperament of the African Negro, and the cold and phlegmatic temperament of the American Indian, will always, under all circumstances, so long as these two races of men shall remain unmixed, ensure an essential diversity in their character.—The races of Europe do not, indeed, afford such a marked contrast ; and the intercourse of nations, every day becoming more intimate, has a tendency to wear

down and soften original distinctions : still, however, we perceive tribes, or families of people, in Europe, which the common observer feels convinced at a first glance, must have proceeded from essentially different stocks. For instance, the nations of the Gothic, or Teutonic race—namely, the Scandinavians, and the people of their dependent islands,—the Upper and Lower Germans (including Swiss, Alsations, Flemings, and Dutch,)—the English and Lowland Scots,—not merely speak branches of one common language, but have a strong family likeness, both in features, complexion, and figure, and in character and disposition :—while the Celtic race again, differs strongly from the former, not merely in language, but in all the other particulars just enumerated.

Switzerland displays this marked distinction very strikingly. So far back as its authentic modern history extends, it has consisted of two leading divisions—the German country, and the Roman country—(*pays Romain*). Now, though religious tenets have great influence on a people's temper—and it has been generally observed on the Continent, that Catholics (whether from the number of holidays, processions, and shows they have,—or the hostility of their religion to thinking,) are, upon the whole, much more gay and volatile than Protestants—yet the people of the *Pays de Vaud*, and of the other Roman districts, who are not only Protestants, but Calvinists,—the most austere of all Protestants,—are infinitely more brisk and cheerful than the Catholics of the German country.—Again, the Gauls in the time

of Cæsar, were notorious for their versatile and mercurial disposition; and for this the modern French (chiefly Gauls) have always been famed.—The grave and phlegmatic disposition assigned to the Germans by Tacitus, is as characteristic of their descendants, as the large limbs, the fair hair and complexion, and blue or hazel eyes, which he also assigned to them.—The political institutions of all the Teutonic countries, even yet retain traces, more or less distinct, of the manners and habits so forcibly described by the Roman historian; and it was truly observed by Montesquieu, that the English constitution was formed in the woods of Germany.

The prevailing character of the Teutonic nations is obtuseness of the senses, or tardiness in receiving sensual impressions; sincerity and singleness of disposition; constancy and perseverance in pursuit.—Their appearance and movements are heavy, and ungraceful. But from their constancy in pursuit, and their power of dwelling long on one object, they have reached greater excellence in certain important branches of knowledge and acquirement, than people of a more quick and mercurial disposition.—Though their want of delicacy of tact may prevent them from ever becoming the greatest painters or statuarys,—they have produced a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Tycho Brahe, a Newton, a Bacon, a Hobbes, and a Leibnitz.—They have planted themselves in the wildernesses of the new world; and, by patient labour, converted them into flourishing communities: while the French, Spaniards, and Portuguese, in similar situations, have yielded to external circumstances, and either trifled away their time on the spot where they first planted themselves,—or become savages with the natives. The colonists of the former in Russia and Poland, have displayed the same perseverance. From their sincerity of disposition, and their freedom from distrust and jealousy, they are peculiarly adapted for acting in union.

The intercourse between the sexes has always been of a more elevated character with them, than with any other race. Tacitus expressly states, that of all the barbarians known to the Romans, the Germans alone en-

tertained a high regard for women; and this regard displayed itself, in the middle ages, in chivalry,—an institution which flowed naturally out of their character—and the circumstances of the times.

To gaiety, in the genuine sense of the word, they are strangers. In their mirth, as in every thing else, they are deficient in ease;—their wit, which is often forcible, has seldom a spontaneous appearance, but usually that of effort. Even their language is stamped with the directness and sincerity which belongs to their character. It was justly observed, by Leibnitz, that a person writing or speaking in one of the Teutonic languages, with a view to conceal his meaning, will find it more difficult to succeed in his object than if he used any other tongue. It was a *Frenchman* who observed, that language was given to man to *conceal* his thoughts!

The points of difference between the Teutonic and the Celtic race are obvious to the most superficial observer. The Celt is of an ardent and impetuous temperament; rapid in all his movements; quick in his perceptions; he has a keen intuitive glance, and naturally expresses himself in bold and figurative language. He is, at the same time, much more fickle and inconstant, and much less cordial and sincere. If more sensible to kindness, he is also more prone to anger and revenge than his Saxon neighbour.

If there exists an intimate connection between the character of a people and their songs, we may expect that the songs of different nations belonging to the same common race, should bear a characteristic resemblance, corresponding with the affinity of habit and disposition.—Accordingly, it happens, that the songs and ballads of the various people of the Teutonic stock, have all one common stamp impressed on them, and are even generally of the same mechanical structure. Difference of government, situation, occupation, has of course had its influence; but the type is everywhere perceptibly the same,—and in the dales of Norway and Switzerland, the recesses of the Black Forest, the marshes of the Elbe and Weser, the sands of Pomerania, to

the smiling plains of England, we can trace an astonishing similarity in the popular songs, and in the manner of singing them. At the same time we must take into account that the original race has, in some of these countries, received more admixtures than in others; and this admixture has certainly had its influence on their lyrical effusions,—particularly on the music. Of all the nations in question, the Lowland Scots have, perhaps, received the most of this admixture; accordingly they now retain least of the original common Gothic character; and this circumstance, as will be shown hereafter, has strongly influenced their songs.

No particular song can be preserved by tradition for any very great length of time; for what passes from mouth to mouth, and from heart to heart, must experience changes in each stage of transmission. But as the new flows gradually out of the old, as the generations of men flow gradually out of each other,—and the new, as well as the old, being popular only from its accordance with the general feeling,—though individual identity is lost, a general identity is preserved. One mode of composition may gradually supplant another; new discoveries may be made; rhyme may banish alliteration; but, as the Teutonic language, though much modified, still remains fundamentally the same after a lapse of 2000 years,* we may reasonably believe that the character of the songs, continues fundamentally the same from the earliest times. It is hardly, therefore, going too far to affirm, that the ballad of Chevy Chace (in none of its existing forms of any great antiquity) or one of the Danish *Kaempe Viser*,—still bears a resemblance to the songs sung by the antient Germans on rushing to battle, or those which were afterwards collected by order of Charlemagne.

The song and music of the Celts are

quite distinct in character from those of their neighbours.† The poetry is bold and figurative; and the ardour of a warm and enthusiastic imagination boils over on every object within its reach. The music is animated and impassioned in the highest degree; the strains are at times absolutely heart rending. Sir Walter Scott in *Marmion* has happily described the character of the pathetic Celtic airs:—

The air he chose was wild and sad;
Such have I heard in Scottish land
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer,
On Lowland plains, the ripen'd ear;—
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song:
Oft have I listen'd and stood still,
As it came soften'd up the hill,
And deem'd it the lament of men
Who languish'd for their native glen;
And thought how sad would be such sound
On Susquehana's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles in their strain
Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again!

Of the Celtic poetry few specimens have been laid before the English public; but we can have no difficulty in pronouncing from these, that its qualities are the very opposite of those of the Teutonic poetry.—We may safely affirm of the following extract, from the literal translation of a modern Gaelic poem, by an old mountain sportsman, who could neither read nor write, that it does not bear the least resemblance to any thing in the whole range of Teutonic poetry, from the first of the Norse, or Anglo-Saxon lays, down to the last popular ballad that has been indited.—The poet thus addresses himself to the rock Guanich, the most conspicuous object in the range of his favourite sport:

Rock of my heart! the secure rock;
That rock where my childhood was cherish'd!
The joyous rock,—fresh, flowery, haunt of
birds,—
The rock of hinds, and bounding stags!—

* See Grimm's *Deutsche Grammatik*, (Göttingen, 1819,—Bohte, London,) a grammar of all the branches of our common tongue, at the various stages of their progress from the earliest times to the present, and a work of immense learning and incalculable utility to the English antiquary.

† The music of the Lowland Scots is chiefly Celtic; a circumstance to be traced to that admixture before noticed by us.

Loud were the eagles round its precipices,—
Sweet its cuckoos and swans—
More cheering still the bleating
Of its fauns, kid-spotted.

Rock of my heart! the great rock!
Belov'd is the green plain under its extre-
mity;—
More delightful is the deep valley behind it
Than the rich fields and proud castles of the
stranger!

More pleasant to me than the humming
song of the rustic,
Over the quern, as he grinds the crackling
corn;

The low cry of the stag of brownish hue,
On the declivity of the mountain, in the
storm.—

Rock of my heart! thou rock of refuge!
The rock of leaves, of water-cresses, of
freshening showers;

Of the lofty, beautiful grassy heights:
Far distant from the shelly brink of the sea.

On the hillock of fairies I sit, when the re-
tiring sun

Points his last beam upwards to the sum-
mit of the hill:

I look on the end of Loch Treig:—

The sheltering rock where the chase was
wont to be!

The song and the music of the Teutonic race are of quite a different cast.—To the music we shall afterwards allude more particularly;—but, in passing, we must observe, that Mr. George Chalmers is quite mistaken when he supposes, on the authority of Hawkins, that the English have "*no national music*." They have a national music, which has a strong resemblance to that of the other Teutonic nations.—The Teutonic song bears the stamp of cordiality and artless sincerity. It has nothing of the easy dignity of the Spanish romances, two of which Percy has spoiled by an absurd attempt to give them an English cast; nor of the voluptuous luxuriance of the Venetian Barcarolles; nor of the pointed lightness, and airy gaiety of the French Vaudevilles; nor of the wit, and touching simplicity of the Lithuanian *Dainos*.—But there is an earnestness, a frankness, a homely sincerity, and kind heartedness, about the Teutonic ballads and songs, which cause them, in the long run, perhaps, to take a stronger hold of the affections, and make a deeper impression on the heart, than those of any other people.

It is, however, high time to enter on that particular consideration of

the songs of the people of the Teutonic race, which we proposed to ourselves as the main object of this article.

Without losing ourselves in the periods which precede record, or attempting to define the occupations of the Scalds, or the difference between them and the Druids, we shall go no farther back than the earliest of the genuine monuments of the songs of our forefathers. From that period, the resemblance in tone and character to those of the present day is to be continuedly and clearly traced.

The oldest Teutonic song yet discovered, is the song of Hildebrand and Hadubrand, published at Cassel, in 1812, from a manuscript of the latter end of the eighth century.—It is in alliteration; relates to a tradition of the old Pagan times; and is supposed to have been composed centuries before the date of the manuscript.—We may also here mention that, in the poetical version of the Gospels, in Allemannish rhyme, by Otfried, a native of Swabia, a monk of Weissenburg, in Alsace, (composed between 863 and 872,) there are occasionally passages of a lyrical character; and more particularly one which has reference to the poet's own longing for his native home.

Before the discovery of the song of Hildebrand and Hadubrand, that on the victory of King Lewis over the North men (dated 881,) was generally accounted the oldest. This song is in rhyme. The following is its commencement, which we give as literally as possible, without endeavouring to retain the rhyme.

A king I do know,
Lord Lewis is his name;
He delights to serve God
Because God rewards him.

A fatherless child was he;
Much had he cause to grieve,
But God he did choose him
And rear'd him himself:

He gave him many brave
And noble men to serve him;
A throne here in Franken:—
Long may he fill it!

Towards the conclusion of this song, there are some spirited and highly characteristic lines:—

Long it was not
Ere the Northmen he found,
"God be praised!" he exclaimed—
His wish was fulfilled.—

Boldly rides the king ;
The battle song he sung,
And together they all sung,
Kyricleison !

The song it was sung,
The fight was begun,
The blood rose in the cheeks
Of the exulting Franks !

In England, we have a curious fragment of a piece composed by Canute the Great.—As he was navigating by the Abbey in the Isle of Ely, he heard the monks chanting their psalms and anthems, and was so struck with the melody, that he composed a ballad on the occasion, which began thus :—

Merie sungen the muneches binnen Ely
Tha Cnut Ching reuther by ;
Roweth, Cnites, noer the land
And here we thes muneches sang ! *

This composition of the eleventh century possesses all the characteristics of the ballad of later ages.

The *Nibelungen Lied*, which has lately engaged so much of the attention of the learned in Germany, is a series of rhapsodies or songs, the subjects of which are partly historical, partly fictitious, and belong to an early period of the history of the Germanic nations. The rhapsodies, in the form in which they now appear, are of the thirteenth century ; but they are universally allowed to have been originally composed long before that time. They are quite the ballad in style and structure, as the following specimen from the commencement of the work will show :—

To us in antient stories
Many wonders are told,
Of praise-worthy heroes
Of valour most bold ;
Of mirth and bridal feasts
Of weeping and dismay,
Of battles of stout warriors,
Great wonders hear you may !

There was brought up in Burgundy
A noble maiden ;
In all the lands around
A fairer was not seen ;
Her name was Chriemhilt
She fair was to behold,
And for her sake did lose his life
Full many a warrior bold.

The first Scot's song is to be found in the Chronicle of Wyntown, which was completed between 1420 and 1424.—The song itself is, however, of a much more antient date, and must have been composed shortly after the death of King Alexander, in 1285.—After dwelling on the wise regulations of this monarch, and the plenty which prevailed in his reign, Wyntown thus introduces the song :

This Salyhyd fra he deyd suddanly :

This sang wes made of hym for-thi.—

Quhen Alysandyr oure kyng wes dede
That Scotland led in Lave and Le,
Away wes sons of Ale and Brede,
Of Wyne and Wax, of Gamyn and Gle :

Oure Gold wes changyd into Lede :
Cryst, borne in-to Virgynyte,
Succour Scotland and remede
That stad is in perplexyte !

With the exception of one or two stanzas, preserved in English chronicles, all the old Scots songs have perished. The lyrical pieces of that nation, which exist in an entire shape, though many of them, no doubt, revivals of other productions, belong to a comparatively recent period.

The English are comparatively rich in old ballad literature. Every one knows the curious series on Robin Hood, of various dates :—and the very antient ballad of which the oldest copy extant, without date, bears to be “imprinted at London, in Lothburye, by Wyllyam Copland,” beginning :

Mery it was in Grene Forest,
Amonge the leves grene,
When that men walke east and west
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene,
To ryse the dere out of theyr denne,
Such sightes hath ofte bene sene,
As by thre yemen of the north countrey,
By them it is I meane :

The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough,
The thyrd was William of Cloudeley
An archer good ynough.—

Besides these, there are several in Percy, unquestionably genuine, belonging to a very remote period.—Some exquisite fragments have been preserved by Shakspeare in his im-

* Merry sung the monks within Ely
As Cnut the king was rowing by :
Row, my men, near the land
And hear we these monks' song.

mortal works ; and the second act of the old comedy of Gammer Gurton's Needle, opens with that convivial song, which is yet, perhaps, unequalled in our language, and which still retains its popularity, beginning,

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold :
But belly, God send thee good ale ynough,
Whether it be new or old !

A number of carols for particular periods of the year, the composition of a very remote age, are still tenaciously retained by the common people of England.—Some of the Christmas carols, for instance, as well as the tunes to which they are sung, are very antient.—The colloquies between Joseph and Mary, bespeak an age of great simplicity ; when the idea of religion being endangered by homely allusions to, and even an approximation to jokes on some of its most sacred mysteries, never once entered the head, either of those who made, or those who heard them.—For instance, in one of the carols, still usually sung in the metropolis, the following passage occurs :

As Joseph and Mary walk'd through the
garden so gay,
Where the cherries they grew upon every
tree,
Then bespoke Mary, with words both meek
and mild,
Gather me some cherries, Joseph, they run
so in my mind ;
Gather me some cherries, for I am with
child.
Then bespoke Joseph, with words most
unkind,
Let them gather thee cherries that got thee
with child !—

Now, such a composition as this could only have originated in a simple age, when men no more thought the truths of religion could even be questioned, than they thought it possible to question the succession of night to day, and day to night.

The Germans have fewer of what may properly be called genuine old ballads than the English or Danes. Yet among the peasantry of the different provinces of that extensive country, a number of characteristic ballads and songs are current, many of them handed down from the remotest ages. The attention of the learned public was first called to this subject, in latter times, by Herder, a

man of wonderful power of imagination, who published, in 1778 and 79, a collection of popular songs, in two volumes ; containing specimens from almost every language of Europe, translated with a truth and fidelity of which in England we have not the slightest conception. His *Waly Waly*, *Baloo my Babe*, *Sir Patrick Spence*, are as completely Scotch as his *Passeavase El Rey Moro*, is Spanish. In Herder's collection, the number of German songs bear no great proportion to the whole. Since his time, however, the collectors have laid many of the popular lyrical productions of Germany and Switzerland before the public ; sometimes accompanied with their proper airs. Of these collectors, Elwert, Bothe, von Seckendorf, Nikolai, Gräter, Arnim and Brentano, Büsching and von der Hagen, Goerres, and Meiner, are among the most distinguished.

The publication of Arnim and Brentano, called *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, consisting of three well filled 8vo. volumes, contains a great number of genuine popular songs, some of them from old Chronicles, and MSS ; and many collected with great labour from the peasantry of the different provinces.—It also contains a curious collection of the rhymes and songs of the children in various parts, or what we call Nursery Rhymes. The following extract from a ballad of the Black Forest, taken down from the recitation of a female peasant, seventy-six years old, translated almost literally, reminds us strongly of the ditties of our own peasantry. The ballad is called *Earl Frederick* ; the subject of it is the murder of a young woman by Earl Frederick ; because his mother would not consent to his marrying her. He goes, notwithstanding, to bring her home, and in conducting her

He draws from the sheath his gleaming
sword,

And stabb'd his maiden most piteously ;
“ Now know I that she's sure to die : ”
Then he drew out his shirt so white,
And in the wound he dipped it strait,
The shirt was coloured red all o'er,
As if it had been washed in gore :
Into the court he then did ride,
Bearing with him his wounded bride ;
To meet him out his mother run,
“ You're welcome home again my son,

With thy young bride so wan and pale—
O why then is thy bride so pale?
And why too are her looks cast down,
As if with child she had been gone?"
"Now mother hold thy tongue, I pray,
And speak not in this cruel way;
It is no child that makes her pale,
She has receiv'd a deadly wound."—

This tragic wedding, the death of the bride, the slaughter of Earl Frederick by her father, and the roses and lilies that grew out of the graves of the two lovers, form a popular subject with the peasantry in different parts of Germany, and many various versions of the ballad are current.

The celebrated ballad of Leonora, by Bürger, has sometimes been traced to the English ballad, called, "the Suffolk Miracle; or a relation of a young man, who, a month after his death, appeared to his sweetheart, and carried her on horseback, behind him, for forty miles, in two hours, and was never seen after but in his grave;" but Dr. Althof, the intimate friend and biographer of Bürger, has satisfactorily shown that he could not possibly have been acquainted with the English ballad, as it is not to be found in the Göttingen library, the only place where Bürger could have seen it: and he has pointed out at the same time the true source of the German composition.—Bürger, one moonlight night, heard a peasant girl sing an old German song, of which three lines remained engraven on his memory; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, he was unable afterwards to obtain any trace of it. There is a complete copy of this curious ditty in the *Wunderhorn*,—of which the following is a close translation:

The stars beam in the sky,
The moon it shines so bright;
How quick the dead do ride!

Open the window, love!
And let me in to thee;
I cannot long here be.

The cock already crows,
It chaunts to us the day,
I dare no longer stay.

Far, far, have I ridden,
Two hundred leagues of way!
And still must ride to day.

O dearest heart of mine,
Come get thee up behind,
The way thou'lt pleasant find!

Yonder, in Hungary Land,
A little house have I,
Thither my way doth lie!

Upon a wide spread heath,
My house is ready made,
For me and for my bride.

Let me no longer stay!
Come quick my love, come, come,
And let us to our home.

The little stars us light,
The moon it shines so bright,
How quickly ride the dead!

Now whither wilt thou take me,
O God what can'st thou mean,
All in the darksome night!

With thee I cannot ride,
Thy little bed's too strait,
And too far is the gait.

O come and lay thee down,
Sleep, my love, sleep away,
Until the judgment day.

There is an old Norse ballad, bearing a close resemblance to the above, from which Oehlenschläger, in his *Palnatoke*, has taken the following three lines:

The moon it shines,
The dead man grins,
O be thou not so red!

Some curious German ballads have been preserved by John Henry Jung, who was born in 1740,—a man of a very singular character, who gave to the world an account of his own remarkable life, under the title of *Henry Stilling's Biography*. This individual was intended to be a charcoal burner, but chose rather to be a tailor. Having a strong love of knowledge, he instructed himself in his hours of leisure, and became candidate for the place of preceptor of a school. Failing in his attempt, he was obliged to return to his trade, from which, however, he was occasionally called to act as a private teacher in families. He became afterwards a physician, and professor, and died a privy councillor of Baden!—He was a man of a most amiable and sincere character; and his account of his own life is supposed to be one of the most veridical works of the kind ever composed. His piety was of a fervent, but at the same time of a visionary cast. He believed in the intercourse of departed spirits with the living, and his peculiar doctrines on this subject were espoused by many people in different parts of Germany.

The following ballad, among others,

is given by Jung, in his biography. A peasant, he says, told him the following story respecting it :

"A little down there, you see the castle of Geisenberg; straight behind it there is a high mountain, with three heads, of which the middle one is still called the Kindelsberg. There, in old times, stood a castle of that name, in which dwelt knights who were very ungodly people.—God became, at length, weary of them; and there arrived late, one evening, a white little man at the castle, who announced to them that they should all die within three days: as a sign, he told them that the same night on which he spake, a cow would produce two lambs. This accordingly happened; but no one minded the prophecy, except the youngest son, the knight Siegmund, and a daughter, who was a very beautiful maiden: these two prayed day and night. The others all died of the plague, and these two were saved. Now here, on the Geisenberg, there was also a bold young knight, who constantly rode a large black horse; on which account he was always called the knight with the black horse. He was a wicked man, who was always robbing and murdering. This knight fell in love with the maiden, on the Kindelsberg, and was determined to have her; but the thing had a bad ending; I know an old song on this story. (Here he sung the song.) The affecting melody, (continues Jung) and the story itself, produced such an effect on *Stilling*, (Jung) that he often visited the old peasant, who sung the song to him, till he got it by heart."

At Kindelsberg, on the castle high,
An antient lime-tree grows,
With goodly branches, wide outspread,
Which rave as the wild wind blows.

There stands a stem, both broad and tall,
Quite close this lime-tree behind;
It is grey, and rough all over with moss,
And it shakes not in the wind.

There sleeps a maiden the mournful sleep,
Who to her knight was true;—
He was a noble count of the Mark,
Her case she well might rue.—

With her brother to a distant land
To a knight's feud he did repair;
He gave to the maiden the iron hand,
They parted with many a tear:

The time was now long past and gone,
The Count he came not again!
By the lime-tree foot she sat her down,
To give vent to her sorrow and pain.

And there to her another knight came;
A coal-black steed he was on,
Unto the maiden he kindly spoke,
And sought her heart to win.

The maiden said, "thou shalt, I vow,
Me for thy wife ne'er have;—
When the lime-tree here shall wither'd stand,
My heart to thee will I give!"

The lime-tree still was high and young,
Up-hill, and down he passed,
In search of a lime so large and so high,
Till he found it at the last:

Then out he went, in the moonshine bright,
And dug up the lime-tree so green,
And set the wither'd tree in its stead,
And the turf laid down again.

The maiden up in the morning rose,
Her window was so light;
The lime-tree shade no more on it played;
She was seized with grief and afright!—

The maiden to the lime-tree run,
Sat down with sorrow and pain,
The knight he came, in haughty mood,
And sought her heart again:—

The maiden answer'd, in distress,
"Thou'lt ne'er be loved by me."—
The proud knight then he stabbed her dead.
The Count grieved piteously!—

For he came home that very day,
And saw, in sorrowful mood,
How by the wither'd lime-tree lay
The maiden in her blood!

And then a deep grave did he dig,
For a bed of rest for his bride,
And he sought for a lime up-hill and down,
And he placed it by her side.

And a great stone he also placed,
Which by the wind cannot shaken be;—
There sleeps the maiden in peaceful rest,
In the shade of the green lime tree.

The following passage is closely translated from the ballad of Maria and the Knight St. George, in a collection of "old popular songs, in the dialect of the Kuhländchen," published in 1817.

It's up in the mountain, the wind it doth sweep,
There Maria she sits and her child rocks asleep;
She rocks it asleep with her snow-white hand,
And she uses for it no swaddling band:

O now I have laid my babie to rest,
And with beautiful flowers I have cover'd its breast,
With roses and lilies, and clover so white,
My babie shall sleep as long as God will.

It may not now be amiss to give some specimens of the mirthful songs of this people. The following extract is from the pilgrimage of the *Bins-*

gauers; an old popular song, in the collection of Hagen and Büsching, with a very affecting tune, resembling an old church hymn. The song itself is very antient, and belongs to a time when great liberties were taken with sacred subjects. The Binsgauers having taken a pilgrimage, to St. Saviour's, state to him the object of their coming; and after beseeching him to look graciously on them, they proceed thus:

O grant us good oats, and grant us good hay;

Kyrieleeison:

And free us aye from old women we pray;

Kyrie-leeison:

The young we like better, we need hardly say;

Juch Juch he, Kyri Kyrie—

Glory be to Krispel and to Salome!—

O free us also, we pray thee, from hail;

Kyrieleeison:

Or down from the altar we'll knock thee without fail;

Kyrieleeison:

We're sufficiently rude, as right well you know;

Juch Juch he Kyri Kyrie—

Glory be to Krispel and to Salome!

Our parson would just be the man to our mind;

Kyri-leeison:

If better to preach he were only inclined;

Kyrieleeison:

With his cook maid he does better as well you do know;

Juch Juch he, Kyri Kyrie—

Glory be to Krispel and to Salome!

The following is also from the same collection. The "Death of Basle," has reference to a painting of death, by Holbein, at the church of Basle.

When I a blithe young fellow was,

I married an old wife;

But ere three days were past and gone,

I led a weary life.

I hied me then to the church yard,

And unto death did pray,

O kind good death of Basle,

Take my old wife away:

And when back to the house I came,

Dead there my old wife lay;

I to the waggon yoked the horse,

And drove my wife away.

And when I to the church yard came,

The grave was ready made;

O softly tread ye bearers,

Least my old wife awake!

Come shovel, shovel, shovel up,

My old and wicked wife;

For while she lived I wot she was,

The plague of my young life!

Having deposited his old wife in the earth, he hastens home and gets a young one, who beats him from morning to night, and soon makes him regret her predecessor.

The Danes have the richest collection of old ballads of all the Teutonic nations. These ballads, long known under the name of the *Kjæmpe Viser*, were, to the number of one hundred, first printed by Anders Sørensen Vedel, in 1591, at the request of the Queen of Denmark. Others were added in subsequent editions, of which several appeared, both in Denmark and Norway.

A volume of *Tragica*, or old Danish historical Love Songs, was published in 1657; and a hundred ballads were added, by Peter Syv, to Vedel's collection, in 1695. A New Edition, enriched by several ballads from old manuscript collections, of which, to the honour of the fair sex, there had been many made in former days in Denmark, has lately been published in Copenhagen, with the old tunes to which they were sung.* This curious collection of ballads, in a language so very like the north country English, ought to be in the hands of every amateur of this species of literature. It is divided into ballads relating to the old mythical period,—supernatural and miraculous ballads,—historical ballads,—and fictitious ballads. With respect to their age, it cannot be exactly determined; but it has been affirmed, by good judges, that, with the exception of five, in the historical class, all the rest are the composition of the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries. The subjects to which the historical ballads relate, are many of them of a very ancient date; the language is often full of archaisms not to be found in the monuments even of the 15th century; and several of them are referred to by name in the old Chronicles.

Some of these ballads have been introduced with considerable effect, by Oehlenschläger, in his Dramas. In his Tragedy of Axel and Valborg, which is itself founded on a popular ballad, he introduces that of the

* To be had from Mr. Bohte, London.

Knight Aage in the following manner—

Valborg. My Axel oft has told me with
what skill

You touch the harp—

William. Oft times its tones

Have soothed my troubled senses to repose:

Valborg. Well then, dear William, seat
thee in that nook,

Where, by my mother's grave a harp is
hung—

How many a sleepless night has Valborg's
voice

Accompanied its tones among these graves!

How many a time with it has she begun

The song of the Knight Aage! Never sung

She it to end; her feeble voice was drowned

By scalding tears; but you, my noble

William,

Received, from God a nature more ro-
bust:—

Take you the golden harp, and seat your-
self

Down by the Royal pillar, facing Axel,

And sing, with tuneful string, your song to
end,

Whilst Valborg kneels beside her Axel's
corse—

And do not, prithee, rise till all is o'er—

Till Else has her Aage joined in death.

It was the Knight Sir Aage,

He to the island rode;

He betrothed Lady Else,

She was so fair a maid;

He betrothed Lady Else,

All with the gold so red,

But on the Monday after

He in the earth was laid;

It was the Lady Else,

And she did wail and weep,

The Knight, Sir Aage heard her,

Under the earth so deep;

Uprose the Knight, Sir Aage,

Took his coffin up behind,*

And hied him to her chamber door,

His Lady fair to find:

With the coffin he knock'd upon the door,

Because he had no skin,

"O rise up Lady Else

And let thy Aage in!"

Then answered Lady Else,

"I will not ope my door,

Till thou repeat Christ Jesus' name,

As thou couldst do before!"

"O rise up little Else,

And open thou thy door;

I can the name of Jesus name,

As I could do before."

Then up rose the proud Else,
The tears fast down did flow,
And in she let dear Aage,
For whom she felt such woe;

And then she took her golden comb,
Wherewith she combed his hair,
And for every hair she redded,
She dropt a bitter tear.

"Now, hear ye Knight, Sir Aage,
My dearest love, O say,
How was it under the black earth
In the grave where you lay."

"Every time thou merry art,
And in thy mind art glad,
Then pleasant is my grave to me,
All round with rose leaves clad;

"But every time thou grievest,
And in thy mind art sad,
My coffin then it seems to be
All filled with clotted blood.

"But now the red cock croweth,
I can no longer stay,
To earth now hurry all the dead,
And I must take the way.

"And now the black cock croweth,
To earth must I descend,
The gates of heaven wide open are,
And I must quickly wend!"

Upstood the Knight, Sir Aage,
Took his coffin up behind,
And dragged it on to the church yard,
Painful he did it find;—

And now the Lady Else,
Her heart it was right sad,
She went on with her Aage,
All through the darksome wood;

She went with him all through the wood,
And into the church yard,
And then the Knight, Sir Aage,
Lost the hue of his yellow hair;

And as he came to leave the yard,
And into the church sped,
O there the Knight, Sir Aage,
Lost the hue of his cheeks so red;

"Now hear thou little Else proud
Hear me my dearest dear,
See that thou never more do weep,
For thy betrothed here;

And cast thine eye to heaven up,
And little stars aboon,
And thou wilt thereby come to know,
How the night passeth on."

She cast her eye to heaven up
And to each little star;
Into the earth the dead man slipped,
She never saw him more!

* In old times, ghosts were supposed to take their coffins with them—See the wooden cuts in the *Helden-buch*, &c.

Now home went Lady Else,
 Deep sorrowing all the way,
 And on the Monday after,
 She lay in the dark clay.

This affecting ballad was taken from a manuscript collection, which belonged to Christiana, daughter of King Christian IV, and in which she wrote her name, with the date, 24th June, 1660. The number of ballads closely resembling it, dispersed throughout the various Teutonic countries, is very great indeed; and it is hardly going too far to affirm, that something like it is to be found in almost every one of their provinces. The Suffolk Miracle, the original of Bürger's *Leonora*, and a Norse song, all of similar construction, have already been noticed. The strongest likeness to it, however, is to be found in the famous Scots ballad of William and Margaret, which we believe was first published in Allan Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*. But, though in all these the resemblance is very great, it does not seem certain that any one country was indebted for the subject to another. The belief in ghosts follows naturally, from the belief that we do not wholly die; and the most that the reason of an enlightened age can say on the subject, is, that allowing a continuation of our existence, in some shape or other, we know not whether the nature of that existence does or does not allow of an intercourse between it and the mortal life. There is a difficulty in supposing an identity of being, without an identity of affections; and men in a rude age, naturally cling with fondness to the idea, that, as the old affection is con-

tinued, the disembodied spirit will not be subjected to a restraint, debarring it irrevocably, from all means of communicating with the object of its regard. Those who witness the separation of two lovers by the hand of death, can hardly avoid picturing to themselves a renewal of the intercourse so sadly disturbed; and hence the idea of such ballads as we have last noticed, must be almost perpetually floating in the mind, and as extensively diffused as human feeling. It must be allowed, at the same time, that the resemblance between William and Margaret, and the Knight Aage, extends even to the details. Compare the following verses from the former, with what we have just given above.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
 Afar beyond the sea;
 And its but my spirit Margaret,
 That's now speaking to thee.
 She stretch'd out her lily-white hand,
 And for to do her best;
 Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willie
 God send your soul good rest!
 Now she has kilted her robe of green,
 A piece below her knee,
 And a' the live-lang winter night,
 The dead corpse followed she:
 Is there any room at your head, Willie,
 Any room at your feet;
 Or any room at your side Willie;
 Wherein that I may creep?
 There's no room at my head, Margaret;
 There's no room at my feet;
 There's no room at my side, Margaret,
 My coffin's made so meet:—
 Then up and crew the red-cock,
 And up then crew the gray,
 'Tis time, 'tis time, dear Margaret,
 That I were going away.
 (*To be continued.*)

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

“Are these sentiments which any man, who is born a Briton, need be afraid
 or ashamed to avow?”

No. I.

DIFFICULTY OF POLITICS AS A SUBJECT; UNCERTAINTY OF POLITICAL
 PRINCIPLES; REMARKS ON THE DIVISIONS OF POLITICAL SENTI-
 MENT IN THE COUNTRY.

WE adventure on a very serious and hazardous undertaking in commencing this series of Articles; and we have now put its title on paper, for the first time, with a trembling

hand. The prospect before us is not a cheerful one; the roads we must traverse are doubtful and unsafe;—we dare not affirm that we know exactly what we ought to recommend,

nor do we feel assured of our ability to recommend persuasively what we fancy we know. In writing on Literature, or on the Arts, it is a sufficient object to expose what is wrong; but in political discussion, we apprehend, it is mischievous to do so, unless we can at the same time enounce what would be right—for, as a political constitution is a matter of practical necessity, it would seem to be unfairly assailed by speculative objections, unless these are accompanied by demonstrations of practicable improvements.

But demonstration in politics is, we believe, impossible;—it cannot be given, and were it given, would not be accepted. The whole institution, or science, or whatever else it may be called, originates in human error, and infirmity; prejudices are its necessary means, and illusions of all sorts its natural auxiliaries. Politics have but little, comparatively, to do with man as he naturally wishes to be, or justly ought to be, or with things in their general properties,—but chiefly relate to the actual, accidental condition of society. They are, moreover, inextricably connected with personal interests: candid opinion, therefore, can scarcely be brought to bear upon them, for every individual is, in some measure, a party to every question that can be agitated. Upon political questions there is always to be observed a most suspicious and disheartening tallying of sentiments with personal situations: Mr. Denman takes God to witness, that he believes the Queen pure in heart and conduct; while Sir John Copley is honourably indignant at her depravity! Lord Liverpool, whose integrity is only questioned by the dregs of faction, leans to the side of conviction; and Lord Grey, no longer an eager partizan, maintains she ought to be acquitted. How idle, then, to talk of conscience and principle as easy and obvious guides to what is right in politics!—It might have been easily predicted, before her Majesty talked of coming over to this country, that the Lord Chancellor would be against her, and Alderman Wood for her:—*conscience* and *principle*, therefore, we see, may mislead in this labyrinth—for surely one of these individuals must be wrong.

Perhaps the fact is, that politics, at the best, are but a necessary evil: absolutely necessary, but still an evil. If this be the case, the only rule of right that can be applied to them, is that of keeping strictly within the limits of the necessity. The human intellect is clearly more subjected to the influence of time and place in forming political opinions, than it is with reference to any other class of sentiment, except religious creeds. If Mr. Wilberforce had lived in the days of Augustus, he would have had *slaves* in his house,—only taking care to treat them well. On the other hand, Cicero, had his life been delayed till now, would, beyond a doubt, have joined Mr. Brougham, or taken his place, in carrying through Parliament the slave-trade felony bill; yet in one of his speeches, we find him fixing the time of a particular occurrence by coolly observing, “this happened at the hour when *the cries of your chastized slaves are always heard in your mansions*,”—meaning, say the commentators, about one o’clock of the day,—and the orator seems to have been quite unconscious of the inhumanity of this daily infliction, or the injustice of slavery.—Lord Castlereagh, when he introduced the bills of last year against the Press, professed a regard for its freedom infinitely more liberal than any thing that ever dropped from Bacon or Sir Matthew Hale; yet it would be gross flattery in us to say, that we believe his lordship possesses a more liberal mind than fell to the lot of either of the two persons just mentioned. May not the difference be, that Lord Castlereagh yields his feelings to a necessity, which the dispositions and intellects of the others have helped to introduce in the lapse of time?

We are far, however, from thinking, that it is only people’s opinions, as to wrong and right in politics, that change with different ages of the world;—these qualities themselves vary, according to the varying condition of society. There is no foundation for the science in absolute nature, as there is for all the other sciences,—and, therefore, there is no possibility of considering it but in strict dependance on local and temporary circumstances. If Newton’s philosophy be, as we believe, ground-

ed in truth, it holds quite as good to explain the phenomena of the universe, in the island of Ceylon, as in the island of Great Britain; but the same cannot be said of the British constitution, supposing it to be, as we believe, the paragon of constitutions. We have now before us the Annual Register for 1819, in which there is the official account of the quelling of a rebellion against the British flag in that island, and of the execution of two of the rebel chiefs. One of them, Keppetapole, is said to have "met his death with a firmness worthy of a *better cause*:"—such is the phrase of the Gazetteer, and it is the customary one in regard to all such unsuccessful attempts; yet the two Ceylon chiefs did but make resistance to a foreign invasion, and it is generally considered a *natural right* to do so. It is very likely, however, that the happiness of the inhabitants of Ceylon, and the advance of human improvement, ought to be considered as benefited by the extinction of this insurrection, and the transfer of the government of the island into British hands. The execution, therefore, of the native chiefs, may have been politically *proper*; though they had a political *right* to raise the banners of revolt! In the same way, James would have acted with perfect political justice had he condemned, in case of victory over the revolution, the whig lords for high-treason; yet these whig lords, we now say, gloriously maintained their political rights, and, by triumphantly doing so, have rendered us, their posterity, debtors to their memory of gratitude for all our political blessings!

This uncertainty, and apparent inconsistency, arise from this,—that there is no such thing as absolute right or wrong in politics:—resistance is a question of prudence, a high authority has declared; if so, subjugation is the consequence of power. There is not any one fixed principle in politics, derivable from the nature of things, to guide the understandings of men, and silence their passions, prejudices, and interests. Some have said, that man is *born free*, and, therefore, has a right to *remain so*; but it is untrue that he is so born: he is born to immediate dependance and pain. He protests against life, by his cries,

the moment he enters into it: nothing like voluntary suffrage is exercised by him when the most serious and heavy of engagements is imposed upon him. Others have said, that man is born under *absolute power* (his parents'), and therefore ought to *remain under it*:—but this is not true either,—for nature implants an instinct of affection in the parental breast, to qualify and restrain the power in question,—above which, in fact, it often gains an ascendancy,—while, except in some monstrous cases, it leads to an irrepressible self-denial and devotion in favour of the weaker party. History does not make it evident, that princes have a similar instinct towards their native subjects, far less towards their conquered enemies.

There can, therefore, be but little certainty, or comfort, in writing on politics, for they are naturally uncertain and uncomfortable. There is scarcely a point of their practice that may not be traced to an abstract absurdity or injustice; yet they are essential to the existence of society, and are intimately entwined with all we say, do, and think. They indicate, too, the strength or the weakness of nations; their health, or their infirmity. As connected with national character, they approach to more pleasant topics of discussion; and, in particular instances, they involve animating considerations, demand urgent appeals, and give opportunity for inculcating useful lessons. A publication, like ours, professing to reflect the actual features of the time, must be considered imperfect if it excludes them; and, besides, we really feel ourselves responsible to our readers for affording them something like fair representation, and candid inquiry, on subjects so obscured by misrepresentation, and so abused by fraud. We are not very sanguine of making converts to doctrines; but we do think it possible that we may be able to shake the strength of inveterate prejudice in naturally well-disposed minds,—and induce some people to consider and reflect over the public occurrences of the time, steadily, seriously, and impartially, who have hitherto been accustomed to break away into violence, on one side or other, at the mere sound of names, as on a signal which

they were engaged to obey, rather than as acting under the influence of rational investigation. We can scarcely expect to convince, or at least gain individuals, in the teeth of their plainest interests; but we may, perhaps, in a degree, modify the view which persons take of their interests. That very zealous support which is to be traced to personal profit, or preferment, received or looked for from the authorities of the state; as well as that pertinacious dissent which issues either from mercenary motives, from a morbid constitutional vanity, or a natural malignity, we have no hope to influence. They who thought Wellington disgraced by the hisses of a mob which dispersed in confusion when he stopped his horse to look at them; they who deem the Queen's answers to her addressers noble compositions, and Mr. Cobbett an authority in politics, being quite beyond our reach, will not be aimed at in our observations. On the other hand, if a man be a court-chaplain, or a head clerk in a public office, or an army agent, or be placed in any similar situation of relationship to the fountain of good things, we are far from impeaching his personal sincerity in his opinions; nor do we see any thing in his circumstances to hinder him from being a very honest and estimable member of the community; but we must consider him, with reference to political discussion, as rather to be argued *about*, than *with*. His feelings have their natural bias, and this very bias is one of the elements of the system we have to examine in its various bearings. There is no illiberality in saying this: English law recognizes the existence of certain affections, which, without being at all discreditable to the bosoms in which they have a place, tend to incapacitate a person from fairly discharging certain public duties. By committing the decisions of legal trials to twelve common men, rather than to the twelve learned judges; by making the place of judge a place for life, instead of dependant on the pleasure of the crown; by giving the accused certain advantages in the forms of the proceedings against high treason, as a counterbalance to certain disadvantages attending a charge of this nature,—the British Constitution acknowledges

the prejudices and partialities that spring up in the mind under the generating influence of place and profit, and corrects their practical effects. Are we to be more tender in our observations than the law is in its enactments? The other day, at Kensington—(and we quote the fact as one of the signs of the times, as well as an illustration of our present argument)—an address to His Majesty, tending to persuade him that the late proceedings against the Queen had excited no feeling of disapprobation in the breasts of the loyal and honorable amongst his subjects, was hastily got up, and signed, at an early hour of the morning—viz. before breakfast. This meeting was convened under the active interference of a respectable gentleman, *who is one of the first clerks of the war office*; who receives Commissariat half-pay, in addition to his salary, by the special favour of the Crown, and pensions in addition to both. The persons present were few, and the majority of them were bound to the cause by ties similar in their nature to those confining the individual who took the chair. Now we would appeal to our readers, sitting at their firesides, whether such an address can be justly considered as proving any thing more on one side, than an article in the radical weekly journals proves on the other? There certainly is nothing like candour, or perception of the truth, evinced in these vulgar journals: they are not the organs of intellectual and independent expression, but the channels of scurvy feeling, and malignant humour; yet, though they may be more calculated to excite our dislike than the orderly effusions of praise to which we have opposed them, they are not more worthy of our distrust. Both are equally unfaithful in their evidence; and when we regard the coarse venality displayed in the herd of servile publications,—backing the natural and not unblameable attachments of those who are snugly placed amongst “existing circumstances,”—we are afraid the offensive steam of corruption will appear, but too plainly, soaring and mixing with the incense-cloud of grateful adulation.

Nothing that we have said as to the general uncertainty and instability of what are called political

principles, can apply against attempts to examine the practical propriety of particular measures,—though, we confess, we have thrown out enough to prevent any sanguine hope of arriving at demonstration or unanimity. Still, however, though we cannot pretend, nor indeed would wish to establish the right of universal suffrage, it may be within our jurisdiction and ability, to illustrate the bad character and bad consequences of such proceedings as have lately thrown the nation into disturbance:—it may be permitted us to compare the conduct and talents of particular public men; to endeavour to deduce from these their respective capacities for serving the nation;—to seek to fortify what are unanimously regarded as the best and strongest points in the national character;—to abash, or at least expose the viperous front of disaffected faction,—and the brazen countenance of venal flattery;—urgently to address the sense of integrity, and patriotic affection, when the foundation of manners is assailed, and the supports of good faith and confidence shaken, throughout their whole social union, by glaring instances of dereliction from honour and decency, displayed amongst the conspicuous classes, or on the elevated stations of society. Without pretending to ascertain the conditions of the original social contract; or rather disbelieving that there ever was, or could be, one entered into, it may nevertheless be permitted us to examine the connection of public energy with the degrees of public liberty; and of the stability of the institutions of government, with their popularity and happy influence on the mass of the governed. Without debating the principles of the union between church and state, it may not, perhaps, be deemed altogether presumptuous in us to suggest, that the members of the body of established clergy do injustice to their high calling, and give advantage to the scoffer, when they become heated and violent instruments to forward the purposes of worldly authority, in a suspicious coincidence with the views of private interest: and, on the other hand, we may, we hope, be allowed to say a word in behalf of the instincts of human nature, and the wants of the human soul, when liberality in poli-

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tics is attempted to be connected with hostility to general religion,—and the philosophy of improvement is turned from its fair direction, to point towards licentiousness of manners, and consequent domestic desolation.

Upon which of the points of opinion, to be gathered from the preceding observations, can any really honest man be prepared to quarrel with us? Nor are we without a hope of effecting something more than merely sheltering ourselves from absolute hostility: our own most decided conviction is, that until such sentiments and feelings are drawn forth from that privacy,—where doubtless they now exist to a far greater extent than their silence gives superficial observers reason to suppose,—and become a principle of action, uniting in strenuous endeavour, for the country's welfare, the respectable understandings, and fair and faithful intentions which constitute and characterize the *core* of the British community,—the country must continue plunged in growing evils, and become every day more and more involved in disheartening circumstances of disagreement, of deterioration, and jeopardy. It really would almost seem as if a revolution of manners was already begun amongst us; and if there be any thing at all certain in politics, it is that such a revolution is the invariable forerunner of a general change in the institutions of society. A change of this sort in this country, if produced by the present visible agents of alteration, must be for the worse:—there are no symptoms whatever, calculated to beget confidence in the effects of any political metamorphosis produced under the auspices of those who are now actively endeavouring to bring one about. Such of the radical reformers as are sincere, seem to be men of pert and vain tempers; with nothing of the old English masculine cast of character—that freedom from affectation,—that instinctive philosophy, the pride of which is its harmony with common sense, and its triumph amendment without subversion. They are of alien breed: they do not look to the past with natural affection; they do not feel the weight of the ancient glory of England; they are accustomed to espouse the calumnies of her enemies; they are not sensible

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of the responsibility which her *name* throws on those who would even modify the institutions under which its renown has been accumulated. They are not *national* in their feelings and tastes; they have vivacity, but they are of shallow hearts, and are without imagination. Mr. Hobhouse, a smart man, is an example of what we mean: * his books, his speeches, his opinions on religion, are all alien in their style to the English character. A more meagre principle than an English soul animates his moral and intellectual being altogether: there is a flippancy about his thoughts which ill-suits with the rancour of his language. He is worthy to be the historian of the "*hundred days*," but for England, whose history is composed of *centuries*, his powers are too small. At Rome he busied himself with criticizing dates and names; and in this, as in other respects, he has shewn himself more fitted to play the part of a French philosopher than of an English patriot. His place is Paris: there he shone, and was much admired:—there he would eclipse Sir Francis Burdett; but in the English House of Commons he will never command or deserve that respectful attention, from a host of adversaries, which is given to his colleague, and brother reformer.

England would become another and inferior country to that which it has been, were its future destinies to be modelled by such hands; and the worst feature in her present condition, is the almost nullity in the state, of the individuals who in public business would be the representatives of her genuine character. We allude to certain men of fortune, rank, and talent, animated by the spirit of her history, faithful to that path of improvement which she has so sedately and successfully followed,—alive to the spirit of enterprize which distinguishes the present time, yet too mindful of their country's dignity to think of submitting her to unnecessary risks, or even of running hazards for improvement in the reckless manner of nations that have all to gain and nothing to lose. The courtiers, on one side, and the disaffected on

the other, have contrived to destroy the influence of genuine statesmen altogether; and the public are consequently divided in a very unhappy way. A great proportion of the people,—comprising much of what is most respectable in private life, and secure and steadfast in society,—support the persons occupying the established places of government,—not in the exercise of a sagacious and discriminating conviction of their rectitude and wisdom,—but as the least of two evils,—as leaning to the safer side,—to keep the semblance of property and order together, and continue old names and customs, threatened as they think all these would be with subversion and ruin, were unnecessary opposition to afford an advantage to the schemes of the men who imported Paine's skeleton as the symbol and standard of British Reform. On the other side is placed the comparatively small, but active party of those who are disaffected in heart and soul to the present system of society; who have in view its complete up-breaking; who covet a new partition of goods, and would bring this about by an entire change of opinions and institutions. The former and larger division are guilty of the inconsistency of respecting the action of British good-sense and independent sentiment—to which the long stability and enduring strength of the country are chiefly to be traced—with the wish of contributing to the permanency and tranquillity of the state! It is very bad reasoning indeed that leads to this conduct; the experience of history is all pointed against it,—but every day there is afforded another, and still more striking proof of its incorrectness. The mere courtiers are much less incensed against the disaffected personally,—and the disaffected shew much less absolute anger against the courtiers, than both these parties display against the individuals who stand between them. These are such high-minded moderate politicians as are animated by the spirit of the British Constitution; who acknowledge it to be a spirit of liberty and improvement;

* Sir Francis Burdett we do not consider as a genuine *radical*. He is merely an English oppositionist of the sturdiest order: such as existed in the best days of English history; whose opinions might be carried too far, but had a right tendency.

but whose affections and understandings abide by the ancient order of our society,—because they see in it admirable provisions, adapted to human nature, for the preservation of social peace and safety, and for developing and stimulating those aspirations and capacities which tend to benefit, distinguish, and ornament the domestic life, and public character of nations. A glowing and at the same time sedate patriotism, shining from a lofty eminence in the eyes of men, and attracting admiration to its pure and steady lustre—like, for instance, the fine flame which irradiates the public conduct and compositions of that young nobleman Lord John Russel—is what the extreme factions chiefly dread and detest. For the same reason, it ought to be steadily regarded by the people as a beacon of hope and safety. It is in such splendid examples of intellect in wealth, and liberality in elevated station, that the glory of British history and the brilliancy of the national reputation, may best be contemplated. Their lustre has ever led the march of the nation onward to its richest possessions, as the pillar of fire led the tribes through the desert to the land of milk and honey. Unlucky circumstances, and base arts, have, for some years past, chilled the sympathy which ought to exist between the honest sense of the people, and the impulses of those talents and virtues which are advantageously placed by Providence, united to great names and honorable titles—in advance of the common situations of society, in order to give forcible effect to their operation on public opinion, and the public welfare. The consequence has been, that apathy has succeeded to energy amongst the sound and substantial part of the community,—and that reproach, thrown with impunity by the mischievous on the worthy, has totally destroyed in politics the influence of the best class of politicians. Look at the noble display of talent, probity, and zeal lately made by Earl Grey; and consider how much the dignity of the country would have gained had such a mind guided the course of the government, with reference to a recent particular occasion, instead of the timid and subservient dispositions which

have led to so much mortification, exposure, and disgrace. It has been hitherto the great distinction and blessing of this nation, that its nobility and gentry, without sinking into the class of regular courtiers, but retaining their independent character and capacity, have occupied themselves with the public affairs, counselled the throne, and powerfully influenced its measures. In no other country have distinguished subjects been able to render themselves of any value with reference to the court, but as its satellites: but with us, independent gentlemen have played the part of eminent statesmen, and have served the prince and the people,—each more effectually from stooping to neither. Unhappily, however, these natural guardians of the institutions and liberties of their native land, have of late seen their proper and necessary weight in the commonwealth annihilated—and in favour of whom? Mere placemen, and vulgar mal-contents! The balance of authority and opposition, that proud boast, and useful privilege of this country, has been entirely left to such counteracting parties as Mr. Cobbett see-sawing Mr. Croker, and the editor of the *Examiner* tilting Mr. Canning, once editor of the *Anti-Jacobin*! In the same way we find it now proposed, (*the first suggestion of the plan, we are told, proceeding from the monarch personally*) that a LITERARY ACADEMY should be formed, on the model of that wretched French institution over which English genius has been accustomed to exult in words, as well as triumph in works,—to constitute a make-weight against the *Sunday press*! Such *Signs of the Times* as these are prodigiously discouraging: they seem to indicate the extinction of the old spirit of the country. The demon of scandal sits perched on the pinnacle of our king's palace, chattering, and laughing, and pointing with his finger into the interior,—while an excited populace look up, and re-echo the hootings of the fiend. What a contrast does this present to the “old domestic morals” of the British court,—and how destructive the effect of such a contrast on that feeling of reverential allegiance which has been the ancient companion of independent sentiment in this once

solidly-founded common-wealth. No public interest whatever called for running the fearful hazard of a recent disgusting exposure:—it necessarily and inevitably led to recrimination in both heart and mouth, calculated terribly to prejudice, in public esteem, an august public functionary, whose real power consists but in the respect which his title excites. The dignified clergy, in the first assembly of the nation, have alluded, in their united capacities of bishops and legislators, to the *vices* which constitute an insuperable bar to a measure, introduced by the servants of the Crown as one of redress for the Sovereign, but which these vices represent as one of contemplated injustice. Why expose the Crown to this disgrace?—or incur the risk of a still greater calamity,—viz. that of seeing men, clothed with honorable titles and dignities, forfeiting their honour in subserviency to the Court as a fountain of distinction and profit? The Queen's conduct was neither the only, nor even the principal matter which presented itself for the serious consideration of the persons on whom it fell to decide on the institution of the late inquiry:—there were several infinitely more important points for them to weigh. What conduct had been pursued *towards*, as well as *by* her Majesty;—what effect such a domestic dispute would have on the public mind;—what good *could* be its result, and what bad *might*;—what excitement it was likely to make of popular passion;—what means it was likely to put into the hands of the disaffected;—what temptation it was likely to offer to the clergy, and magistracy, and other subaltern officers in the state, to pursue a line of conduct marring their utility by injuring their respectability,—and calculated to shake the foundation of religious and loyal sentiment in the land, by branding the peculiar promulgators of both with an odious character for power-serving, and discreditable violence.—These are the questions to which his Majesty's ministers were bound to give the greatest share of their attention, when it was first in agitation to adopt severe measures, tending to a public conflict, against the Queen. The private feelings of one of the parties are as nothing compared with

these great state considerations;—and they are so obvious, and so palpable are the deductions from them, that no honest man of sound judgment can for a moment hesitate to pronounce, that ministers violated their duty, both to the throne and the public, when they consented to become the instruments of this most fatal attack on a woman, whose tastes and habits do not appear to be at all congenial to English notions of what is *seemly*,—but whose courage, sufferings, and ill-treatment have induced the people generally to consider her cause as one entitled to the support of generous feeling and the national magnanimity. And this conclusion, to which they have come, is a correct one, under all the circumstances of the case—however wild, absurd, and distasteful may be much of the matter mixed up with the popular support. The fault, here, is chiefly to be laid against those who have kindled this effervescence,—unwisely, if the measures that have been pursued by the administration are regarded in a public light, and unfairly if they are contemplated as emanating from irritated personal feeling. Every thing conspired to dictate abstinence and reserve on this unhappy subject: the private *consciousness* of the palace, the honour of the government, the tranquillity of the people. Suppose the Queen guilty of all laid to her charge; her crimes, as a wife, cannot fairly be considered before a public tribunal, but in connection with the treatment she has received as one; and though it would be deplorable that such an example of misconduct should escape with impunity, it would be ten times more honorable to the country that it should do so, than that England should present the spectacle of power taking advantage of the injuries it has inflicted, and overcoming, in the name of justice, a party towards whom it stood in the capacity of offender.

But such reflections are now after-time: the mischief hath been effected, and this is surely of a more extensive and enduring nature than the moral and political constitution of the British common-wealth has ever before sustained. Never before has such deadly havoc been made amongst all the fences of external and titular dig-

nity which hedge-in the seats of public authority:—the veil has been rent in twain, and the sight displayed behind it has substituted mockery for respect. The titles of the State have lost their charmed hold on the mind, since they have been connected with a process of scandal, folly, and profligacy, carried on laboriously, from day to day, before mitres and coronets—the personal habits, and domestic intercourse of royalty founding the ground-work of the licentious farce. The late inquiry is unique in the history of the world: under a despotic government no such frightful exposure could take place,—and no free one has ever hitherto so far violated both prudence and duty. The *radicals*, who, before this, had made not one step towards weight or consideration, have now been enabled to give an air of *chivalry* to their confederation; and to talk of loyalty to the Queen, and of the courtesies due to the female sex, and of the duty of manhood towards an oppressed lady! There has been dreadful mis-management in all this: but the effects of the improvidence and mistake committed cannot be cured by irrational zeal, or insincere professions. The good sense, candour, and intrepidity of the country must be arrayed out, in full and imposing

force, in the country's defence. The tricks and violence of party can no longer be of any avail: men's minds have been too far alienated to be gained back by mere words. A vast preponderating mass of attachment to the ancient order of our law, and the social structure of England, still exists in the nation; and so far it possesses a mighty advantage over most of the other states of Europe; but to enable this attachment to display itself, or rather to hinder it from perishing, we must have rank and title again seen forward, and adventurous, and triumphant, in behalf of Justice, and Truth, and Morals, and Independence. The Doctors in Divinity, and Rectors, and Curates, appealing to the people in the interests of courtiers that have committed themselves, can do nothing for the Constitution, or for religion: they are, on the contrary, helping on the disaffected to a strength and importance from which they seemed hopelessly proscribed. We must look again to our natural political guardians. At some recent county meetings, the people have shown a disposition to do so, and we hail the first symptoms of this return to their old confidence, as indications of a cheering nature, streaking the general gloom of our political horizon.

MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST.

"A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth,* and the rigour of the game." This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God) who, next to her devotions, loved a good game at whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half and half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game, and lose another;† that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no,—and will desire an adversary, who has slipt a wrong card, to take

it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said, that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul; and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave no concessions. She hated favours. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without ex-

* This was before the introduction of rugs, reader. You must remember the intolerable crash of the unswept cinder, betwixt your foot and the marble.

† As if a sportsman should tell you, he liked to kill a fox one day, and lose him the next.

acting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight: cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She sate bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favourite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards: and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand, and who, in his excess of candour, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book.

Pope was her favourite author: his Rape of the Lock her favourite work. She once did me the favour to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of Ombre in that poem; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, traydrille. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr. Bowles; but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners—a thing which the constancy of whist abhors;—the dazzling supremacy and regal inves-

titure, of Spadille—absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter give him no proper power above his brother-nobility of the Aces;—the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone;—above all, the over-powering attractions of a *Sans Prendre Vole*,—to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel, or approaching, in the contingencies of whist;—all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *solider* game: that was her word. It was a long meal; not, like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might co-extend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states, depicted by Machiavel; perpetually changing postures and connexions; bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath;—but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational, antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favourite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage. Nothing superfluous. No *flushes*—that most irrational of all pleas, that a reasonable being can set up:—that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same shape and colour, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colours of things.—Suits were soldiers, she would say; and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them: but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshalled—never to take the field?—She even wished that whist were more simple than it

is; and, in my mind, would have stript it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably, allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps?—Why two colours, when the shape of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them without it?—

“But the eye, my dear Madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason—he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your quaker spirit of unsensualizing would have kept out.—You, yourself, have a pretty collection of paintings—but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the anti-room, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to *that* you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court cards?—the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession—the gay triumph-assuring scarlets—the contrasting deadly-killing sables—the “hoary majesty of spades”—Pam in all his glory!—

“All these might be dispensed with; and, with their naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go on very well, picture-less. But the *beauty* of cards would be extinguished for ever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling.—Imagine a dull deal-board, or drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to nature's), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and turneys in!—Exchange those delicately-turned ivory markers—(work of Chinese artist, unconscious of their symbol,—or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those little shrines for the goddess)—exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestor's money) or chalk and a slate!”—

The old lady, with a smile, con-

fessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favorite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage board, made of the finest sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated) brought with him from Florence;—this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds, came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say,—disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce “*go*”—or “*that's a go*.” She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five dollar stake), because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring “*one for his heels*.” There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet, she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms—such as pique—repique—the capot—they savoured (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She would argue thus:—Cards are warfare: the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport: when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight; with spectators, it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play.—Three are still worse; a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in traydrille.—But in square

games (*she meant whist*) all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honour, common to every species—though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participant. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theatre to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold—or even an interested—by-stander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathises in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game.—By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favourite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. Chance, she would argue—and here again, admire the subtlety of her conclusion!—chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious, that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending?—Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number—and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively, without a prize?—Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in back-gammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots, who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of over-reaching.

Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit,—his memory, or combination-faculty rather—against another's; like a mock engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless.—She could not conceive a *game* wanting the spritely infusion of chance,—the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the centre, would inspire her with insufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of Castles, and Knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue, (and I think in this case justly) were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard head-contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and colour. A pencil, and dry slate (*she used to say*) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions,—(dropping for awhile the speaking mask of old Sarah Battle) I would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other:—that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards: that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling, and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life, which men play, without esteeming them to be such.

P. S.—With great deference to the old lady's judgment on these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life, when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget—*Bridget Elia*.

I grant there is something sneaking in it: but with a tooth-ache, or a sprained ankle,—when you are subdued and humble,—you are glad to

put up with an inferior spring of action.—

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick whist*.—

I grant it is not the highest style of man—I deprecate the manes of Sarah Battle—she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologize.—

At such times, those *terms* which my old friend objected to, come in as something admissible.—I love to get a tierce, or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my

sweet cousin (I capotted her)—(dare I tell thee, how foolish I am?)—I wished it might have lasted for ever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play: I would be content to go on in that idle folly for ever. The pipkin should be ever boiling, that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply to it, after the game was over: and, as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.

ELIA.

VERSES

TO LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

On their Publication of Wordsworth's *Excursion*,

IN OCTAVO.

AYE! this, as Cobbet says, is right!—
Just as it should be!—With delight,

For one, I give my bravo!
And thank you, for enabling me,
Upon my humble shelf, to see

“THE EXCURSION”—in Octavo!

Long have I grieved, that such a mine
Of Poesy's true lore divine,

Rich veins of thought affording;
Should be half inaccessible,
By means of that forbidding spell
Which lurks in quarto boarding.

'Tis not the cumb'rous shape alone;
Though that, I candidly must own
A *tangible* objection:

For books, which one is only able
To read—by spreading on a table,
Seldom invite inspection.

Yet bulk I should not heed one pin,
In books that are worth looking in—

There is a much worse evil:
Twelve shillings, for a book like this,
E'en for poor bards, is not amiss,—
Two guineas is—the d——l!

And never more so, than when set
Upon a tome one wants to get;

Then—then indeed we feel it:—

Un pauvre diable, tel que moi,
Is tempted to infringe the law,

And, from pure taste, to steal it!

But, such a speculation might
Be awkward; so it is but right

To end such lawless thrillings,—

By publishing to all the town,

That Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown,

Now sell it for twelve shillings.

TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

No. III.

RHYME LEGEND OF RICHARD FAULDER, MARINER.

Voyage in the Spectre Shallop.

FITTE FIRST.

1.

It was hallowmass eve;—like a bride at her bowering
 The moon on green Skiddaw sat shining,—and showering
 Her silver light on the Solway waves,—steeping
 In brightness the cormorant's rocking and sleeping:
 The lone Ellenbrook 'neath the green boughs was simmering,
 In castle and cottage the candles were glimmering;
 No foot was abroad,—dread of witch-spell and glamour
 Bound matron and maid to the hall and the chaumour:
 In a mariner's ear the night-tide singeth sweet;
 So I sat and I gazed, while the flood, at my feet,
 Leap'd, and murmur'd:—I thought when the stiff breeze was
 sounding,
 How my bark through the billows went breasting and bounding;
 And I long'd much to lift up my halser and fly
 Where there's nought to be gazed at but ocean and sky.

2.

As I wish'd, lo! there came my bright bark, Barbara Allan;
 Her fair shadow far on the moonlight flood falling;
 Her silk pennon streaming so gay at her side,
 And her gallant sails bent all in seafaring pride;
 Around her the glad waters, leaping and flashing,
 Clave wide with delight, and away she went dashing;
 Before the fair presence of my beauteous shallop;
 The cormorants fly, and the porpoises gallop,
 The seamews dive down, and the seagulls go soaring,
 As her prow through the deep brine goes sweeping and snoring:
 Loud and loud came the voice from the mainland to hail her—
 The glad whistle, the shout, and free song of the sailor.
 While John Selby, first faint, and then bolder and bolder,
 Cried, "Launch out the boat, and bring me Richard Faulder!"
 He whistled—the boat, with one stroke of the oar,
 At my foot made a furrow ell deep in the shore.

3.

I laugh'd and sprung in,—soon the smitten waves parted,
 And flash'd, as along to my shallop I darted.
 The mariners shouted, nor lack'd there the tone
 Of tongues which from boyhood to manhood I'd known;
 The mariners shouted, nor lack'd they the form
 Of friends who with me had braved tempest and storm:
 And away went the shallop, with bent sail and rudder,
 And the shore gave a groan, and the sea gave a shudder:
 We hail'd the clear diamond on green Criffel burning,
 That stream'd on our path, like the star of the morning;
 And, gleaming behind us, shot o'er the wild seas
 The hallowmass torches of bonnie Saint Bees;
 The sweet glens of Cumberland lessen'd,—and colder
 The moonbeam became, and the wind waken'd bolder;
 And the sable flood roar'd, while along the rude furrow,
 The slender bark flew, with the flight of an arrow.

4.

'Twas sweet now to hear how the strain'd canvas sung
 As, right on our path, like a reindeer we sprung ;
 'Twas sweet now to hear how the chafed wind kept trying
 The might of our mast, and the foaming waves frying :
 'Twas sweet from the stem to the stern to be pacing,—
 In the chart of my mind the bark's course to be tracing,—
 In some far sunny bay to be dropping our anchor,
 Or, where the spiced woodlands tower'd greener and ranker,
 To chace, when the sun on the desert smote sorest,
 The fleet-footed deer, and the king of the forest ;
 Or, where the free balm richer dropt from the bushes,
 Hear the frank maiden's sighs in her shealing of rushes,
 As she thinks, while her girdle grows tighter, of sailing
 With one who had loved, and had left her bewailing :—
 Such thoughts came upon me—mid curse and carousing,
 The Man Island smugglers sat singing and bousing ;
 They ceased as we passed, and an old man cried, "*See !*
Lo ! there goes the SPECTRE SHIP sundering the sea !"—

5.

Loud laugh'd all my mariners—and as they laugh'd, there
 Fell a thick smoke from heaven that choked the sweet air ;
 Loud laugh'd all the mariners—and as they laugh'd, whistling,
 Like the hunting hawk's wings, went the wing'd shallop rustling,
 And at once o'er our heads there came stooping a cloud
 Huge and sable, that swathed up my ship like a shroud ;
 Above and about me the low thunder pudder'd,
 A dread fell upon me—the dark ocean shudder'd !
 A rush of wind came, and away the cloud pass'd—
 And there sat a hoary OLD ONE at the mast !
 With his furrow'd brows bent down, like one in devotion,
 And his ancient eyes cast on the star-gleaming ocean.
 "Hoary father," I said, "ill it suits thee to brave
 The moisture of night, and the damp of the wave:
 Go hillock my blankets above thee—and here,
 Take this tass of strong water to charm thee and cheer !"

6.

The OLD ONE look'd up—then the hawthorn's sweet timmer
 Had shed its rich bloom on my twenty third simmer,—
 The OLD ONE look'd up—then these hoar locks were black,
 As the moor-cock's soot wing, or the sea eagle's back,—
 But from glad three and twenty till threescore and seven,
 From my locks like the snow, till my locks like the raven,
 I never beheld such an aspect ;—abaft
 I leapt in dismay,—and the ANCIENT ONE laught !—
 Laugh'd loud, and a thousand unseen lips laugh'd round,
 And the smooth pleasant sea murmur'd far to the sound !
 My comrades were vanish'd—men framed by the spell
 Of the fiends, with their bark, in the dock-yards of hell,
 To wile Richard Faulder,—at midnight unhallow'd,—
 When the dark angels rule,—in the sea to be swallow'd !
 Away flew the fiend-bark, so smoothly and fine
 That she seem'd more to swim in the air than the brine ;
 The green islands stoop'd low their heads as we pass'd,
 And the stars seem'd in pairs from the firmament cast ;
 Sole charmer alone the charm'd moon stay'd to smile,
 Till my Gray Guide dropp'd anchor before a green isle.

FITTE SECOND.

1.

It was a fair land, that sprung up like the blossoming rose when the dew has fall'n soft on its bosom :
 Of balm smell'd the woods, and of myrrh smell'd the mountains ;
 Of fruit smell'd the valleys, of wine smell'd the fountains ;
 The waves on the shore all in concert kept springing
 With the soft nightingale, sitting 'mongst the boughs singing ;
 The winds in the woodtops sung to a glad tune,
 Like a small bird's voice heard 'mongst the brown bees in June ;
 And each time the breeze in the woodlands made stir,
 The ship's sails seemed steep'd in frankincense and myrrh.
 Around sang the mermaids—one swam till her hair,
 Like gold melting in silver, show'd wavering and rare ;
 One reclined on a couch all of shell-work and spars,
 And warbled charm'd words to the hesperide stars ;
 There one, with a shriek more of rapture than fear,
 With the bright waters bubbling around her, came near,
 And seeing the shallop, and forms of rude men,
 Shriek'd,—clave wide the water,—and vanish'd again.
 I stood at the helm, and beheld one asleep—
 James Graeme, a young sailor I lost in the deep ;
 All lovely as lifetime, though summer suns seven,
 Since his loss, his young sister to sorrow had given.
 A mermaid a soft couch had made him, the tender
 One sat nigh and warbled,—her voice, sweet and slender,
 Pierced through the mute billows ; all tear-dew'd and shaking
 I gazed, and the form as I gazed seemed to waken ;
 All the seamaiads with song hailed him from his long slumber,
 And their songs had no end, and their tongues had no number.
 The OLD ONE leap'd up with a laugh—but there came
 A bright FIGURE past him, he ceased,—and, in shame,
 Dropp'd his eyes and sat mute—the rebuked ocean veil'd
 Her loose bosom, and loud all her mermaidens wail'd.

2.

The green land of mermaidens vanish'd, and soon
 A fair island rose, round and bright as the moon ;
 Where damsels as pure as, lone Skiddaw ! thy flocks,
 Show'd blue eyes and bosoms from thickets and rocks.
 Or lay on the sward, half revealed and half shielded—
 (The flowers, touch'd by beauty, a richer scent yielded)
 Or sat and loud love-ditties warbled, and sang
 And harp'd so melodious that all the woods rang.
 And there lay a fair one 'tween sleeping and waking,
 The breeze her dark brow-tresses moving and shaking,
 Round her temples they cluster'd all glossy and gleaming,
 Or gush'd o'er her bosom-snow, curling and streaming—
 I wish'd—for that sight chased remembrance away—
 And the bark knew my wishes, and stood for the bay :
 Less old and less ghastly my dread comrade grew—
 With the change of his look, like a levin-flash, flew,
 From the stem to the stern, a bright PRESENCE—I saw
 The ancient one tremble—I prayed in mine awe,
 And named GOD ! with a bound from the lewd isle we started,
 O'er the flood like the wild flame the spectre-bark darted.

3.

The moon sunk—the flame o'er dark heaven went rushing,
 The loud thunder followed, the rain-flood came gushing,

I sain'd myself oft, yet no shape could I see,
 Either bless'd or unbless'd, save that OLD ONE and me
 The thunder-burst ceased—dropt the wind—yet our flight
 Waxed swifter—I long'd for the merry morn-light:
 No light came, and soon, shadow'd high o'er the flood,
 Rose a huge dusky outline of mountain and wood,
 And I saw a deep vale, and beheld a dark river,
 And away flew the bark as a shaft from the quiver.
 Around me the waters kept toiling and dashing,
 On the land stood a crowd their teeth grinding and gnashing,
 Groups of figures who hover'd 'tween living and dying,
 And "water" and "water" continually crying,—
 Loud cursing, and stooping their lips to the flood,
 While the stream as they touch'd it was changed into blood:—
 Their crime has no name—for those wretches who hate
 Their home and their country, her glory and state,
 Are born without name, and live nameless, and die
 As dishonour should ever; I hearken'd their cry
 And gazed on their persons—in bliss or in pain
 Some marks of the semblance immortal remain;
 But those came in aspect so grisly and ghast,
 That my Gray Guide smiled scorn, and flew sullenly past;
 And a yell such as wolves give when baffled of blood,
 Came following us far down that dark dismal flood.

4.

And away we rush'd on, while along the shores follow
 A shout and a shriek, and a yell and a hollo!
 And a thick cloud was there, and amidst it a cry
 Of the tortur'd in spirit flew mournfully by;
 And I saw through the darkness, the war-steeds careering,
 The rushing of helm'd ones, the fierce charioteering;
 I heard shouting millions, the clang of opposing
 Sharp steel unto steel, and the cry at the closing;
 The neighing of horses, and that tender moan,
 Which the smote courser yields when his glory is gone—
 I have heard him in battle to moan and to shriek,
 With an agony to which human agony's weak.
 I heard the trump clang—of fierce captains the cheering—
 The descent of the sword hewing, cleaving, and shearing;
 Earth murmur'd and yawn'd, and disclosing, like hell,
 A fathomless gulph, ate them up as they fell.
 The OLD ONE smiled ghastly with gladness, and starker
 The wild havoc wax'd, and the rolling flames darker.
 The tumult pass'd by—and a swift glance I gave,
 And the greensward stood gaping like death and the grave;
 Far down, and still downward, my glance seem'd to enter,
 And beheld earth's dread secrets from surface to centre.
 Crush'd helms, altars, crowns, swords and monument stones,
 Gods, gold, sceptres, mitres and marrowless bones—
 Lay thick—things immortal men deem'd them!—for ever
 That grass will grow green, and flow on will that river:
 The fair sun, now riding so beauteous in noon;
 The stars all preparing for shining,—the moon
 Which maidens love much to walk under,—the flowing
 Of that stream who can stay, or that green grass from growing?
 The stars are for ever,—the wind in its flight,
 The moon in her beaming, the sun in his might:
 But man and his glory!—the tide in the bay
 The snow in the sun, are less fleeting than they.

5.

I still stood dread gazing, and lo there came on,
 With sobbing and wailing, and weeping and moan,
 A concourse of wretches, some reverend, some regal,
 Their robes all in rags, and with claws like the eagle :
 The miser was there, with looks vulgar and sordid ;
 The lord too was there, but no longer he lorded ;
 Anointed heads came—but a monarch still stronger
 Rules now, and no king shall reign sterner or longer :
 There stood ONE, whose hero-blood, boiling and brave,
 Is cold as the peasant, and dull as the slave ;
 And HE whose proud name, while there lives a bard-strain,
 And a heart that can throb, must immortal remain ;
 Immortal remain too, in spite of the clods
 Of gross earth, who inherit that name of the gods.
 Beside them stood rank'd up, in shadowy array,
 The harp-in-hand minstrels whose names live for aye ;
 Those bright minds the muses so honour'd and served,
 And whom our rich nobles have lauded—and starved—
 All vision'd in glory :—in prostrate obeisance
 Mammon's mighty men fell—and seem'd damn'd by their presence.
 There Butler I saw with his happy wit growing.
 Like a river, still deeper the more it kept flowing ;
 Young Chatterton's rich antique sweetness and glory,
 And Otway who breathes while warm nature rules story.

6.

The land breeze lay mute, and the dark stream lay calm,
 But my guide gave a nod, and away the bark swam ;
 And I heard from the mountains, and heard from the trees,
 The song of the stream, and the murmuring of bees ;
 From the low-bloomy bush, and the green grassy sward,
 Were the sweet evening bird, and the grasshopper heard,
 While the balm from the woodland, and forest, and lea,
 Came dropping and sprinkling its riches on me.
 And I heard a deep shriek, and a long sob of woe ;
 And beheld a procession all mournful and slow ;
 Of forms who came down to the river in ranks,
 Their stain'd marriage garments to blanch on the banks.
 Ranks of regal and noble adultresses steeping
 Their limbs and their robes, and still wailing and weeping ;
 Vain toil—all the water of that dismal river
 Can cleanse not those stains—they wax deeper than ever.
 One came and gazed on me—then fill'd all the air
 With shriekings, and wrong'd her white bosom, and hair ;
 All faded and fallen was the glance and the mien
 Of her whom I woo'd and adored at eighteen.
 She fell from her station, forsook the pure trust
 Of my heart—wedded—sinn'd and sunk deeper than dust :
 To my deep sleep by night and my waking by day,
 There's a fair vision comes that will not pass away.
 I turn'd mine eyes from her ;—the bark, fast and free,
 Went furrowing the foam of the bonnie green sea.

FIFTE THIRD.

1.

We furrow'd the foam of the bonnie green sea,
 And sweet was the sound of its waters to me ;
 We bore away eastward, it seem'd as gray day,
 Gan to mottle the mountains—away, and away,

As we wantou'd the billows came curling in night
 I' th' eastward,—but westward they sparkled in light.
 The wind in our mainsail sang fitful and loud,
 And the cry of the sea-eagle came from the cloud ;
 We pass'd wooded headland, and sharp promontory,
 And ocean-rock famous in maritime story ;
 Till the sun with a burst o'er the tall eastern pines,
 Shower'd his strength on the ocean in long gleaming lines—
 And lo ! and behold ! we rode fair in the bay
 Of that fairest of friths, the broad sunny Solway :
 There tower'd haughty Skiddaw—here rose Criffel green,
 There haunted Caerlaverock's white turrets between—
 Green Man, like a garden lay scenting the seas,
 Gay maiden's gazed seaward from sunny Saint Bees—
 Dumfries's bright spires, Dalswinton's wild hill,
 Comlongan's gray turrets,—deep Nith winding still,
 'Tween her pine-cover'd margins, her clear-gushing waters,
 Which mirror the shapes of her song-singing daughters.
 Thou too my own Allanbay, sea-swept and sunny,
 Whitehaven for maidens, black, comely, and bonny ;
 And generous Arbigland, by mariners hallow'd,
 A name known in prayer, and in blessing, and ballad :

2.

As I look'd two gay barks from their white halsers broke,
 With a shout o'er the billows from Barnhourie rock ;
 Their white penons flaunted, their masts seem'd to bend,
 As they pass'd the rough headland of cavern'd Colvend ;
 My ancient guide smiled, and his old hand he lay'd
 On the helm,—and the ship felt his wish and obey'd :
 Her head from sweet Allanbay suddenly turning,
 Sprung away—and the billows beneath her seem'd burning.
 Nigh the sister barks came, and the deep shores were ringing,
 With a merry wild legend the seamen kept singing,
 Nor man's voice alone o'er the sea-wave could render
 Bard's labour so witching, and charming, and tender ;
 For I heard a rich voice through that old legend pour'd,
 The voice too of Her I long served and adored ;
 Hard fortune—false friends—and mine ill-destinie,
 And the dark grave have sunder'd that sweet one from me.

3.

Soon the sister barks came, and shout, yelloch, and mirth,
 Now rung in the water, and rung in the earth ;
 And I saw on the decks, with their merry eyes glancing,
 And all their fair temple locks heaving and dancing,
 Not my true love alone ; but maids mirthsome and free,
 And as frank as the wind to the leaf of the tree.
 There was Katherine Oneen, Lurgan's bonniest daughter,
 Gay Mally Macbride, from the haunted Bann water,
 And she who lays all seamen's hearts in embargoes,
 Who have hearts for to lose, in old kind Carrickfergus.
 Green Nithsdale had sent me her frank Jenny Haining,
 With an eye that beam'd less for devotion than sinning ;
 Mary Carson the meek, and Kate Candlish the gay ;
 Two maids from the mountains of blythe Galloway ;
 And Annand, dear Annand, my joys still regarding,
 Sent her joyous Johnstone, her blythesomer Jardine ;
 And bormie Dumfries, which the muse loves so well,
 Came gladdening my heart with her merry Maxwell ;

And loveliest and last, lo! a sweet maiden came,
I trust not my tongue with recording her name,
She is flown to the land of the leal, and I'm left,
As a bird from whose side the left wing has been reft.*

4.

Glad danced all the damsels—their long flowing hair
In bright tresses swam in the dewy morn air;
More lovely they look'd, and their eyes glanced more killing,
As the music wax'd louder, and warmer, and thrilling;
The waves leap'd and sang, and seem'd with the meek lute
To keep, not to give, the meet time to the foot.
The shaven masts quiver'd, the barks to the sound;
Moved amid the deep waters with start and with bound;
All the green shores remurmur'd, and there seem'd to run
Strange shapes on the billows; the light of the sun
Was lustrous and wild, and its shooting gleam gave
More of cold than of warmth to the swelling sea-wave;
I trembled and gazed for I thought on the hour,
When the witch has her will, and the fiend has his power,
And the sea-spirit rides the dark waters aboon,
Working mariners woe 'neath the hallowmass moon.
And I thought on my old merry mate, Martin Halmer,
Doomed to doomsday to sail in a vessel of glamour,
Between sunny Saint Bees and the Mouth of the Orr—
Wives pray still as shrieking he shoots from the shore.

5.

Now nigh came the sister barks—nigher and nigher—
More gay grew the song, more melodious the lyre;
More lovely maids look'd, and their feet leap'd more free,
The rocks rung, and more merrily sung the green sea:
And I gazed, for I could not but gaze, and there stood—
Meek and mild her dark eye-glance down-cast on the flood—
That fair one whose looks, while ships swim the salt sea,
While light comes to morning, and leaves to the tree,
While birds love the greenwood, and fish the fresh river,
Shall bless me, and charm me, for ever and ever.
O I deem'd that nought evil might mimic the light
Of those dark eyes divine, and that forehead so bright,
Nought from the grim sojourn unhallow'd, unshriven,
Dared put on the charms, and the semblance of heaven;
She glanced her eye on me—from white brow to bosom,
All ruddy she wax'd, as the dewy rose blossom.—
I called on my love—with a blush and a sigh;
And side-looking, as still was her wont, she drew nigh.

6.

"Heaven bless thee!" I said,—even while I was speaking,
The phantom barks vanish'd, with yelling and shrieking;
And mine ANCIENT GUIDE glared, as a tiger will glare,
When he comes to his den and the hunters are there:
And changing his shape, to a cormorant he grew,
Thrice clanging his wings round the shallop he flew;
And away from the sea and the shore, in his flight,
Fast faded and vanish'd that charmed day-light.
Down on the dread deck then my forehead I laid,
Called on Him that's on high—to his meek Son, I pray'd:

* Many birds, particularly the dove, first lift the left wing to fly, and school-boys cut the tip of that wing alone to preserve their pet-doves from roaming.

The spectre bark shook—'neath my knees seem'd to run
 The planking like snow in the hot summer sun:
 Such darkness dropt on me as when the sea wars
 With the heaven, and quenches the moon, and the stars;
 And my dread guide flew round me, in swift airy rings,
 Stooping down, like a sea raven, clapping his wings—
 A raven no more now, a fire he became,
 And thrice round the shallop has flown the fiend-flame;
 In the flame flew a form, and the bark as he shot,
 Shrivelled down to a barge, and a bottomless boat—
 And I call'd unto him who is mighty to save;
 Swift his spirit flew down and rebuked the sea-wave,
 And smote the charm'd boat; with a shudder it sounded
 Away through the flood, on the greensward I bounded;
 And back flew the boat, to a black mist I saw
 It dissolve—I gazed seaward in terror and awe;
 While my Fiend Guide passed off, like a shadow, and said
 "MAHOUN had not power to harm hair of thy head!"
 I praised God, and pondering sought gladly my way,
 To the merriment-making in sweet Allanbay.
 But never may landsman or mariner more
 Muse in hallowmass eve on that haunted sea shore;
 Nor behold the fiend's wonders he works in the main,
 With my GUIDE and his dread SPECTRE SHALLOP again!
Lammerlea, Cumberland.

The Travels and Opinions

OF

EDGEWORTH BENSON,

Gentleman.

No. II.

ON VENICE,—SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE LAST ARTICLE: THE PASSAGE-
BOAT, AND ITS COMPANY: BUONAPARTE AND HIS SYSTEM.

I AM tempted to add a few words
 more of Venice, before leaving her to
 her unfortunate fate. A lady of
 rank, now living there, the fascina-
 tion of whose manners is equalled
 by the hospitality of her receptions,
 is in possession of the famous ring
 with which the Adriatic used to be
 wedded, and I had an opportunity of
 looking upon this remarkable histo-
 rical relic. The reader knows that
 this pledge of union was dropped
 into the sea, as a symbol of "having
 and holding;" he may therefore
 wonder how it should happen now
 to be separated from the spouse to
 whom it had been solemnly made

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over. The explanation of this cir-
 cumstance will illustrate the progress
 of the decline of human institutions,
 from the time of their vigour and
 efficacy, when their influence is pro-
 vided for by their intimate associa-
 tion with popular sympathy, and
 their forms are substantial sources of
 strength, corresponding with the im-
 pulses of the social mind and feeling.
 After this period is passed, various
 are the stages of degeneracy: men
 gradually become too knowing to
 respect their old customs without
 being wise enough to do without
 them: the upper classes are still
 anxious to enforce them upon the

P

lower as restraints, but the spectacle of obedience waxes interrupted, vulgar, and inconsistent, when it is felt as a mark of inferiority, either of intellect or condition. What the champion at the coronation of George the Fourth will be, that had the husband of the Adriatic become;—a name, a figure of mock-representation, a mere affectation in the eyes of the principal performers in the ceremony, a tawdry raree-show to the gazing crowd. The curse of Europe now is, that, almost every where, the opinions of men have removed from the legal and political institutions; that moral harmony between them is at an end. Prescription and coercion, have taken the place of credence and veneration, and the secret has transpired that the disbelief of the individuals who enforce the maxims and rules of the state, is quite as gross as the disobedience of those on whom they are enforced. There must be a restoration of harmony, in this respect, effected, by some means or other, before public stability and tranquillity can be considered as ensured.

The marriage of the Adriatic was originally a ceremony, whose real signification was at least equal to its parade. Its forms were imposing, because they suggested facts that made the Venetians proud: the ring was dropped into the bosom of the water,—and, while the sea continued faithful to the republic, no hand would have dared to disturb the pledge: it was guarded by the religion of patriotism,—it lay in the deep a small talisman of mighty effect.—But when the inefficacy of the rite was proved by the repeated experience of reverses, it was degraded from its original elevation in the fancy, and came to be considered as a mere matter of show and curiosity. The ring was then no longer thought of as an anchor of glory, sunk in the waves, but as a bauble of vanity, which might gratify the childish caprice of the opulent; and divers were stimulated by sums of money, in offering which the great families of Venice outbid each other, to plunge after it, and bring it up from the bottom after a temporary immersion, to become the prize of the vainest and wealthiest competi-

tor. When the ring could be thus disturbed in its hymeneal bed, and dragged forth by coarse and irreverend hands to be chattered over at evening parties, it was but too plain that the marriage was no longer a sacrament, but an empty form: the age of Venetian heroism might then be said to be gone; but worse remained behind. Some of the divers got drowned in the course of their greedy annual adventures; and as the rite itself had dwindled into utter insignificance, the senators of Venice, who still continued the practice of their dungeons "*under the leads*," and their secret executions in the *lagune*, became touched with humanity for these unfortunate ragamuffins, who risked, and occasionally lost, their lives in committing sacrilege for a few pistoles. If the apparatus for restoring the drowned had been then invented, they might probably have contented themselves with ordering a resuscitation-establishment to be placed on the nearest sand-bank; but the devices of modern philanthropy and morality were then less elaborately comprehensive than they are now; even England, a country richer in preventatives of vice and misery, and more abounding in both, than any other country of Europe, had not then thought either of fire-escapes, humane-society-ladders, or safety-coaches. The Venetian government not possessing our present advantages, contented itself with preventing, in a very summary way, the occurrence of the accidents in question. It was enacted by a solemn order of senate, that the marriage-ring should be no longer actually consigned from the deck of the *Bucentaur*, to the heaving bosom of the ever ready bride; but that it should be simply suffered to touch the water, attached to a string,—by means of which, the first magistrate might surely recover it, carry it back in his pocket, and preserve it for acting again in the next yearly farce!—The ring, thus recovered, passed from the hands of the Doge MontCenigo—in whose family palace Lord Byron resided—into those of the last of the republican chiefs, who held the bauble of power when the state of Venice was broken up by the French bayonets. From him it

fell into the possession of the Countess Bensone, whose conversation and manners still represent the ancient elegance and hospitality of Venice; and whose son sustains the reputation of her ancient genius, by poetical compositions, sweet and melancholy as the scene around him.

At length this progressive degeneracy of spirit reached so low, that the sentence of national ruin started forth, like the hand writing on the wall, on the eyes of many who had been hitherto blind. At this moment there was something like a rousing of heart shown, and, with natural alarm, a disposition to re-kindle the energies of the republic. This stirring, however, was chiefly perceptible amongst the middle and lower orders; the higher called it insubordination, and dreaded its effects more than they feared the consequences of the public disorganization and pusillanimity. A valet to one of the noblemen about this time, being in the room when his old master exclaimed in the style of former days, which had then become mere cant—*"the walls have ears in Venice,"* had the spirit to reply—*"that is past—men now have neither eyes nor ears. When the French please to come, come they will, and cut your lion's wings for you."*

A political observer, whose opportunities of information, and power of improving them, are of the very highest order, remarked to me that it was evidently the intention of the Austrians, the present masters of Venice, to reduce the place and territory to nothing: in ten years, said he, if their power continues, she must be absolutely ruined. Knowing their footing in Italy to be, after all, precarious, their object is to establish the prosperity of Trieste on the absolute destruction of Venice. Although governors equally of the Milanese States and the Venetian, they have put a line of custom-houses between the two, owing to which measure of rank absurdity, the Milanese find it more advantageous to take their sugar (for instance) from the people of Genoa, under a foreign government, than from their fellow-subjects. The cruelty of this piece of dullness will appear in its proper light, when it is noted that the re-

fining of sugar constituted one of the principal employments of Venetian industry. The Emperor of Austria paid a visit to Venice when I was there: the procession of his entry by water, down the grand Canal, made the finest sight, in the way of a show, I ever witnessed: the state barges seemed to brocade the surface of the water: the marble palaces were crowded with Italian women; but yet the scene was one of sad humiliation and deep injury. The authorities were foreign, the natives oppressed:—all the forms of congratulation shown by the citizens, were in open contradiction both to their interests and sentiments: yet a public dinner was given by the merchants, and a partial illumination took place in the evening,—for though the Italians might be easily kindled to an armed resistance, they have no idea of its being possible, in a state of tranquillity, to display a frowning look of thoughtful public indignation against what are called the Constituted Authorities. Of the habits of independence they are utterly ignorant: rebellion or grovelling submission are the only alternatives that fall within their contemplation. Still the Emperor of Austria, notwithstanding these puny symbols of rejoicing, felt himself surrounded by public coldness and gloom, and expressed his disappointment and dissatisfaction at the circumstance! A visit from an emperor, he thought, should have dispersed delight amidst poverty and disgrace: "what do they want," he asked? and this he, a German, had the face to demand in the city of Dandolo and Ziani, whose harbour is now deserted, whose canals are choking up, whose merchants are ruined, whose government is annihilated. At the theatre, in the evening, the public feeling showed itself strongly, in contradiction to the illuminations. He entered first, with his newly-married wife (the third or fourth) and was received with a very faint tribute of applause, — which was suddenly swelled to a peal of thunder when his daughter, Maria Louisa, made her appearance behind, and slowly, and with stately carriage, advanced to sit on the left of her young imperial mother-in-law. Throughout the

Emperor's journey in Italy, this contrast followed to torment him, until it was ordered, to avoid its unpleasantness, that his daughter, the Archduchess of Parma, should travel a day in the rear!—it was upon this occasion, in the theatre of Venice, that Maria Louisa made particular inquiries, which was Lord Byron's box; it was pointed out to her, together with his Lordship himself, who was then in it. A hint was afterwards, I believe, given, from a quarter near her person, that our noble poet's solicitation of an introduction would be well received; but the hint was not taken. Lord Byron, no doubt, felt, that the interview would either be unmeaning or painful, and would therefore be better avoided.

The personal oppressions now experienced in Venice, correspond with the public ignominy of her condition. It enters within my own knowledge that an Italian officer, who solicited the necessary permission to marry from the Emperor himself, and who received it, was, after this, absolutely defied to contract the engagement by the local minister, who thought himself slighted, in consequence of the application going directly to the sovereign, instead of through his hands. The officer durst not, or thought he durst not, conclude the marriage in the teeth of this menace!—The Austrians, having taken possession of the duty on eatables, which was collected by the municipality for the purpose of defraying the charges of lighting the city, and providing the other accommodations of this nature usual in large places,—it became necessary to impose a second tax, equal in amount to the first, on the articles of provision: it thus happens that there is a difference, to the disadvantage of the Venetians, of six sols on the pound, between the price of meat at Venice, and at Padoua. In the time of the French, four thousand men were employed in the arsenal; the Austrians had not, when I visited it, seven hundred at work. The French expended the money drawn from the inhabitants within the state; and some say, added thereto a sum of twelve millions of francs (480,000*l.*): the Austrians annually send treasure to Vienna. When the Emperor was at Venice,

he had several meetings with the Chamber of Commerce, through the medium of which the merchants preferred various petitions for relief in regard to certain measures, the effects of which they experienced in the total decay of trade. Upon no one point, it was understood, was concession made to the applicants; and it was on these occasions chiefly, that his Imperial Majesty took his Italian subjects to task *for not loving him*. He strongly expressed his indignation, at their daring to harbour discontent with the system of order established in Europe by himself and his allies: he referred to that system as immutable; and professed, at the same time, to consider himself almost exonerated from the duty of regarding, in any degree, the interests of those whose allegiance was forced, not voluntary. To this imperial, or rather imperious mode of reasoning, the poor Venetian merchants could only oppose shrugs, and protestations of loyalty, affection, and gratitude! The president of the Chamber of Commerce, informed the Emperor that the preparation at Venice of certain foreign wine, chiefly from the Levant, for the Russian and other markets, was almost the only source of profit that remained to the city, after so many murderous decrees; but that now this also was dried-up by a recent ordinance. The Emperor replied, that, in general, the commercial regulations affecting Venice, had issued from the councils of his ministers; that he took, however, all the credit, due for the last, to himself—that he himself had recommended it,—thinking it highly improper that *manufactured wine* should be drank instead of genuine. In this instance, his imperial Majesty may have shown good *taste* in one respect; but what would our wine merchants say, to adopting this genuine principle in commercial legislation?—All this betokens a sad change for Venice from the past time: it was then famous for its silk manufactures, which were the object of great encouragement by the republican government. The House of Cavanessia was the first in this line, and it employed four hundred workmen; the reader, by comparing this number with the extent of some of our Lancashire esta-

blishments, may mark the proportion which what is called commercial greatness on the Continent bears to that of England. The fabric of glass, too, was so much encouraged by the rulers of Venice, that the noble who married the daughter of a glass-manufacturer, was able to confer nobility on his wife and children,—which he could not do in the case of any other plebeian match. The Venetians admit, that the demand for their industry, and their traffic generally, fell greatly, when the French took possession of their territory; but they unanimously add, that the Austrians have done them infinitely more harm. In fact, these latter do nothing favourable to them whatever, and add very heavily to their burthens;—now surely, this is reversing the relationship that ought to exist between rulers and ruled. If there is no intentional cruelty in the system of administration adopted towards Venice, there is at least much negligence, or rather indifference to suffering; and the spectacle which this celebrated city now offers, is an awful proof, that the “deliverance of Europe,” has been but a partial deliverance; that the work which we thought consummated so happily, and which we regarded with so much exultation, has been but imperfectly and unsatisfactorily accomplished—and finally, that to place a people, against their consent, under a foreign yoke, is to inflict upon them an enduring species of torture, a living death, an injury, which must either terminate in extinction or terrible revenge.—England is blamed at Venice, as elsewhere, for having betrayed the hopes which she had encouraged: this charge, perhaps, cannot be as easily substantiated as it is vehemently preferred:—it is, perhaps, to be traced, in a great measure, to the high idea that was entertained of her might and influence, leading the Italians to consider that the arrangement of their country, and almost every other arrangement, was in her sole hands. Much inordinate expectation was, doubtless, thus turned towards her; and she is probably now condemned for what she could not well have hindered: but her high language,

and unqualified promises towards the conclusion of the conflict, are naturally now turned against her by the parties who were cajoled with the hope of gain, and who find themselves deep losers; and surely, it is much to be regretted, that we do not find it more palpably on record, that England's exertions, at the conclave of sovereigns, were more completely in unison, not only with her own pledged word, but with that spirit of free and noble policy, the only one becoming a country, whose proud prerogative it is, or was, as one of the greatest of her sons has declared,—*to teach the nations how to live!**

From Venice to Ferrara, by land, is a tortuous course: I preferred the mail-boat, which passes from the Adriatic into a canal, and from thence drops into the Po. The advantage of such common modes of conveyance is, that they vary usefully, and amusingly, the sphere of your communications with the natives; and often afford you opportunities of becoming acquainted with their real character, habits, and opinions, which, letters of introduction to the higher classes are by no means the best calculated to procure. These latter may gain you a hospitable reception, as a stranger; but, to know the people amongst whom you travel, it is necessary to see them when they are under no obligation of restraining themselves towards you,—when their show of civility is not likely to surpass the measure of the actual feeling, and the freedom of casual intercourse warrants a frank disclosure of their genuine notions, in regard to the various topics in which you chiefly take interest.

The passengers by the boat I have mentioned, are placed under the protection and command of the post-office courier, who provides their table, and regulates all the internal arrangements. We formed a strange motley company, that were drawn off, on a dark rainy evening in February, from the quay, under the orders of Francisco Manzani, a humourist, rogue, and good fellow. He had been (he said) thirty-five years in his present situation; and the familiarity of Italian manners, coupled

* Milton.

with this long experience in his vocation, had given him a sort of licentious brazen carriage towards his passengers, which was checked, so as to fall short of offensiveness, by a sharp regard to the *buon' mano** in prospect, but dependent on the degree of satisfaction entertained by each traveller at the termination of the voyage. This man knew, excellently, how to balance the consequence and airs of the *padrone*, by a ready attention and huffing deference to the wants and wishes of the individuals under his charge: he was both master and servant: gave orders, and received them, with equal grace: seemed to feel himself despotic, and acted as if his authority multiplied his duties. In his manner was richly exemplified, that compensating tendency, implanted by Providence in the human breast, to extract food, for the nourishment of self-consequence, from those circumstances, whatever they are, which are peculiar to the individual. It is owing to this natural instinct, that every body seems to imagine that the name of his trade, calling, profession, place of abode, birth, or family, constitutes, of itself, a title of honour, to be appealed to on eminent occasions as a stimulant to himself to act up to his obligations, and a claim on the favorable notice of others. This he does, while the term on which he sets so much store is used, as one of scorn,—and sometimes of infamy, by those who have no interest in it. “It would be unworthy of a cobbler to act so;” or “what better could be expected of a cobbler;”—are two different turns of expression, one of which a man chooses according as he may, or may not, have Crispin for a patron. What a different estimation is made of the value and meaning of the word Frenchman, in France and in England!—and when Lord Amherst was at Pekin, how much less reason had he to “glory in the name of Briton,” than George the Third had, when he was addressing, for the first time, a British parliament! Francisco Manzani displayed, in every gesture and action, down to the minutest movement, a visible indication of an ever-present sense of his office. He opened his store chest, and appealed,

by a significant look, to the surrounding company, for their suffrages, though of its contents we were long left in ignorance. His imperfect expedients to remedy gross inconvenience, were accompanied with a wink of his eye, as if they were privileges of place, honorable in themselves, and casting glory on all within their sphere. When he sat in the immoveable arm chair at the head of the table, he bore himself high, like the king of a twelfth cake;—he joined loudly in the chorus of all the songs that were sung, French and German, as well as Italian. Many were his jokes,—but all of the same quality,—and his consistency, in this respect, seemed to raise him in the opinion of the ladies of our party (all Italians). As the hour of eating approached, it was ushered by smirking hints of munificence and disinterestedness. We were told, that *we should see what we should see!* We were put in good humour by anticipation of dainties,—and were thus bound over, as it were, to be pleased when substantial, though common dishes were put before us. Nothing could be more admirable than the skill with which he reconciled absolute parsimony in *facts*, with the declamation and manner of a profuse hospitality. He amply supplied all deficiency in the dishes, by the noise and gesticulation of the founder of a feast: he seemed to have cast all idea of profit on comestibles overboard, to be prone to riot at his own expense, to surfeit us to his loss, when in truth scrupulous calculation had presided at the very slicing of the sausages. “Eat for once in your lives,” he cried,—“never mind Francisco!”—yet long before his guests were inclined to leave off, they were compelled to turn to their own stores.—Two ill-looking, dirtily-dressed men, received a large share of his pressing attentions at meal-time: they stubbornly, however, refused to aliment with us, and Francisco, who knew well the reason, knew that his importunities were not likely to injure him. They were Jews, who durst not share our bread,—nor our viands, which were chiefly fitted for Bolognese tastes; the *padrone* being from Bologna, a city where the fa-

* The gratuity given over and above the fare.

mous Mr. Hogsflesh would have had no temptation to shrink into an initial. The secret soon transpired publicly; and then the Israelites, appearing to be relieved from a load, took out their separate provision, which chiefly consisted of *sausage, made of goose*, as coming *nearest* to the prohibited flesh! All this part of the country is famous for the manufacture of these delicacies; and the poor Jews, every where beset by their stimulating flavour, cannot help making bad imitations of the savoury sins.

Not the least talkative, nor the least agreeable member of our society, which had eight-and-forty hours' existence, was a corpulent and itinerant *prima donna*, whose husband held a poor place in the police at Bologna, while she travelled Italy over, making much money at its theatres, attended by a hump-backed maid servant, whose Bolognese jargon drew almost constant peals of laughter from the other Italians. The years of the mistress only numbered twenty-seven; but she had flesh for forty, and experience enough for any age. The two ought to have fallen into the hands of the author of *Guzman d'Alfarache*, that their portraits might have been,—as they merit to be,—immortalized. I never saw such examples of full animal spirits, overpowering health, enjoyment of the air of life,—which they respired, with a zest, as if it tickled their nerves, and circulated cordially round their hearts. Nothing did, or could, come amiss to them)—for they meant no evil, and saw none. Were these women to fall into the hands of a gang of robbers, and be carried off to a cave, in the woods, it may safely be affirmed of them, that neither the loss of their numerous rings, nor any other loss, or infliction, incidental to such an accident, would disquiet them: they would know, like Jaques, how to extract good from every thing. It is not to be supposed, however, that this imperturbable serenity, which I am here attempting to celebrate, was akin to indifference or insensibility. No:—if there was one thing more remarkable than another, in the singer, it was the warmth and volubility of her domestic affections. She talked, vehement-

ly, of the approaching meeting with her *poor* husband, as she called him, while tears of joy and eagerness stood in her eyes, and her face was suffused with the genuine glow of her spirit. No secret was made, either by her, or her servant, of the latitude, as to fidelity, which she deemed warranted to travellers like herself; but she always had been, and always would be, she said, scrupulously punctual to visit her *povero*, at least once a year! She was now bearing to him the spoils of her last campaigns; and the stock was exhibited to us with much exultation: there was a gold watch, and a set of buttons for a waistcoat; a small shred of gauze from Loretto, with a certificate, signed by a priest, that it had been passed over the image of the Virgin, in the *Santa Casa*; there was also an antient earthen lamp, dug up in a field near Rome; and a piece of native sulphur, brought from the Solfaterra near Naples. The servant expatiated loudly on the merits, peculiarities, and history of each of these valuable articles; and, as she raised her voice, in her zeal, the wonders of her story, and the uncouthness of her dialect, seemed alike forcibly to strike my Italian companions; they gazed on the relics with admiration and curiosity, while they were unable to restrain the bursts of merriment which her jargon tempted. The scene, as we all bent over the table, where this treasure was exhibited by candle-light,—with the animated attendant descanting,—and the happy mistress triumphing,—and the numerous company applauding to the skies, and generally, with sincerity,—was one of extraordinary vivacity, and novelty. We were just then falling from the last lock into the *Po*—a name which suggested associations very dissimilar from any by which I was then surrounded; yet by this dissimilarity, encreasing their effect.

We had also on board one who had been an army purveyor at Milan, under the government of the French Viceroy. He had then made his fortune, and kept it under the Austrians—being, in this respect, luckier than many of his countrymen. An Italian officer, who had served under Napoleon, had too much reason to contrast his fate with the fortunes of

the purveyor. With this latter individual, I had more conversation than with any of the others, during our short voyage. He had fought in all the battles in Germany, in 1813,—Bautzen, Lutzen, Dresden, and lastly, Leipsic. His pay then was five hundred francs a month—about twenty pounds. Since the termination of that campaign, up to about the time of my meeting him, he had been left destitute of regular means of subsistence,—and, as he himself expressed it, had no choice but to starve, or to prey on society. It was to be presumed, that he had adopted the latter alternative, for he did not seem to have suffered starvation, and he had abilities which, at Paris and Turin, where he had resided, could easily be made to supply the daily wants of an adventurer. To a woman, whom he had known at Vienna, and who had become the mistress of a cardinal, the governor of one of the Pope's towns, in Romania, he was now indebted for a very recent appointment to a subaltern commission in one of the regiments of the church, stationed at Bologna; and he was on his way to join. His pay was to be one hundred and fifty-six francs a month, about six guineas,—without hope of promotion. Any allusion to the past order of things, brought into his keen black eye the lustre of a fallen angel's; his aspect then kindled, as with a volcanic flash. He might have said to me, with as good a reason for his antipathy as Shylock's, "*I hate you because you are a Briton*;" but he neither said so, nor seemed to feel so. It was clear, however, that he deemed the policy of England a mass of perfidy and injustice,—and a pause, a look, and a shrug, often spoke "in silence louder than divines can preach."

He had all the notions, so common at this time upon the Continent, that Bonaparte was not at St. Helena; that his capture was mere pretence; and that he was sure to re-appear on the stage. But, notwithstanding his inveterate prejudices on such subjects, which he cherished with an obstinacy proportioned to the ignorance in which they were nursed, I found him impressed with a high notion of the English character, as he had seen it exem-

plified in particular individuals. His admiration, however, had but little of cordial feeling attending it; for he seemed to think, we were a peculiar race, insulated in our dispositions and interests, as well as our situation,—between whom, and the people of the Continent of Europe, there could be no hearty sympathy, or community of feeling.

This man's talents, as I have already hinted, were far above the common order; and in carrying them to the army, under Napoleon, he had taken them to an excellent and ready market. In six months from his entrance into the ranks, he was promoted from a private soldier to sub-lieutenant,—and his other steps followed, regularly, each opportunity he had to distinguish himself.

It was in this way that our arch enemy won hearts, and employed hands. He built on the feeling of self-interest, as on a foundation, and certain it is, that power may have a much more exceptionable basis. Justice and morality, are excellent pleas in words; but their shapes are vague and disputeable in actions. It is not easy to convince the Venetians, or the Genoese, that these fine heavenly qualities are embodied in the political measures, of which they are the victims; and, in the absence of this conviction, it can scarcely excite our surprise, if they take their own interests, as furnishing a test of the merits of the respective governments, and give the preference to the one by which these were chiefly promoted. Morality and justice, must take the precedence of every other consideration, when they can be distinctly recognized; but "pretenders are abroad"—false prophets, who come in a name which they have no right to use, and which is rather their condemnation, than their title. With these impositions, commonly practised, the mass of a nation may be excused for distrusting the professions of state-papers, and manifestoes, and looking closely to their winnings and losings.—The plunder of the military, and the gains of men, who derived their profits from the calamities attending military devastation, ought to be put altogether out of the question; but, in Italy, we find everybody complaining of the change, because every

body has lost by it; and the universality of the present suffering gives a high notion of the dexterity with which the political system of Buonaparte, unprincipled as it was, had been contrived, for the purpose of giving a general movement and impetus to the circulation of interests in the states to which it was applied. The sound foundations of public strength he does not appear in any instance to have sunk; but, he substituted for these, with consummate skill, an organization of mutual support, linked dependance, and superficial establishment. Doing nothing to invigorate the heart, he quickened the pulse, and filled the veins. Bearing in view his great crimes and errors; such as his studied corruption of character, in order to bring it to the state best fitted for his instruments; his debasement of literature and education, to be the mere engines of his crooked and greedy politics; his hostility to liberty, of which he has been one of the bitterest, and most fatal enemies,—these very faults constitute, in one sense, grounds to admire his ability. Standing so opposed, in so many important points, to the spirit of his age, it surely is wonderful, that he should have exercised such an influence on its affairs. Had he taken advantage of that spirit,—followed its direction, and profited by its strength, his success would not have been extraordinary; but Napoleon had little or no aid from it, for no man ever less merited its assistance. In one or two respects only, could he be considered as acting in unison with the spirit of his time;—religious toleration, and the abolition of the galling feudal distinctions, furnish, perhaps, the only instances of this harmony, while, in many, he was directly opposed to its hopes and tendency. His complicated system, therefore, included no principle of natural gravity, by which it might have supported itself; he was the Atlas, who sustained the whole on his shoulders,—and we must acknowledge the strength that upheld it so long.—It is owing to this circumstance, however, that Buonaparte has left so few impressions of himself on the face of society; he seems to have passed clean away. The French Revolution has

at once got above him; we can every where mark what it has done and fixed; but no institution, emanating peculiarly from the character and views of Napoleon, seems likely to continue to exercise an influence on society. Louis XIV impressed his character on his kingdom, and the impression remained; but even the Buonapartists, in France and elsewhere, are compelled to use a language, altogether at variance with the measures of their ruined chief, in order to have a chance of being attended to. It appears to me, that this tells against the genius of the individual in question, while, in another way, it bears—as I have shown—testimony to his activity, industry, and ability. Genius always connects itself, by some point of communication or other, with the great mass of contemporaneous feeling;—but this sympathy does not seem to have existed, or existed but very faintly, in the breast of the late Emperor of France.

This, however, we must allow: he built a great house on the sand,—which, though it did not remain, and could not remain, employed many hands, and gave shelter, for a time, to many inhabitants. Though much mischief was wrought up with the prosperity he seemed to diffuse, the harm was perhaps less, and the benefit greater, in Italy than elsewhere. Here, we may see something like evidence of the truth of that assertion in his favour, commonly made by his friends, but which appears palpably false, with reference to France—namely, that his power was laying the seeds of a better order of things, than that which he had himself established, or any that could be expected from those who wished to displace him. The present constitutional government in France, is a blessing, which the influence of the institutions of Napoleon, must have deprived her of, for a series of many years, had they been permitted to settle in that country;—but his power in Italy was clearly tending to produce her union, though unintentionally on his part. It was not his wish that it should do this; but, on the contrary, it entered within his policy to keep Italy divided,—for he could not hope to have her, in one entire body, under his own

sceptre. His conversion of the fairest and most celebrated part of Italy, into a French province; and his barbarous order, that the French language should be officially employed at Florence and Rome, are enough to consign his name to execration, so far as it will be connected with Italian history; nothing can excuse, or even extenuate, those gothic acts: but his raising up the name of *the kingdom of Italy*; his providing for frequent and intimate communication between its provinces; his rekindling the fire of military ardour amongst its fallen people; his public improvements, calculated to rouse

their pride and better their condition,—were all working together, to produce a spirit of national union and enterprize, which tended to speedy liberation from the yoke of France. He was training the Italians to arms, and awakening them from sloth, to a sense of glory: the consequence would soon have been, that they would have rescued their independence from his hands; or, at least, made so desperate a struggle for it, that the contest in Spain would have been thought of as nothing, in comparison with the insurrection in Italy.

ON PULPIT ORATORY.

No. I.

INTRODUCTION; WITH REMARKS ON THE REVEREND ROBERT HALL.

THE decline of eloquence in the Senate and at the Bar is no matter of surprise. In the freshness of its youth, it was the only medium by which the knowledge and energy of a single heart could be communicated to thousands. It supplied the place, not only of the press, but of that general communication between the different classes of the state, which the intercourses of modern society supply. Then the passions of men, unchilled by the frigid customs of later days, left them open to be inflamed or enraptured by the bursts of an enthusiasm, which would now be met only with scorn. In our courts of law occasions rarely arise for animated addresses to the heart; and even when these occur, the barrister is fettered by technical rules, and yet more by the technical habits and feelings, of those by whom he is encircled. A comparatively small degree of fancy, and a glow of social feeling, directed by a tact which will enable a man to proceed with a constant appearance of directing his course within legal confines, are now the best qualifications of a forensic orator. They were exhibited by Lord Erskine in the highest perfection, and attended with the most splendid success. Had he been greater than he was, he had been nothing. He ever seemed to cherish an affection for the techni-

calities of his art, which won the confidence of his duller associates. He appeared to lean on these as his stays and resting places, even when he ventured to look into the depth of human nature, or to catch a momentary glimpse of the regions of fantasy. When these were taken from him, his powers fascinated no longer. He was exactly adapted to the sphere of a court of law—above his fellows, but not beyond their gage—and giving to the forms which he could not forsake, an air of venerableness and grandeur. Any thing more full of beauty and wisdom than his speeches, would be heard only with cold and bitter scorn in an English court of justice. In the houses of parliament, mightier questions are debated; but no speaker hopes to influence the decision. Indeed the members of opposition scarcely pretend to struggle against the “dead eloquence of votes,” but speak with a view to an influence on the public mind, which is a remote and chilling aim. Were it otherwise, the academic education of the members—the prevalent disposition to ridicule, rather than to admire—and the sensitiveness which resents a burst of enthusiasm as an offence against the decorum of polished society—would effectually repress any attempt to display an eloquence in which intense passion should impel the ima-

gination, and noble sentiment should be steeped in fancy. The orations delivered on charitable occasions,—consisting, with few exceptions, of poor conceits, miserable compliments, and hackneyed metaphors, — are scarcely worthy of a transient allusion.

But the causes which have opposed the excellence of pulpit oratory in modern times, are not so obvious. Its subjects have never varied, from the day when the Holy Spirit visibly descended on the first advocates of the Gospel, in tongues of fire. They are in no danger of being exhausted by frequency, or changed with the vicissitudes of mortal fortune. They have immediate relation to that eternity, the idea of which is the living soul of all poetry and art. It is the province of the preachers of Christianity to develop the connection between this world and the next—to watch over the beginnings of a course which will endure for ever—and to trace the broad shadows cast from imperishable realities on the shifting scenery of earth. This sublunary sphere does not seem to them as trifling or mean, in proportion as they extend their views onward; but assumes a new grandeur and sanctity, as the vestibule of a statelier and an eternal region. The mysteries of our being—life and death—both in their strange essences, and in their sublimer relations, are topics of their ministry. There is nothing affecting in the human condition, nothing majestic or sweet in the affections, nothing touching in the instability of human dignities,—the fragility of loveliness,—or the heroism of self-sacrifice—which is not a theme suited to their high purposes. It is theirs to dwell on the eldest history of the world—on the beautiful simplicities of the patriarchal age—on the stern and awful religion, and marvellous story of the Hebrews—on the glorious visions of the prophets, and their fulfilment—on the character, miracles, and death of the Saviour—on all the wonders, and all the sweetness of the Scriptures. It is theirs to trace the spirit of the boundless and the eternal, faintly breathing in every part of the mystic circle of superstition, unquenched even amidst the most barbarous rites of savage tribes, and all the cold and

beautiful shapes of Grecian mould. The inward soul of every religious system—the philosophical spirit of all history—the deep secrets of the human heart, when grandest or most wayward—are theirs to search and to develop. Even those speculations which do not immediately affect man's conduct and his hopes are theirs, with all their high casuistry; for in these, at least, they discern the beatings of the soul against the bars of its earthly tabernacle, which prove the immortality of its essence, and its destiny to move in freedom through the vast etherial circle to which it thus vainly aspires. In all the intensities of feeling, and all the regalities of imagination, they may find fitting materials for their passionate expostulations with their fellow men to turn their hearts to those objects which will endure for ever.

It appears, therefore, at first observation, strange, that in this country, where an irreligious spirit has never become general, the oratory of the pulpit has made so little progress. The ministers of the Established Church have not, on the whole, fulfilled the promise given in the days of its early zeal. The noble enthusiasm of Hooker—the pregnant wit of South—the genial and tolerant warmth of Tillotson—the vast power of reasoning and observation of Barrow—have rarely been copied, even feebly, by their successors. Jeremy Taylor stands altogether alone among churchmen. Who has ever manifested any portion of that exquisite intermixture of a yearning love with a heavenly fancy, which enabled him to embody and render palpable the holy charities of his religion in the loveliest and most delicate images? Who has ever so encrusted his subjects with candied words; or has seemed, like him, to take away the sting of death with “rich conceit;” or has, like him, half persuaded his hearers to believe that they heard the voice of pitying angels? Few, indeed, of the ministers of the church have been endued with the divine imagination which might combine, enlarge, and vivify the objects of sense, so as, by stately pictures, to present us with symbols of that uncreated beauty and grandeur in which hereafter we shall ex-

patiate. The most celebrated of them have been little more than students of vast learning and research, unless, with Warburton and Horsley, they have aspired at once boldly to speculate, and imperiously to dogmatise.

It cannot be doubted, that the species of patronage, by which the honours and emoluments of the Establishment are distributed, has tended to prevent the developement of genius within its pale. But, perhaps, we may find a more adequate cause for the low state of its preaching in the very beauty and impressiveness of its rites and appointed services. The tendency of religious ceremonies, of the recurrence of old festivals, and of a solemn and dignified form of worship, is, doubtless, to keep alive tender associations in the heart, and to preserve the flame of devotion steady and pure, but not to incite men to look abroad into their nature, or to prompt any lofty excursions of religious fancy. There have, doubtless, been eloquent preachers in the church of Rome,—because in her communion the ceremonies themselves are august and fearful, and because her proselyting zeal inspired her sons with peculiar energy. But episcopacy in England is by far the most tolerant of systems ever associated with worldly power. Its ministers, until the claim of some of them, to the exclusive title of evangelical, created dissensions, breathed almost uniformly a spirit of mildness and peace. Within its sacred boundaries, all was order, repose, and charity. Its rites and observances were the helps and leaning-places of the soul, on which it delighted to rest amidst the vicissitudes of the world, and in its approach to its final change. The fulness, the majesty, and the dignified benignities of the Liturgy sunk deep into the heart, and prevented the devout worshipper from feeling the want of strength or variety in the discourses of the preacher. The churchyard, with its gentle risings, and pensive memorials of affection, was a silent teacher, both of vigilance and love. And the village spire, whose “silent finger points to heaven,” has supplied the place of loftiest imaginings of celestial glory.

Obstacles of a far different kind

long prevented the advancement of pulpit eloquence among Protestant Dissenters. The ministers first ejected for non-conformity were men of rigid honesty and virtue,—but their intellectual sphere was little extended beyond that of their fellows. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that they sacrificed their worldly interests from any regard to the principles of free enquiry, which have since almost become axioms. They believed that their compliance with the requisitions of the monarch, would be offensive to God, and that in refusing to yield it they were doing his will; but they were prepared in their turn to assume the right of interpreting the Bible for others, and of condemning them for a more extended application of their example. Harassed, ridiculed, and afflicted, they naturally contracted an air of rigidity, and refused in their turn, with horror, an extensive sympathy with the world. The controversies in which the learned men among the Dissenters were long occupied, having respect, not to grand and universal principles, but to petty questions of ceremony and minor points of faith, tended yet further to confine and depress their genius. Their families were not the less scenes of love, because they preserved parental authority in its state; but the austerity of their manner tended to repress the imaginative faculties of the young. If they indulged themselves in any relaxation of manner, it was not with flowing eloquence, but with the quaint conceit and grave jest that they garnished their conversation or their discourses. Their religion wore a dark and uncouth garb; but to this we are indebted, in no small degree, for its preservation through times of demoralizing luxury.

A great change has taken place, of late years, in the literature and eloquence of Protestant Dissenters. As they ceased to be objects of persecution or of scorn, they insensibly lost the austerity and exclusiveness of their character. They descended from their dusty retirements to share in the pursuits and innocent enjoyments of “this bright and breathing world.” Their honest bigotries gave way at the warm touch of social intercourse with those from whom they

dissented. Meanwhile, the exertions of Whitfield,—his glowing, passionate, and awful eloquence;—his daring and quenchless enthusiasm,—and the deep and extensive impression which he made throughout the kingdom, necessarily aroused those, who received his essential doctrines, into new zeal. The impulse thus given was happily refined by a taste for classical learning, and for the arts and embellishments of life, which was then gradually insinuating itself into their churches. Some of the new converts who forsook the establishment, not from repugnance to its constitution, but to its preachers, maintained, in the first eagerness of their faith, the barbarous notion that human knowledge was useless, and even dangerous, to the Christian minister. The absurdity of this position, however strikingly exemplified in the advantages gained by the enemies of those who acted on it, served only to increase the desire of the more enlightened and liberal among the non-conformists to emulate the church in the intellectual qualification of their preachers. They speedily enlarged the means of education among them for the sacred office, and encouraged those habits of study, which promote a refinement and delicacy of feeling in the minds which they enlighten. Meanwhile, their active participation in the noblest schemes of benevolence tended yet further to expand their moral horizon. Youths were found among them prepared to sacrifice all the enjoyments of civilized life, and at the peril of their lives to traverse the remotest and the wildest regions, that they might diffuse that religion which is every where the parent of arts, charities, and peace. It is not the least benefit of their Missionary exertions, that they have given a romantic tinge to the feelings of men “in populous city pent,” and engrossed with the petty and distracting cares of commerce. These form the true Evangelical chivalry, supplying to their promoters no small measure of that mental refinement and elevation, which the far less noble

endeavours to recover the holy Sepulchre shed on Europe in the middle ages. It is not easy to estimate the advantages which spring from the extension of the imagination into the grandest regions of the earth, and from the excitement of sympathies for the condition of the most distant and degraded of the species. The merchant, whose thoughts would else rarely travel beyond his desk and his fire-side, is thus busied with high musings on the progress of the Gospel in the deserts of Africa—skims with the lonely bark over tropical seas—and sends his wishes and his prayers over deserts which human footstep has rarely trodden. Missionary zeal thus diffused among the people, has necessarily operated yet more strongly on the minds of the ministers, who have leisure to indulge in these delicious dreamings which such a cause may sanction. These excellent men are now, for the most part, not only the instructors, but*the ornaments of the circles in which they move. The time which they are able to give to literature is well employed for the benefit of their flocks. In the country, more especially, their gentle manners, their extended information, and their pure and blameless lives, do incalculable good to the hearts of their ruder hearers, independant of their public services. Not only in the more solemn of their duties,—in admonishing the guilty, comforting the afflicted, and cheering the dying—do they bless those around them; but by their demeanour, usually dignified, yet cheerful, and their conversation decorous, yet lively; they raise incalculably the tone of social intercourse, and heighten the innocent enjoyment of their friends. Some of them are, at the present day, exhibiting no ordinary gifts and energies;—and to the most distinguished of these, we propose to direct the attention of our readers.

Mr. HALL, though perhaps the most distinguished ornament of the Calvinistic* Dissenters, does not afford the best opportunity for criticism. His excellence does not consist in

* We use this epithet merely as that which will most distinctively characterize the extensive class to which it is applied—well aware that there are shades of difference among them—and that many of them would decline to call themselves after any name but that of Christ.

the predominance of one of his powers, but in the exquisite proportion and harmony of all. The richness, variety, and extent of his knowledge, are not so remarkable as his absolute mastery over it. He moves about in the loftiest sphere of contemplation, as though he were "native and endued to its element." He uses the finest classical allusions, the noblest images, and the most exquisite words, as though they were those which came first to his mind, and which formed his natural dialect. There is not the least appearance of straining after greatness in his most magnificent excursions, but he rises to the loftiest heights with a childlike ease. His style is one of the clearest and simplest—the least encumbered with its own beauty—of any which ever has been written. It is bright and lucid as a mirror, and its most highly-wrought and sparkling embellishments are like ornaments of crystal, which, even in their brilliant inequalities of surface, give back to the eye little pieces of true imagery set before them.

The works of this great preacher are, in the highest sense of the term, imaginative, as distinguished not only from the didactic, but from the fanciful. He possesses "the vision and the faculty divine," in as high a degree as any of our writers in prose. His noblest passages do but make truth visible in the form of beauty, and "clothe upon" abstract ideas, till they become palpable in exquisite shapes. The dullest writer would not convey the same meaning in so few words, as he has done in the most sublime of his illustrations. Imagination, when like his of the purest water, is so far from being improperly employed on divine subjects, that it only finds its real objects in the true and the eternal. This power it is which disdains the scattered elements of beauty, as they appear distinctly in an imperfect world, and strives by accumulation, and by rejecting the alloy cast on all things, to embody to the mind that ideal beauty which shall be realized hereafter. This, by shedding a consecrating light on all it touches, and "bringing them into one," anticipates the future harmony of creation. This already sees the "soul of goodness in things evil," which shall one day

change the evil into its likeness. This already begins the triumph over the separating powers of death and time, and renders their victory doubtful, by making us feel the immortality of the affections. Such is the faculty which is employed by Mr. Hall to its noblest uses. There is no rhetorical flourish—no mere pomp of words—in his most eloquent discourses. With vast excursive power, indeed, he can range through all the glories of the Pagan world, and seizing those traits of beauty, which they derived from primæval revelation, restore them to the system of truth. But he is ever best when he is intensest—when he unveils the mighty foundations of the rock of ages—or makes the hearts of his hearers vibrate with a strange joy, which they will recognize in more exalted stages of their being.

Mr. Hall has, unfortunately, committed but few of his discourses to the press. His Sermon on the tendencies of Modern Infidelity, is one of the noblest specimens of his genius. Nothing can be more fearfully sublime, than the picture which he gives of the desolate state, to which Atheism would reduce the world; or more beautiful and triumphant, than his vindication of the social affections. His Sermon on the Death of the Princess Charlotte, contains a philosophical and eloquent developement of the causes which make the sorrows of those who are encircled by the brightest appearances of happiness, peculiarly affecting; and gives an exquisite picture of the gentle victim adorned with sacrificial glories. His discourses on War—on the Discouragements and Supports of the Christian Ministry—and on the Work of the Holy Spirit—are of great and various excellence. But, as our limits will allow only a single extract, we prefer giving the close of a Sermon preached in the prospect of the invasion of England by Napoleon, in which he blends the finest remembrance of the antique world—the dearest associations of British patriotism—and the pure spirit of the Gospel—in a strain as noble as could have been poured out by Tyrtæus.

To form an adequate idea of the duties of this crisis, it will be necessary to raise your minds to a level with your station, to extend your views to a distant futurity,

and to consequences the most certain, though most remote. By a series of criminal enterprizes, by the successes of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished: the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe: and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws, and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode: but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled, in the Thermopylae of the universe. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, the most important by far of sublunary interests, you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If Liberty, after being extinguished on the continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you then to decide whether that Freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in every thing great and good; the Freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the Freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders; it is for you to decide whether this Freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid; she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field many will repair to the closet, many

to the sanctuary; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shout of battle and the shock of arms.

While you have every thing to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success, so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man) of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period, (and they will incessantly revolve them) will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever, they will protect Freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, *gird on thy sword, thou Most Mighty*: go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from thy presence! Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes! Inspire them with thine own; and, while led by thine hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold in every valley and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire! *Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.*

There is nothing very remarkable in Mr. Hall's manner of delivering his sermons. His simplicity, yet solemnity of deportment, engage the attention, but do not promise any of

his most rapturous effusions. His voice is feeble, but distinct, and as he proceeds, trembles beneath his images, and conveys the idea, that the spring of sublimity and beauty in his mind, is exhaustless, and would pour forth a more copious stream, if it had a wider channel than can be supplied by the bodily organs. The plainest, and least inspired of his discourses, are not without delicate gleams of imagery and felicitous turns of expression. He expatiates on the prophecies with a kindred spirit, and affords awful glimpses into the valley of vision. He often seems to conduct his hearers to the top of the "Delectable Mountains," whence

they can see from afar the glorious gates of the eternal city. He seems at home among the marvellous Revelations of St. John; and while he expatiates on them, leads his hearers breathless, through ever-varying scenes of mystery, far more glorious and surprising than the wildest of oriental fables. He stops when they most desire that he should proceed—when he has just disclosed the dawnings of the inmost glory to their enraptured minds—and leaves them full of imaginations of "things not made with hands,"—of joys too ravishing for smiles—and of impulses which wing their hearts "along the line of limitless desires."

Ω.

KENILWORTH; A ROMANCE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY, IVANHOE, &c.

THIS is a composition most beautiful, and most melancholy; but we did not expect such an one from the author, for there is little or nothing in it to relieve the feelings from the weight of the painful interest which runs, with slow, but deadly perseverance, through the whole. The frank, the hearty, and the cordial qualities, have little or no place in this romance; nor is the oddity, or waywardness of personal disposition, so strikingly introduced here, to fix the reader's attention, and enliven his sympathy, as it has usually been in the works of the writer. The agents in this history of woe and crime, do but act certain limited parts of suffering, of guilt, and of pageantry, assigned to each: we do not become intimately acquainted with their natures, in their full extent and reality, so as to be led to regard their actions as subordinate to their characters. This last circumstance has hitherto been a distinguishing effect of the present author's pen; and to it may be traced that sense of encouragement, and support, under the trying vicissitudes of fortune, which *his* productions, more almost than those of any other writer, have been calculated to afford. He has been accustomed to

display the microcosm of man, in all its picturesque variety of phenomena; and the influence of this, fairly represented by a master's power, is to enlarge and invigorate the mind to embrace the philosophy of existence, and repress that sense of oppression and despair, which the contemplation of bare calamity, weakness, and vice, tends to excite. In the present case, this wonderful individual, to whom we owe so much, leaves the feelings of his readers less protected than usual, against heart-sinkings, and sad and morbid recollections. The exquisite quickness and truth of his perceptions, the fine bland heroism of his disposition, the chivalrous vivacity and grandeur of his imagination, are all richly reflected in this most interesting work:—no symptoms of decline, or of undue precipitation are here visible; the author, therefore, with reference to his two last novels, may be congratulated on the present:—yet, we see a change in the strain, which we are sorry to see,—which proves that the creations of the fancy, darken their hue as time advances, not less surely, than those tangible objects, which constitute the external world around us. In this beautiful Romance, we do not find those

* Three Vols. Edinburgh and London: Constable and Co.; John Ballantine; Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1821.

truly exhilarating characters, or situations, which our author alone seemed to know how to supply,—and in which our sympathies delighted to bathe and revel: yet he shows in it his original capacity to draw from the boundless wealth of nature; his eye seems as keen, his hand as faithful as ever,—but his selection has taken a different course. The old spirit, it is true, is not quenched:—indetached scenes,—particularly in the vivacious opening revel at the village inn, where the smart colloquialisms, and familiar allusions of the vulgar of the age of Elizabeth, are poured forth in rapid flashes of replication,—we find the same genuine faculty for sparkling delineation of manners manifested, which has so often before administered to our enjoyment;—but none of the personages is carried right through the piece in this spirit. We are not led to enter any of the characters of this romance in the list of our established mental intimacies: we peruse the story that concerns them with deep interest, and wounded sensibility,—but it is a spectacle we regard, it is a catastrophe we deplore;—we are not likely afterwards to think of the parties, independently of these their adventures;—they will not possess, like Fergus, and Burleigh, and Dirk Hetterick, and Dinmont, and Meg Merrilies, and Friar John, an absolute and permanent existence in the imagination. The sad fate of the unfortunate and lovely Amy Robsart will haunt our recollection, as an instance of cruel agony falling on one little able to bear it, and by nature fashioned for the gentlest nurture: but she hath not, like Rebecca, the Jew's daughter, qualities of character sufficiently developed and realized to raise her image above the brief and tragic part she plays in these volumes, and to incline us to recall her in reveries, that have no particular relation to their story. It is her dreadful, her undeserved, her pitiless doom that must occupy our memories:—she herself is lost in the gulph of her misery, and her distress comes upon our feelings with undiverted and overpowering weight, as the sufferings of the pallid and trembling malefactor strike us with more horror, inasmuch as they are all we know of

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him, and must constitute his sole features in our remembrance.—It is only, however,—and we ought particularly to state this after what we have just said,—the vastness of her calamity that could thus overwhelm her personal self: in good fortune, Amy Robsart would have dazzled the observer like a darting sunbeam—a “phantom of delight:” her qualities would then have put themselves forth, and ripened, and fascinated the heart, as much as her beauty would have charmed the eye. She had pride, and grace, and womanish resentment, and petulance, and tenderness, and even daring ambition. She was thoughtless, rash, venturesome, and timid, playful, vain, confiding. As the mistress of Kenilworth Castle, by the side of Leicester, she would have shone one of our author's most bewitching creations, a luminary of glory and beauty; but she is dimmed altogether beneath the clouds of her woeful destiny; she is too fragile a creature to sustain the weight of her misfortunes; she is little more than a mere sufferer, whose agonies make us shudder, and the idea of whom is simply painful. Never were ill-treatment and disappointment worse applied than to this luckless girl: her soul's natural element was prosperity; kindness would have made her perfection itself; wealth and rank would have brightened her virtues; the fulfilment of her wishes would have melted her in gratitude, and rendered the enthusiasm of her love joyous and refined, as an angel's existence. But smitten as she was, she hangs in the “mind's eye,” a broken reed. She is insignificant as a heroine, and heart-rending as a victim. She lies in the meshes like a poor fluttering bird: her enemy, and his toils, are far beyond all proportion to her strength: nothing can save her; and the parade, grandeur, and dignity,—the description of which constitutes the greater part of the contents of these volumes,—displayed by the author with such consummate skill, seem to form but an august enclosure, purposely contrived to shame and embitter the sad spectacle of weakness perishing in agony.

The scenes of this romance are highly imposing, and their contrivance manifests the almost miracu-

lous power of the author, to identify himself with bygone manners, and give assurance of truth to the detailed representation of celebrated events, whose recorded historical descriptions, though sufficient to enable us to point out blunders in such an attempt, are but imperfect guides to accuracy in circumstantial and minute delineation. We have heard it affirmed, that our author, in some of his former works, has been caught in oversights and mistakes by professed antiquaries: it may be so, —but this does not much concern his reputation; for the spirit of his representations is matchless, and carries with it a conviction of its complete harmony with the system of life and manners that forms the subject of the work. His familiarities of phrase; his side-wind allusions; his incidental illustrations,—are all, as they ought to be, marked evidence to date and place. This, we say, is as it ought to be, for such things are the natural offspring of temporary and local incidents; they are formed in the mould of the day,—and, bearing a close relationship to popular sympathy, and matters of current celebrity, they convey the more prominent and superficial features of existing society. When we follow the course of the story of *Kenilworth*, we shall see reason to affirm, that the anonymous writer has never, on any former occasion, shown more skill in executing this most difficult part of his task, than we find exemplified in these volumes. Every sentence in them is redolent of the age of Elizabeth; and the language of Goldthred, the mercer of Abingdon, is as consistent with propriety in this respect, as that of the soldiers, knights, and courtiers, whose phraseology, being more on record, and altogether more palpable, is, of course, more easy of imitation.

The Earl of Leicester, as Elizabeth's favourite, and her proud entertainer at *Kenilworth Castle*,—to whom the popular report assigned hopes of being raised from the rank of subject by his sovereign's attachment,—is the hero of this tale,—which passes altogether at court, and amongst courtiers, and their victims. The intrigues, perfidies, feverish ambition, sudden reverses, eternal anxieties, heartless smiles, weary gaic-

ties,—with all the outward assumptions at variance with fact, character, and feeling, that rankle, and swarm, and generate, and corrupt, and sting, and disgust, in the element which our writer has here selected, constitute the ground-work of his composition. He has flung over these radical plagues a splendid covering: the drapery that hides the gaunt and festering carcase is magnificent; and the miserably diseased monster sustains it majestically, and preserves a noble gait. All that can fire the eye of an aspiring man of the world, all that throws complacency over the features of princes, that gives the semblance of transport to their favourites and dependants, and dazzles and intoxicates the gaping wondering crowd,—is here gorgeously displayed in its most alluring and commanding shape. We are admitted into the presence chamber of royalty; we breathe its hushed and perfumed air; we tread its soft silent carpets, and see intellect, and art, and beauty, and bravery ranged around the chair of state, in the capacity of humble, though willing and honoured dependants. And yet, such is our author's instinct, or such are his sentiments, that we are made to turn with horror from this magnificent array, as from a "whited sepulchre," full of "wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores." The ground on which we walk sounds hollow under our feet, as if the caves of death were below. A sword hangs visible in the air, suspended by a thread, over each of these smiling faces. We see hideous serpents twining round the hearts that beat under these snowy swelling bosoms, and envied robes of gold; and from the brilliant court of the most glorious of England's sovereigns,—from the festivities of *Kenilworth*, which transcended all the pageants that ambition and adulation ever devised to appease the restless cravings of the regal appetite,—we would be fain to escape, for our soul's peace, to the veriest dens of poverty and want,—to the poor-house, the work-house, or, in default of any other place of refuge, the charnel-house itself! The selfish spirits, the callous hearts, the vile hungry desires, the cruel purposes around us, are more dreary and appalling than the

prospect of the wildest desert, with its arid sands, savage rocks, and prowling beasts of prey.

The hero of the romance being Leicester, its interest is derived from the sufferings of his young wife, whom, in a fit of passionate love, he carried off from her doating father, an old English knight and sportsman, and secretly married; but whom he is withheld from acknowledging by his own selfish ambition, and the villainous intrigues of the scoundrel Varney, one of his greedy retainers. Amy Robsart, in her father's house, was a "lively, indulged, and idle girl,"—of high spirit, and bewitching beauty. Her adoration of Leicester is unbounded; yet her pride, vanity, fondness for show, and sensibility to her sex's point of honour, would be enough to render her discontented with the seclusion to which she found herself consigned. But circumstances of a still more disquieting nature begin to gather in the perception of this unfortunate creature: her husband's visits are few and stolen, and she has growing reasons for suspecting that his interests, at least, tend to estrange him from her:—her retirement has become little, if at all, short of actual imprisonment, under an uncouth and harsh jailor;—and, worst of all, Varney's conduct on his interviews with her, as her lord's confidential messenger, approaches to insult, and testifies to his possessing unbounded influence over the master of her heart and fate. Into the dark and deadly character of this man she sees with feminine penetration; and he has deeply wounded and provoked her haughty spirit, by unguardedly allowing indications of insolent hopes to escape him. She regards his presence, therefore, with horror; though the favour in which he stands with the earl, whose opinions and resolutions he sways, leads her to command her manner towards him, and to be silent as to her conviction of his wickedness.

Nothing can be conceived more distressing to the feelings of the reader than the situation of Amy in the gloomy old mansion-house of Cumnor—Countess of Leicester, and dying with desire to start forth on the world in the glory of her husband's rank and fortune, yet thrall-

and thwarted by a sullen growling wretch,—hypocrite and fanatic,—to whose custody she has been consigned:—unprotected by him whose pride, as it was his duty, it ought to have been to display her as the fairest jewel of his state; and doomed to destruction by a practised villain, to whom, in her youth and beauty, and fullest hope and confidence, she was left a helpless prey. From the moment we are introduced to her we see that the web, clinging around her, is too complicated and strong to admit of her escape: her perdition is seen darkly, but distinctly, in the distance, and casts a chilling shadow over the whole course of the romance. Much indeed of the action in these volumes passes remote from her seclusion: she is not often brought forward, nor made a prominent object of exhibition: yet, while the vanities of Elizabeth, and the parade and ambition of Leicester, shed a gorgeous lustre over the pages, the gloom of Amy Robsart's grief,—and her pale image, seen in disappointment and suffering, obtrude upon, and sadden, the splendid picture. The ignorance of the principal and self-sufficient actress in the pageantry, and the heedlessness of the swarms that buzz and glitter around, of the tissue of distress and crime which is weaving under their eyes, as it were,—while they fancy themselves the gods of the earth, giving and enjoying nought but blessings,—strike an inexpressible terror into the heart. Of what value are human appearances, we ask ourselves. How pitiful are human pretensions! Alas,—while the farce of gladness and greatness is going busily forward, the serious business of misery and despair is not respite: groans are uttered in corners; destiny is struggled with in the darkness and solitude of smitten hearts; the death-bed is surrounded by despairing supplicants,—while, on these scenes of pain and woe, break sounds, from without, of the impositions which mankind practise on themselves and on their fellows!

This romance is distinguished by the signs of a *dramatic power*, superior, we think, to any that the great author has before shown. It is a noble play throughout,—in which the principal interest is deeply tragic, and the accessories are lively and

grand. The whole passes in rapid and varied action: character here is altogether subordinate to this:—it is the “pomp and circumstance” that rivet our attention; and the importance of the incidents, the vivacity and glitter of the accompaniments, the associations of the names and places, keep up a powerful and constant effect. The author (as we have said) has not here gone so deeply into the human heart, or illustrated individual habits so richly as in some of his former compositions,—but he has seized upon, and arranged, the treasures and ornaments of a remarkable period of history, and reflected them back on observation from the clear mirror of his chivalrous mind. We have the names of Raleigh, and Spenser, and Sidney, and Shakspeare, freely introduced; and the known incidents of their lives are woven into the story, and made the topic of the conversation of the characters, in a very skilful manner,—advantage being taken of the knowledge of the reader to contrast or enliven their sentiments and situations in the romance, with reference to what afterwards occurred to them in the onward current of their fortunes. But although the author was obviously led to avail himself of these celebrated names, and has employed them with his usual dexterity, we much doubt whether, on the whole, the effect of such introductions can be considered as pleasing. The interest of the reality is, in such cases, above that of the fiction; and the latter, therefore, seems to profane the former. The imagination of every reader does more for Shakspeare than the description of any poet can do, even if he were possessed of Shakspeare’s genius. The attempt to make him act, and speak, and look as a common mortal, is destructive of his throned majesty in our minds. It is so with all famous authors, and artists, and philosophers: their existence is above the sphere of usual actions; and they ought not, therefore, to be brought corporeally on the scene. There is bad taste, therefore, we think, in the French custom, which has lately spread to Germany, of making their great poets and painters the heroes of their dramas. We remember at Paris seeing Boileau, and Lully, and Racine, on the stage,—and

we thought the actors ought to have been contented with representing kings, ministers, and generals. These latter are the proper classes for the painted show and the story-telling page. They can bear to be wrought upon, and turned to account in this way. They are not made of too refined materials to bear the workman’s hand: they do not seem degraded by this usage: their acts and histories suggest nothing so ideal or elevated to the fancy, that a clever author need despair of even over-topping their memories.

Anthony Foster is the keeper, or rather jailer, of the unfortunate lady at Cumnor-place. This fellow, before the accession of the “Occidental Star,” had been a fierce papist, and nicknamed Tony Fire-the-faggot, “because he brought a light, to kindle the pile round Latimer and Ridley, when the wind blew out Jack Thong’s torch, and no man else would give him light, for love or money.” With the change of the established religion, Anthony fell into the “pure precision” doctrines, and was now “as good a protestant as the best.”

“And looks grave, and holds his head high, and scorns his old companions,” said the mercer.

“Then he hath prospered, I warrant him,” said Lambourne; “for ever when a man hath got nobles of his own, he keeps out of the way of those whose exchequers lie in other men’s purchase.”

“Prospered, quotha!” said the mercer, “why, you remember Cumnor-Place, the old mansion-house beside the churchyard?”

“By the same token, I robbed the orchard three times—what of that?—it was the old Abbot’s residence when there was plague or sickness at Abingdon.”

“Ay,” said the host, “but that has been long over; and Anthony Foster hath a right in it, and lives there by some grant from a great courtier, who had the churchlands from the crown; and there he dwells, and has as little to do with any poor wight in Cumnor, as if he were himself a belted knight.”

“Nay,” said the mercer, “it is not altogether pride in Tony neither—there is a fair lady in the case, and Tony will scarce let the light of day look on her?”

“How,” said Tressilian, who now for the first time interfered in their conversation, “did ye not say this Foster was married, and to a precisian?”

“Married he was, and to as bitter a

precisian as ever eat flesh in Lent ; and a cat-and-dog life she led with Tony, as men said. But she is dead, rest be with her, and Tony hath but a slip of a daughter ; so it is thought he means to wed this stranger, that men keep such a coil about."

"And why so?—I mean, why do they keep a coil about her?" said Tressilian.

"Why, I wot not," answered the host, "except that men say she is as beautiful as an angel, and no one knows whence she comes, and every one wishes to know why she is kept so closely mewed up. For my part, I never saw her—you have, I think, Master Goldthred?"

"That I have, old boy," said the mercer. "Look you, I was riding hither from Abingdon—I passed under the east oriel window of the old mansion, where all the old saints and histories and such like are painted—It was not the common path I took, but one through the park ; for the postern-door was upon the latch, and I thought I might take the privilege of an old comrade to ride across through the trees, both for shading, as the day was somewhat hot, and for avoiding of dust, because I had on my peach-coloured doublet, pinked out with cloth of gold."

"Which garment," said Michael Lambourne, "thou would'st willingly make twinkle in the eyes of a fair dame. Ah ! villain, thou wilt never leave thy old tricks."

"Not so—not so," said the mercer, with a smirking laugh ; "not altogether so—but curiosity, thou knowest, and a strain of compassion withal,—for the poor young lady sees nothing from morn to even but Tony Foster, with his scowling black brows, his bull's head, and his bandy legs."

"And thou would'st willingly shew her a dapper body, in a silken jerkin—a limb like a short-legged hen's, in a cordovan boot, and a round, simpering, what d'ye lack, sort of a countenance, set off with a velvet bonnet, a Turkey feather, and a gilded brooch. Ah ! jolly mercer, they who have good wares are fond to shew them.—Come, gentles, let not the cup stand—here's to long spurs, short boots, full bonnets, and empty skulls !"

"Nay, now, you are jealous of me, Mike," said Goldthred ; "and yet my luck was but what might have happened to thee, or any man."

"Marry confound thine impudence," retorted Lambourne ; "thou would'st not compare thy pudding face, and sarsenet manners, to a gentleman and a soldier !"

"Nay, my good sir," said Tressilian, "let me beseech you will not interrupt the gallant citizen ; methinks he tells his tale so well, I could hearken to him till midnight."

"It's more of your favour than of my

desert," answered Master Goldthred ; "but since I give you pleasure, worthy Master Tressilian, I shall proceed, maugre all the jibes and quips of this valiant soldier, who, peradventure, hath had more cuffs than crowns in the Low Countries.—And so, sir, as I passed under the great painted window, leaving my rein loose on my ambling palfrey's neck, partly for mine ease and partly that I might have the more leisure to peer about, I hears me the lattice open ; and never credit me, sir, if there did not stand there the person of as fair a woman as ever crossed mine eyes, and I think I have looked on as many pretty wenches, and with as much judgment, as other folks."

"May I ask her appearance, sir?" said Tressilian.

"O sir," replied Master Goldthred, "I promise you, she was in gentlewoman's attire—a very quaint and pleasing dress, that might have served the Queen herself ; for she had a forepart with body and sleeves, of ginger-coloured satin, which, in my judgment, must have cost by the yard some thirty shillings, lined with murrey taffeta, and laid down and guarded with two broad laces of gold and silver. And her hat, sir, was truly the best-fashioned thing that I have seen in these parts, being of tawney taffeta, embroidered with scorpions of Venice gold, and having a border garnished with gold fringe ;—I promise you, sir, an absolute and all surpassing device. Touching her skirts, they were in the old pass-devant fashion."

"I did not ask you of her attire, sir," said Tressilian, who had shewn some impatience during this conversation, "but of her complexion—the colour of her hair, her features."

"Touching her complexion," answered the mercer, "I am not so special certain ; but I marked that her fan had an ivory handle, curiously inlaid ;—and then again, as to the colour of her hair, why, I can warrant, be its hue what it might, that she wore above it a net of green silk, parcel twisted with gold."

"A most mercer-like memory," said Lambourne ; "the gentleman asks him of the lady's beauty, and he talks of her fine clothes !"

"I tell thee," said the mercer, somewhat disconcerted, "I had little time to look at her ; for just as I was about to give her the good time of day, and for that purpose had puckered my features with a smile"—

"Like those of a jackanape, simpering at a chesnut," said Michael Lambourne.

"—Upstart of a sudden," continued Goldthred, without heeding the interruption, "Tony Foster himself, with a cudgel in his hand"—

"And broke thy head across, I hope,

for thine impertinence," said his entertainer.

"That were more easily said than done," answered Goldthred indignantly; "no, no—there was no breaking of heads—it's true, he advanced his cudgel, and spoke of laying on, and asked why I did not keep the public road, and such like; and I would have knocked him over the pate handsomely for his pains, only for the lady's presence, who might have swooned, for what I know."

"Now, out upon thee for a faint-spirited slave!" said Lambourne; "what adventurous knight ever thought of the lady's terror, when he went to thwack giant, dragon, or magician, in her presence, and for her deliverance? But why talk to thee of dragons, who would be driven back by a dragon-fly. There thou hast missed the rarest opportunity!"

"Take it thyself, then, bully Mike," answered Goldthred.—"Yonder is the enchanted manor, and the dragon and the lady all at thy service, if thou darest venture on them."

"Why, so I would for a quartern of sack," said the soldier—"Or stay—I am foully out of linen—wilt thou bet a piece of Hollands against these five angels, that I go not up to the Hall to-morrow, and force Tony Foster to introduce me to his fair guest?"

"I accept your wager," said the mercer; "and I think, though thou hadst even the impudence of the devil, I shall gain on thee this bout. Our landlord here shall hold stakes, and I will stake down gold till I send thee linen."

We have given this passage, as affording the reader an insight into the circumstances of the lady's imprisonment, but still more, because of its liveliness, as a specimen of our author's representations of the familiar life of the period. Mike Lambourne, who takes so principal a share in the above dialogue, is an admirably delineated bully and bravo,—whose military habits have engendered a reckless courage, to give deadly effect to the vile and mercenary dispositions of the natural scoundrel. All that relates to this man in the romance is done in our author's best manner.

Tressilian, a gentleman, formerly the suitor of the unfortunate Countess of Leicester, destined for her by her father, and accepted by the lady herself, but forsaken by her for the sake of Leicester, is brought into company with Mike Lambourne, and accompanies him, when the latter sets out

to adventure a visit to Cumnor-Place. Amy Robsart had secretly left her father's house, and her marriage with Leicester was unknown to all her friends, as well as her place of concealment. Their supposition was, that she had fallen a victim to Varney's arts of seduction;—no one supposing her the wife of Leicester, then closely engaged in paying gallant court to Elizabeth, and spoken of openly in the nation, as not unlikely to receive the hand of the maiden queen.

Varney is the evil genius of the story. He is a personification of the worst qualities of Leicester's character, as history records them, of which our author has, with great skill, constructed a separate individual, for the purpose of leaving the hero of his work in a situation to excite the sympathy of the reader. The crimes that resulted from Leicester's fickleness, falsehood, and greediness, are thus, in the romance, traced to Varney's evil counsels, against which Leicester's amiable resolutions struggle in vain.—Varney's motive is a mixed one, composed of the hatred which the disappointment of a licentious passion has engendered, and the mercenary feeling which led him to endeavour to secure Leicester's favour with Elizabeth.

Tressilian, by accompanying Mike Lambourne to old Anthony Foster's abode, gains a sight of Amy Robsart; and, ignorant of her situation as Countess of Leicester, conjures her to return to her father's house. The lady, stung by pride, in consequence of being unable to explain the secret in which she exulted—vexed and ashamed to see her old and ill-used lover, and grieved to hear of her father's illness, treats Tressilian with severity; and he appears to have gained nothing by his interview, but a knowledge of her abode.

Amy Robsart is introduced to us, taking a girlish delight in the new and superb fitting-up of four apartments, in which her lord was about to pay her one of his few and stolen visits. In her seclusion he had ordered her to be surrounded with the most costly magnificence.

The sleeping chamber belonging to this splendid suite of apartments, was decorated in a taste less showy, but not less rich, than had been displayed in the others. Two

silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil, diffused at once a delicious odour and a trembling twilight-seeming shimmer through the quiet apartment. It was carpeted so thick, that the heaviest step could not have been heard, and the bed, richly heaped with down, was spread with an ample coverlet of silk and gold; from under which peeped forth cambric sheets, and blankets as white as the lambs which yielded the fleece that made them. The curtains were of blue velvet, lined with crimson silk, deeply festooned with gold, and embroidered with the loves of Cupid and Psyche. On the toilet was a beautiful Venetian mirror, in a frame of silver fillagree, and beside it stood a gold posset-dish to contain the night-draught. A pair of pistols and a dagger, mounted with gold, were displayed near the head of the bed, being the arms for the night, which were presented to honoured guests, rather, it may be supposed, in the way of ceremony, than from any apprehension of danger. We must not omit to mention, what was more to the credit of the manners of the time, that in a small recess, illuminated by a taper, were disposed two hassocks of velvet and gold, corresponding with the bed furniture, before a desk of carved ebony. This recess had formerly been the private oratory of the Abbot, but the crucifix was removed, and instead, there were placed on the desk two Books of Common Prayer, richly bound, and embossed with silver. With this enviable sleeping apartment, which was so far removed from every sound save that of the wind sighing among the oaks of the park, that Morpheus might have coveted it for his own proper repose, corresponded two wardrobes, or dressing-rooms as they are now termed, suitably furnished, and in a style of the same magnificence which we have already described. It ought to be added, that a part of the building in the adjoining wing was occupied by the kitchen and its offices, and served to accommodate the personal attendants of the great and wealthy nobleman, for whose use these magnificent preparations had been made.

Leicester's visit to his wife; the progress of the conspiracy against her, between Varney and Foster; and the admission of Mike Lambourne into the hateful compact,—are traced by the author, so as to keep the reader's anxiety perpetually on the increase. Tressilian, in his efforts to have justice done to the daughter of his friend, and one whom he has never ceased to regard with the tenderest and purest love, leads the course of the romance amongst new and most interesting characters. We are thus introduced into Lord Sus-

sex's mansion at Say's Court, where that nobleman lies dangerously ill, in consequence of a poison administered to him by an alchemist and potion-brewer, the creature of Varney, whom he employs to destroy his own and his master's enemies, and also to hold Leicester himself in subjugation to the designs of his tempter, by appeals to his horoscope, and making it a witness to the propriety of the conduct, into which the pusillanimous victim was to be betrayed. The whole apparatus and jargon of alchemy and astrology are displayed; and their strength on one side is met by the counteraction of specific drugs, formed of rare and costly ingredients, sought for mysteriously amongst hidden Jew venders,—pale and trembling old men, shaking under the weight of nature's mightiest secrets.—Our author has made as much, and as good, use of these *cabala* of the particular period, as he did, in a former novel, of the state of the Jewish part of the population. Such things constitute his *bye-play*,—and it is always excellent.

In Sussex's mansion we find young Raleigh—already looking upwards, like a young eagle from the eirie—*dallying with the wind, and fixing the sun!* His first adventure with Queen Elizabeth is admirably got up; we live the scene, amongst the high foreheads, ruffs, and stateliness of the Elizabethan court. The description of the meeting, and forced reconciliation of the two great rivals—Sussex and Leicester—in the royal presence chamber,—and much more of similar description to be found in these volumes, stand perfectly alone, and unequalled in our literature,—as specimens of a style which belongs only to our author, and of a mode of composition which is altogether of his founding, and sufficient of itself to ensure him immortality. The following is a dialogue preceding this scene,—it being too long for us to think of extracting it.

“I am ordered to attend court to-morrow,” said Leicester, speaking to Varney, “to meet, as they surmise, my Lord of Sussex. The Queen intends to take up matters betwixt us. This comes of her visit to Say's Court, of which you must needs speak so lightly.”

“I maintain it was nothing,” said Varney; “nay, I know from a sure intelli-

gencer, who was within ear-shot of much that was said, that Sussex has lost rather than gained by that visit. The Queen said, when she stepped into the boat, that Say's Court looked like a guard-house, and smelt like an hospital. 'Like a cook's shop in Ram's Alley rather,' said the Countess of Rutland, who is ever your lordship's good friend. And then my Lord of Lincoln must needs put in his holy oar, and say, that my Lord of Sussex must be excused for his rude and old-world house-keeping, since he had as yet no wife."

"And what said the Queen?" said Leicester, hastily.

"She took him up roundly," said Varney, "and asked what my Lord Sussex had to do with a wife, or my Lord Bishop to speak on such a subject. If marriage is permitted, she said, I no where read that it is enjoined."

"She likes not marriages, or speech of marriage, among churchmen," said Leicester.

"Not among courtiers neither," said Varney; but, observing that Leicester changed countenance, he instantly added, that all the ladies who were present had joined in ridiculing Lord Sussex's house-keeping, and in contrasting it with the reception her Grace would have assuredly received at my Lord of Leicester's.

"You have gathered much tidings," said Leicester, "but you have forgotten or omitted the most important of all. She hath added another to those dangling satellites, whom it is her pleasure to keep revolving around her."

"Your lordship meaneth that Raleigh, the Devonshire youth," said Varney, "the Knight of the Cloak, as they call him at the court?"

"He may be Knight of the Garter one day, for aught I know," said Leicester, "for he advances rapidly—She hath cap'd verses with him, and such fooleries. I would gladly abandon, of my own free will, the part I have in her fickle favour, but I will not be elbowed out of it by the clown Sussex, or this new upstart. I hear Tressilian is with Sussex also, and high in his favour—I would spare him for considerations, but he will thrust himself on his fate—Sussex, too, is almost as well as ever in his health."

"My lord," replied Varney, "there will be rubs in the smoothest road, specially when it leads up hill. Sussex's illness was to us a god-send, from which I hoped much. He has recovered indeed, but he is not now more formidable than ere he fell ill, when he received more than one foil in wrestling with your lordship. Let not your heart fail you, my lord, and all shall be well."

"My heart never failed me, Sir," replied Leicester.

"No, my lord," said Varney; "but it has betrayed you right often. He that would climb a tree, my lord, must grasp by the branches, not by the blossom."

"Well, well, well!" said Leicester, impatiently; "I understand thy meaning—My heart shall nether fail me nor seduce me. Have my retinue in order—see that their array be so splendid as to put down not only the rude companions of Ratchliffe, but the retainers of every other nobleman and courtier. Let them be well armed withal, but without any outward display of their weapons, wearing them as if more for fashion's sake than for use. Do thou thyself keep close to me, I may have business for you."——

The result of the meeting of the two rivals, in the royal presence, was supposed to be favourable to Leicester.

The whole court considered the issue of this day's audience, expected with so much doubt and anxiety, as a decisive triumph on the part of Leicester, and felt assured that the orb of his rival satellite, if not altogether obscured by his lustre, must revolve hereafter in a dimmer and more distant sphere. So thought the court and courtiers, from high to low; and they acted accordingly.

On the other hand, never did Leicester return the general greeting with such ready and condescending courtesy, or endeavour more successfully to gather (in the words of one, who at that moment stood at no great distance from him) "golden opinions from all sorts of men."

For all the favourite Earl had a bow, a smile at least, and often a kind word. Most of these were addressed to courtiers, whose names have long gone down the tide of oblivion; but some, to such as sound strangely in our ears, when connected with the ordinary matters of human life, above which the gratitude of posterity has long elevated them. A few of Leicester's interlocutory sentences ran as follows:

"Poynings, good morrow, and how does your wife and fair daughter? Why come they not to court?—Adams, your suit is naught—the Queen will grant no more monopolies—but I may serve you in another matter.—My good Alderman Aylford, the suit of the City, affecting Queenhithe, shall be forwarded as far as my poor interest can serve.—Master Edmund Spencer, touching your Irish petition, I would willingly aid you, from my love to the Muses; but thou hast nettled the Lord Treasurer."

"My lord," said the poet, "were I permitted to explain."——

"Come to my lodging, Edmund," answered the Earl—"not to-morrow, or next day, but soon.—Ha, Will Shakespeare—

wild Will!—thou hast given my nephew, Philip Sidney, love-powder—he cannot sleep without thy Venus and Adonis under his pillow! We will have thee hanged for the veriest wizard in Europe. Hark thee, mad wag, I have not forgotten thy matter of the patent, and of the bears.”

The *player* bowed, and the Earl nodded and passed on—so *that* age would have told the tale—in ours, perhaps, we might say the immortal had done homage to the mortal. The next whom the favourite accosted, was one of his own zealous dependants.

The descriptions of the entertainments given by Leicester to his sovereign, at Kenilworth, many will regard as the most interesting part of the novel: we can only refer to them as imbued with life and vigour—being much limited in our space for extracts.—Here the unfortunate Amy Robsart, driven, by the evidently fatal designs of her keepers, to flight from Cumnor place, arrives, after a series of most interesting adventures, unknown to her husband, at the instant he is entertaining his royal mistress. A string of accidents and embarrassments ensue, all calculated to increase the peril and misery of the doomed victim. Restrained by her love for Leicester, and dread of disobeying him, from making an open appeal to the Queen, she encounters her Majesty alone, by hazard, in a grotto of the grounds: the suspicions of Elizabeth are excited,—and a public examination takes place—the result of which is, that the detested Varney claims his master’s Countess, as his own wife; in which piece of effrontery the sordid irresolution of Leicester sustains him. The victim is consigned to her assassin as insane, and is forcibly consigned back to Cumnor place, where death awaits her.

Soon after her departure, accident discovers the truth to Elizabeth—discovers how she has been imposed upon by Leicester, and how her woman’s feelings, as well as her royal pride, have been trifled with and abused. The scene of resentment and exposure that follows, though long, we must give in our pages, as an imperishable record of our author’s powers.

Meantime Tressilian traversed the full length of the great hall, in which the astonished courtiers formed various groupes, and were whispering mysteriously together, while all kept their eyes fixed on the door, which led from the upper end of the hall

into the Queen’s withdrawing apartment. Raleigh pointed to the door—Tressilian knocked, and was instantly admitted. Many a neck was stretched to gain a view into the interior of the apartment; but the tapestry, which covered the door on the inside, was dropped too suddenly to admit the slightest gratification of curiosity.

Upon entrance, Tressilian found himself, not without a strong palpitation of heart, in the presence of Elizabeth, who was walking to and fro in a violent agitation, which she seemed to scorn to conceal, while two or three of her most sage and confidential counsellors exchanged anxious looks with each other, but seemed to delay speaking till her wrath had abated. Before the empty chair of state in which she had been seated, and which was half pushed aside by the violence with which she had started from it, knelt Leicester, his arms crossed, and his brows bent on the ground, still and motionless as the effigies upon a sepulchre. Beside him stood the Lord Shrewsbury, then Earl Marshal of England, holding his baton of office—the Earl’s sword was unbuckled, and lay before him on the floor.

“Ho, sir!” said the Queen, coming close up to Tressilian, and stamping on the floor with the action and manner of Henry himself; “*you* knew of this fair work—*you* are an accomplice in this deception which has been practised on us—*you* have been a main cause of our doing injustice?” Tressilian dropped on his knee before the Queen, his good sense shewing him the risk of attempting any defence at that moment of irritation. “Art dumb, sirrah!” she continued; “thou know’st of this affair—dost thou not?”

“Not, gracious Madam, that this poor lady was Countess of Leicester.”

“Nor shall any one know her for such,” said Elizabeth. “Death of my life! Countess of Leicester!—I say Dame Amy Dudley—and well if she have not cause to write herself widow of the traitor Robert Dudley.”

“Madam,” said Leicester, “do with me what it may be your will to do—but work no injury on this gentleman—he hath in no way deserved it.”

“And will he be the better for thy intercession,” said the Queen, leaving Tressilian, who slowly arose, and rushing to Leicester, who continued kneeling,—“the better for thy intercession, thou doubly false—thou doubly forsworn?—of thy intercession, whose villainy hath made me ridiculous to my subjects, and odious to myself?—I could tear out mine own eyes for their blindness!”

Burleigh here ventured to interpose.

“Madam,” he said, “remember that you are a Queen—Queen of England—mother of your people. Give not way to this wild storm of passion.”

Elizabeth turned round to him, while a tear actually twinkled in her proud and angry eye. "Burleigh," she said, "thou art a statesman—thou doest not, thou canst not, comprehend half the scorn—half the misery, that man has poured on me."

With the utmost caution—with the deepest reverence, Burleigh took her hand at the moment he saw her heart was at the fullest, and led her aside to an oriel window, apart from the others.

"Madam," he said, "I am a statesman, but I am also a man—a man already grown old in your councils, who have not and cannot have a wish on earth but your glory and happiness—I pray you to be composed."

"Ah, Burleigh," said Elizabeth, "thou little knowest"—here her tears fell over her cheeks in despite of her.

"I do—I do know, my honoured Sovereign. O beware that you lead not others to guess that which they know not!"

"Ha!" said Elizabeth, pausing as if a new train of thought had suddenly shot across her brain. "Burleigh, thou art right—thou art right—any thing but disgrace—any thing but a confession of weakness—any thing rather than seem the cheated—slighted—sdeath! to think on it is distraction!"

"Be but yourself, my Queen," said Burleigh; "and soar far above a weakness which no Englishman will ever believe his Elizabeth could have entertained, unless the violence of her disappointment carries a sad conviction to his bosom."

"What weakness, my lord?" said Elizabeth, haughtily; "would you too insinuate that the favour in which I held yonder proud traitor, derived its source from aught"—But here she could no longer sustain the proud tone which she had assumed, and again softened as she said, "But why should I strive to deceive even thee, my good and wise servant!"

Burleigh stooped to kiss her hand with affection, and—rare in the annals of courts—a tear of true sympathy dropped from the eye of the minister on the hand of his Sovereign.

It is probable that the consciousness of possessing this sympathy, aided Elizabeth in supporting her mortification, and suppressing her extreme resentment; but she was still more moved by fear that her passion would betray to the public the affront and the disappointment, which, alike as a woman and a Queen, she was so anxious to conceal. She turned from Burleigh, and sternly paced the hall till her features had recovered their usual dignity, and her mien its wonted stateliness of regular motion.

"Our Sovereign is her noble self once more," whispered Burleigh to Walsingham: "mark what she does, and take heed you thwart her not."

She then approached Leicester, and said, with calmness, "My Lord Shrewsbury, we discharge you of your prisoner.—My Lord of Leicester, rise and take up your sword—A quarter of an hour's restraint, under the custody of our Marshal, my lord, is, we think, no high penance for months of falsehood practised upon us. We will now hear the progress of this affair."—She then seated herself in her chair, and said, "You, Tressilian, step forward, and say what you know."

Tressilian told his story generously, suppressing as much as he could what affected Leicester, and saying nothing of their having twice actually fought together. It is very probable that in doing so, he did the Earl good service; for had the Queen at that instant found any thing on account of which she could vent her wrath upon him, without laying open sentiments of which she was ashamed, it might have fared hard with him. She paused when Tressilian had finished his tale.

"We will take that Wayland," she said, "into our own service, and place the boy in our Secretary-office for instruction, that he may in future use discretion towards letters. For you, Tressilian, you did wrong in not communicating the whole truth to us, and your promise not to do so was both imprudent and undutiful. Yet, having given your word to this unhappy lady, it was the part of a man and a gentleman to keep it; and on the whole, we esteem you for the character you have sustained in this matter.—My Lord of Leicester, it is now your turn to tell us the truth, an exercise to which you seem of late to have been too much a stranger."

Accordingly, she extorted by successive questions, the whole history of his first acquaintance with Amy Robsart—their marriage—his jealousy—the causes on which it was founded, and many particulars besides. Leicester's confession, for such it might be called, was extorted from him piecemeal, yet was upon the whole accurate, excepting that he totally omitted to mention that he had, by implication, or otherwise, assented to Varney's designs upon the life of his Countess. Yet the consciousness of this was what at that moment lay nearest to his heart; and although he trusted in great measure to the very positive counter-orders which he had sent by Lambourne, it was his purpose to set out for Cumnor Place in person, as soon as he should be dismissed from the presence of the Queen, who, he concluded, would presently leave Kenilworth.

But the Earl reckoned without his host. It is true, his presence and his communications were gall and wormwood to his once partial mistress. But, barred from every other and more direct mode of revenge, the Queen perceived that she gave her false

sutor torture by these inquiries, and dwelt on them for that reason, no more regarding the pain which she herself experienced, than the savage cares for the searing of his own hands with the hot pincers with which he tears the flesh of his captive enemy.

At length, however, the haughty lord, like a deer that turns to bay, gave intimation that his patience was failing. "Madam," he said, "I have been much to blame—more than even your just resentment has expressed. Yet, Madam, let me say, that my guilt, if it be unpardonable, was not unprovoked; and that if beauty and condescending dignity could seduce the frail heart of a human being, I might plead both, as the causes of my concealing this secret from your Majesty."

The Queen was so much struck by this reply, which Leicester took care should be heard by no one but herself, that she was for the moment silenced, and the Earl had the temerity to pursue his advantage. "Your Grace, who has pardoned so much, will excuse my throwing myself on your royal mercy for those expressions, which were yester morning accounted but a light offence."

The Queen fixed her eyes on him while she replied, "Now, by heaven, my lord, thy effrontery passes the bounds of belief, as well as patience! But it shall avail thee nothing.—What, ho! my lords, come all and hear the news—My Lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost me a husband, and England a King. His Lordship is patriarchal in his tastes—one wife at a time was insufficient, and he designed us the honour of his left hand. Now, is not this too insolent,—that I could not grace him with a few marks of court-favour, but he must presume to think my hand and crown at his disposal?—You, however, think better of me; and I can pity this ambitious man, as I could a child, whose bubble of soap has burst between his hands. We go to the presence-chamber—My Lord of Leicester, we command your close attendance on us."

All was eager expectation in the hall, and what was the universal astonishment, when the Queen said to those next her, "The revels of Kenilworth are not yet exhausted, my lords and ladies—we are to solemnize the noble owner's marriage."

There was an universal expression of surprise.

"It is true, on our royal word," said the Queen; "he hath kept this a secret even from us, that he might surprise us with it at this very place and time. I see you are dying of curiosity to know the happy bride.—It is Amy Robsart, the same who, to make up the May-game yesterday, figured in the pageant as the wife of his servant Varney."

"For God's sake, Madam," said the

Earl, approaching her with a mixture of humility, vexation, and shame in his countenance, and speaking so low as to be heard by no one else, "take my head, as you threatened in your anger, and spare me these taunts! Urge not a falling man—tread not on a crushed worm."

"A worm, my Lord?" said the Queen, in the same tone; "nay, a snake is the nobler reptile, and the more exact similitude—the frozen snake you wot of, which was warmed in a certain bosom"—

"For your own sake—for mine, madam," said the Earl—"while there is yet some reason left in me"—

"Speak aloud, my lord," said Elizabeth, "and at farther distance, so please you—your breath thaws our ruff. What have you to ask of us?"

"Permission," said the unfortunate Earl, humbly, "to travel to Cumnor-Place."

"To fetch home your bride belike?—Why, ay,—that is but right—for, as we have heard, she is indifferently cared for there. But, my lord, you go not in person—we have counted upon passing certain days in this Castle of Kenilworth, and it were slight courtesy to leave us without a landlord during our residence here. Under your favour, we cannot think to incur such disgrace in the eyes of our subjects. Tressilian shall go to Cumnor-Place instead of you, and with him some gentleman who hath been sworn of our chamber, lest my Lord of Leicester should be again jealous of his old rival.—Whom wouldst thou have to be in commission with thee, Tressilian?"

Tressilian, with humble deference, suggested the name of Raleigh.

"Why, ay," said the Queen; "so God ha' me, thou hast made a good choice. He is a young knight besides, and to deliver a lady from prison is an appropriate first adventure.—Cumnor-Place is little better than a prison, you are to know, my lords and ladies. Besides, there are certain faitours there whom we would willingly have in fast keeping. You will furnish them, Master Secretary, with the warrant necessary to secure the bodies of Richard Varney and the foreign Alasco, dead or alive. Take a sufficient force with you, gentlemen—bring the lady here in all honour—lose no time, and God be with you."

But, alas! the lady was not to be brought from Cumnor-Place. By the contrivance of the villains, to whose hands her husband had committed her, she had perished before her deliverers arrived!

Such is the story of Kenilworth. The author of Waverley and Ivanhoe, may fairly be proud of this work;

and the public will regard it as a proof of his inexhaustible powers of supplying them with amusement. In the mine of nature, no one can work with so much success as himself; and there are endless treasures to be explored in its deep bosom. There is a difference, which is not perhaps a decline, between this work and what we have regarded as the best of its predecessors. Its interest is more indebted to history and to celebrated names;—we do prefer some of the others, as a matter of taste; but, we can safely say, that the present one has (if that were possible) still advanced our admiration of the author's amazing talent—which it would seem "custom cannot stale." The two works from his pen, imme-

diately preceding Kenilworth, we thought evinced symptoms of failing; but he has now manfully recovered himself, and shines out as before, the brightest object in the living galaxy of British genius.

We have omitted, in the course of our observations, to give due praise to the masterly way in which Elizabeth is handled by our author—if we may use so irreverent an expression. Her character, in this romance, is an exquisite historical portrait. He has been much more happy in this than in that of Queen Mary, on former occasions—and his work, in consequence, ought to be regarded by the English division of our island, with the veneration paid to a monument of national fame.

Miller Redivivus.

No. II.

*Most courteous Editor, permit the Fool
To doff his cap and bells for your politeness,
In sparing him a niche released from rule,
And all pedantic ligature and tightness;
Where he may freely, in his motley papers,
Cut reverend jokes, and well-establish'd capers.—
He has a curly tale, which, when unroll'd,
Requires some scores of pages to uphold—
(One Mister Muggs is hero of the poem;)
And as no hero of the stage struts on,
Without a flourish for his Chaperon,
Mine shall be usher'd by a pompous proem.
So, for your readers' solace and instruction,
Take this grave sample of an*

INTRODUCTION.

No sweet Arcadian pipe is mine—
Such as of old the tuneful Nine,
On rosy banks of Helicon,
Committed to some favour'd son;
Whose wild and magic melodies,
From banks of flowers,
And myrtle bowers,
Bade nymphs and sylvan boys arise,
To form, with laughing loves, an earthly Paradise.—
I may not, with the classic few,
Snatch inspiration from the Muses' hill;
Nor, raptured, quaff poetic dew
From Aganippe's rill.—
Vales and mountains,
Grots and fountains,
The haunt of heroes, and the poet's theme—
Sense inviting, soul delighting,
Burst on my vision like a glorious dream.—

But ah! as soon to fade away,
For Christian knights demand my lay.

Not steel-clad crusaders, with lances and shields,
The sparkling invaders of Palestine's fields;
Who, marching o'er deserts, or vineyards and balm,
In the blaze of the sun, or the shade of the palm,
Planted the cross amid havoc and death,
On the sands of Damascus and Nazareth.—
Whose helmeted leaders gave charge through the cedars,
At sound of the trumpets on Lebanon's mount,
And roll'd man and horse of the Saracen force
Down to the waters of Galilee's fount.—
Fearless were they, by night or by day,
Of the infidel legions that barr'd the way;
Who with turban and beard, and scymitars rear'd,
Through whirlwinds of sand on their enemies dash'd;
And gloried to fall on the breach of the wall,
Where the crescented flag o'er the battlements flash'd.—

Nor sing I of the knights whose fame
Minstrels and troubadours proclaim;
Who, pricking o'er enchanted ground,
By forest dark, or moated mound,
Where captive beauty sigh'd,
Spite of the guardian dragon's yell,
Smote the black giant grim and fell,
Rescued the nymph from wizard spell,
And claim'd the blushing bride.—
Alas! no fancy-woven wreaths
Their perfume o'er my pathway shed,
And no melodious spirit breathes
Wild inspiration o'er my head.—

Here we must close our proem (what a pity!)
And tumble from Parnassus to the city.—

NEHEMIAH MUGGS.

Bright broke the morning in the blaze
Of London's own romantic traits.—
Pendent on dyer's pole afloat,
Breeches and dangling petticoat
Seem on each other's charms to doat,
Like lovers fond and bland;
Now swelling as the breezes rise,
They flout each other in the skies,
As if, conjoin'd by marriage ties,
They fought for th' upper hand.—
Timing his footsteps to his bell,
The dustman saunters slowly,
Bawling "Dust-O!" with might and main
Or humming in a lower strain,
"Hi-ho, says Rowley."
Now at shop windows near and far,
The prentice boys alert,
Fold gently back the jointed bar,
Then sink the shutter, with a jar,
Upon the ground unhurt:—
While some, from perforated tin,
Sprinkle the pavement with a grin
Of indolent delight,

As, poising on extended toe,
 Their circling arm around they throw,
 And, on the stony page below,
 Their frolic fancies write.—
 And now (so great Hippona pleas'd)
 Two coaches rattled past;
 Their bugle horns the guardmen seized,
 And from their pigmy throttles squeezed
 An angry giant's blast.—
 Now let the reader take a view
 Of Norton Falgate, and pursue
 Each peak-topp'd tenement to where
 A squat snug man, with sable hair,
 And dirty night-cap, he may see,
 Brought to the window by the roar,
 Which might have split the scull he bore,
 Unless indeed 'twas crack'd before,
 As sculls like his are apt to be.—

O, reader, fix your eyes where I have said;
 For from that window peeps my hero's head!—
 Yes, yes, 'tis Nehemiah Muggs,
 A name that would inspirit slugs!
 With poet-frensy make a mite
 Leap from his cheese of Stilton,
 And every native oyster write
 As if he were a Milton!
 But see, he quits the attic story,
 So I'll prepare to do the same,
 And in plain English lay before ye
 The business, origin, and glory,
 Of him who own'd this classic name.—
 Now listen, reader, listen as our text
 Proceeds——(*To be continued in our next*).

LETTERS OF GARRICK, FOOTE, &c. *

(concluded.)

THERE is no class of persons to whom so little justice is done as to actors. They are either made Cæsars of, or nothing. The scales in which they are weighed by society seem eternally varying, or else the weights are false that are opposed to them. In one year a favourite actor is lauded to the skies, and in another a rival of equal talents has the scantiest approbation coldly awarded him. This is mere fashion, we suppose; for it certainly does not depend on the manners or merit of the performer himself.—When Garrick was ill for five or six weeks, the nation was in alarm. The same interest, we are told, was publicly evinced, as when a prince of the blood lies dangerously ill, and his door was crowded

"every day, and all day long," with liveried servants, whom the anxiety of the fashionable world had dispatched thither for tidings concerning him.

No man was, perhaps, ever caressed like Garrick. The actors, his predecessors, (always excepting those who were authors also, and those who, like Kynaston, were admired for personal appearance,) met with but little notice; and the performers of the present day, however respected and valued in their own particular circles, have seldom met with that general demonstration of regard, which was at all times lavished on Garrick. Perhaps we might almost except Kean, who at one period was much sought after, but of this even

* See page 647, Vol. II.

we are not certain. Garrick was certainly a man of good manners, and of some accomplishments; but so, we believe, is the later tragedian. Macready also—(even when he has laid aside the garb and sorrows of the Roman Virginius, whom he depicts so well, and is no more the father of that sad and dove-eyed girl,) is admired, we hear, as well as liked by his friends, who know the irresistible claims, which a man of gentlemanlike manners and classical knowledge has to be placed on a level with any person—commoner or lord. Yet, compare his situation with Garrick's!—Again, Charles Kemble (whom nature has made noble, and reading learned,—who is a gentleman by natural charter, and wears his letters of high nobility on his brow,) has power only over a private circle.

We do not wish to say less of Garrick than he merits. He was, undoubtedly, raised too high in his life-time, and the epitaph which writes him down on the same pedestal with Shakspeare, (with Shakspeare!) who was

as universal as the light,
Free as the earth-surrounding air,

is an insult to our most mighty poet, and an injury to the person who is thus lifted to such an infinite distance above the humbler level which he deserved to tread. Perhaps this it was which first moved our spleen. Let us, however, in our zeal for the greater spirit, not neglect to do justice to the less.

Garrick was a vain and a weak man; but there is, undoubtedly, great excuse for the follies of actors, when they have any. They “annihilate space and time,” as it were, and have their immortality bestowed on them while living. An author, generally speaking, must wait his time, and receive his laurel from posterity; but an actor obtains his chaplet at once. He need not, like a writer, (in fact, he cannot) send out a specimen of his talents in quarto, octavo, or humble and congenial foolscap; but the daily papers blow forth the trumpet of his fame, and he goes abroad in the pleasant summer season, like a swallow gliding through various climates, to meet a ready prepared crowd of admirers and friends. The *ipse dixit* of a reviewer is not always

believed, without copious extracts from the author; but the daily critic is as indisputable as the voice which sounded at Delphos.

The vanity of actors has often been a theme for abuse. Every deviation from what the critic considers to be right, is set down at once to the score of the performer's vanity;—unless, indeed, he be “too tame,” and then he is passed over without any notice whatever. This is scarcely fair. No actor will be ostentatious, at least, of his vanity; because he must know that any very violent display of this foible would subject him to an instantaneous admonition from his auditory, as well as to various tirades on the following morning from his “curates” the critics. It is really edifying to see the terms on which advice is disposed of in this excellent age. It may be had gratis, especially if unpleasant. The only drawback from the advantage of all this is, that the remedy or conduct presented must be adopted: and where there is a variety of presumptions, the most intelligent patient may be at times perplexed. He cannot attend to all; and the result generally is, that he follows his own opinion at last.—There is, however, great excuse for the vanity of actors: the clamours which follow the delivery of any striking speech by an actor, who is in favour with the town, is enough to drown the “still small voice” of modesty in any one's breast. There must of necessity be an intoxication of the spirit;—a self-satisfaction which will, in time, spread out and encroach upon the better and more humble feelings. Indeed, without a spice of vanity we are inclined to suspect, that no man would adopt the stage as his profession; and we are decidedly of opinion, that no actor would rise to eminence without it. It is his stay and support in distress: his incentive to emulation: and the gratification of it is but too frequently his principal reward.—We can endure, therefore, to hear that Foote had some vanity, and Garrick a great deal; the one, of the bold and sanguine sort, tolerably soon satisfied,—the other, of the anxious, craving, and apprehensive kind, which it required large draughts of applause to allay. Betterton, the Roscius of his day, alone, had no

vanity; yet we are told that he was "born for the stage," and he certainly did the stage "some service." The French actors have, we believe, a favourable opinion of their own merits, and the vanity of the Italians may be calculated by the amount of their salaries.

It is said of Barron, the French actor, that he admitted the possibility of a Caesar appearing once in a century; but that he insisted, that "it required 2000 years to produce a Barron." There is an air of confidence in this assertion, which almost challenges our belief. The same personage, when acting in the play of the *Cid*, struck his foot against the point of a sword: the wound grew bad, and apprehensions were felt that mortification would take place: Barron, nevertheless, declined submitting to amputation. He said, that the representative of heroes and princes should never be seen on a wooden leg, and persisting in this resolution for some time—he died. This seems to us the sublime of mock-heroic, and we wonder that the French did not erect a statue to his memory. The finest instance on record, however, of—we can scarcely call it vanity, it seems to assume a higher claim—was in the celebrated *Mrs. Oldfield*; who, when she was in danger of being drowned in a Gravesend boat, bade her fellow passengers (who were lamenting their fates,) be calm, for that their deaths could be

of no importance; but, said she, "I AM A PUBLIC CONCERN."!!!

We will now return to David Garrick, Esq. We have spoken of him already so much, (in comparison with Foote,) that we have left ourselves but little more to say. He was, according to every account, a very surprising actor, and a man of great versatility of talent in his profession. It is not an easy thing for one man to play Lear, and Abel Drugger, and Ranger; and yet Garrick overcame all those characters excellently well. He was unable to play Othello, however; and this, with us, speaks somewhat against his reputation as a tragedian. We should be inclined to make that character the test of an actor's powers. There is a mixture of love and honest confidence—of dignity, of cordiality, of fluctuating passion, and of despair in it, that requires certainly great talent to develop. Kean's Othello is assuredly his best character. Macready's performance of it also is, we are told, (for we have not seen it) one of his best efforts. These circumstances speak at once to us in behalf of those high tragedians. With respect to the letters which a kind friend has put into our hands, we shall select only one written by our English Roscius: it is as follows, and is addressed to "James Clutterbuck, Esq. Bath."—It is short, but very characteristic. The lines given in italics would satisfy us without the signature.

Adelphi, January 18, 1776.

My dear Clut,—You shall be the first person to whom I shall make known that I have at last slipt my theatrical shell, and shall be as fine and free a gentleman as you would wish to see upon the south or north parade at Bath. I have sold my moiety of patent, &c. &c. for 35,000*l.* to Messrs. Dr. Ford, Ewart, Shendon, and Linley. We have signed to forfeit 10,000*l.* if the conditions of our present articles are not fulfilled, the 24th of June next.—*In short, I grow somewhat older, though I never played better in all my life, and am resolved not to remain upon the stage to be pitied instead of applauded.* The deed is done, and the bell is ringing, so I can say no more, but that I hope I shall receive a letter of felicitation from you.

Love to your better half, and to the Sharpes and all friends.

Ever, and most affectionately yours,

D. GARRICK.

Amongst other curiosities, we have some letters of the elder Colman; but as our readers may not possibly think them amusing enough for our Magazine, we shall forbear giving them a specimen of that clever dramatist's epistolary style. All the letters are addressed to the aforesaid "James Clutterbuck, Esq." and

commence, as usual, in brief familiarity, with "My dear Clut." There are some, also, by a worthy of the name of Berenger: one, which seems to overflow with love and affright, we are tempted to extract. It will show the present generation how warm was the friendship of the past.

My ever dear Sir, and most worthy friend,—I have been shingled so cruelly, that I am still confined, and obliged to submit to the mortification of making Mr. Hatsell my proxy, as I am yours. The young Ruspini was numbered among the Christians of this island, this day. They say he was born with teeth!

It is now past ten o'clock. I stay'd so late on purpose to be able to send you news, I send you very bad—time and tide, and the post, will stay for no man.—Brief then let me be. The mob, then, with respect be it spoken, have proceeded so far, as to beset the King's Bench prison, and endeavoured, it is said, to rescue Mr. Wilkes, (who will not be rescued). The guards, horse and foot, attended, and blows ensued. They have fired several times—some half dozen are killed, fresh mob and fresh troops pour into St. George's Fields continually. The King is this moment come from Richmond. Every thing is in great confusion and tumult. God knows how the storm will end, and who may sink in it. I know no more, and must write no more, for the postman is impatient. I love you, I honour you, and that good woman who is yours: I will write again, and again, and again, and give you every mark of that affection, with which my heart is full, and live and die your obliged and affectionate

*Half an hour after Ten, a star light night,
May 10, 1768.*

R. BERENGER.

We had intended to have transcribed entire, the pay-list of Drury-Lane theatre, in 1765, but perhaps it will be better to extract a few items only.—The present expenses of Covent Garden theatre, are estimated, we believe, at 200*l.* a night. On the 9th of February, 1765, the expenses of Old Drury were 69*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* per night. The company consisted of about one hundred and sixty performers, among whom were names of high celebrity. Garrick was at the head of the company, with a salary per night of 2*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*

	Per Night.		
	£.	s.	d.
Mr. Yates (the famous Othello) and his wife, received	3	6	8
Palmer and wife	2	0	0
King (the celebrated Sir Peter Teazle)	1	6	8
Parsons (a great name, too, in theatrical annals) only	0	6	8
Mrs. Cibber	2	10	0
Mrs. Pritchard	2	6	8
Mrs. Clive	1	15	0
Miss Pope (first of confidants and chambermaids,—the Miss Kelly of the last generation) the small sum of	0	13	4
Signior Guestinelli (chief singer)	1	3	4
Signior Grimaldi and wife (chief dancers,—the Signior, we believe, was uncle of our present matchless clown)	1	0	0
Mr. Slingsby (immortal for his allemande)	0	10	0

Let us not omit to add, that Mr. Pope (the barber) had 4*s.* a night—that the *S. Fund* (we presume the

Sinking Fund) drew 1*l.* 15*s.* per night; and the pensioners of the establishment—how much, gentle reader, dost thou think? Why, verily, of the 69*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* expended nightly, the sum of 3*s.* 8*d.* was devoted to charity! This reminds us of Falstaff's bill, owing to the widow Quickly. It is the halfpenny worth of bread to the quarts of sack. It bears the same relation that the meat does to the soup of a Frenchman, which gives scarcely a weak relish to the water.

But, let us say no more.—We love the theatre. Many and many a night have we gone thither, with heavy hearts, and come away with light ones. A wink from Munden, or a smile from Liston, is always worth the money we pay to see it, and the giggle of Grimaldi is a thing not to be estimated. Passing by Kean and Macready, and John and Charles Kemble, all of whom we have seen again and again, who would not lay down his 3*s.* 6*d.* readily to be permitted to gaze away hours, unmolested, in the beautiful presence of Miss Foote,—or to hear the stream of sweet sound which perpetually flows over Miss Stephens's lips!—Either the one or the other is surely, at all times sufficient, to introduce us to pleasant images, or delightful thoughts, and even to out-charm the malice of our stars, unless their aspect be more than ordinarily perverse.

X.

Town Conversation.

No. II.

ANOTHER NEW TRAGEDY.

It is as we predicted: the stage has at length fairly roused the attention of powerful writers,—and we trust that booksellers' and managers' attention to their own interests,—and a public, enlightened enough to appreciate genius, and liberal enough to reward it, will still continue to afford sufficient encouragement for the success of literature, in all its departments of independent and honourable exertion, without calling in suspicious allies. It is not long since we saw "a fine old Roman story," admirably dramatized, and welcomed with a quick and true feeling, that did great credit to the judgment of our audiences.—Our Dramatic Report for this month records another instance of victory, equally creditable to him by whom it has been won, and those by whom it has been awarded. The advantage of these honourable events, will soon be more fully experienced, in their effect on our dramatic literature. A poet, who possesses an unusual command over nervous and energetic diction, combining this power with a rapid and glowing imagination, that rushes amongst the various rich elements of moral and external beauty,—seizing and combining them into fair and noble creations,—has, we hear, just finished a tragedy, on a subject, which, in such hands, excites our expectations in no common degree. *Catiline* is the name of this piece; and it suggests the idea of gigantic grandeur. Mr. Croly,—for he it is who has adventured on this arduous task,—has, we trust, well felt of how much such a theme is capable, and how much it demands. Ben Jonson has treated it—but not successfully; though there are splendid passages in his piece. Its opening with the appearance of *Sylla's ghost*, uttering words of dreadful portent, and pointing to Catiline in his study, is very striking. In this play we find a passage, which must have suggested, to Addison, the well-known com-

mencing lines of his *Cato*,—"The dawn is overcast, &c." Ben Jonson makes Lentulus say,

It is, methinks, a morning full of fate!
It riseth slowly, as her sullen care
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung
at it!
Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,
And her sick head is bound about with
clouds,
As if she threatened night e'er noon of day?

We think the original morsel the best of the two. The following, also, is a noble passage in this play:—*Catiline* is recommending secrecy and silence to the conspirators, till the moment comes for action.

—————Meanwhile, all rest
Seal'd up and silent, as when rigid frosts
Have bound up brooks and rivers, forced
wild beasts
Unto their caves, and birds into the wood,
Clowns to their houses, and the country
sleeps:
That when the sudden thaw comes, we may
break
Upon 'em like a deluge, bearing down
Half Rome before us,—and invade the rest
With cries and noise, able to wake the urns
Of those are dead,—and make their ashes
fear.

Jonson's play, however, is in general heavy in its harangues, and often ranting, and absurd in style.—Mr. Croly, we hear from the persons who have necessarily seen his piece, may be at least said to treat *Catiline* well. He takes him as a Colossus, under whose mighty stride the majesty of Rome is made to pass. His character is that of a lofty and stern mind,—with sudden ebullitions of softness gushing out, like springs in the great desert. He is exhibited in that situation of dreadful interest—fluctuating for a time, with conspiracy before him:—then he plunges into the gulph, and perishes.—It must be admitted, that this is the way to set about the subject; and we long to see what the poet has been able to execute.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

Res Literariæ: Bibliographical and Critical, for October 1820. Naples.

Sir Egerton Brydges is a gentleman well known to be devoted to literature,—and now a traveller, who may emphatically be said to *drag at each remove a lengthening chain*. It has also happened to us lately to be travellers, and wherever we went we found vestiges of Sir Egerton,—remnants of his mind, in the shape of English books, printed in foreign parts, for the benefit, we presume, of the natives. At Geneva, early last year, we encountered Sir Egerton's volume on *political economy*, with Packhous's imprint—drawn from our countryman, no doubt, by his breathing the same air with Sismondi. At Florence, he had dropped a volume of tales and poetry. In the autumn, we were at Rome, and heard from our valet de place, as his first piece of news, that *Sir Brydges* had established a printing press in the eternal city, under the protection of a cardinal. At Naples, almost the first book we met with was the work, the title of which stands at the head of this notice, and which is the commencing number of a *series*, which the Chevalier *Du Pont* (as Sir Egerton Brydges was called at Paris) intends perseveringly to continue, unless he should be stopped by an invasion, or an eruption. Every man has his hobby, says Sterne; a printing press seems to be Sir Egerton's:—but that he should go abroad to print and publish English books, is surely strange! His ambition once was to “witch the world,” with smart volumes, “*from the private press at Lee Priory*,” but, as if a private press in his own country was not sufficiently secluded from the interference of the impertinent curiosity of readers, he has now allowed his love of obscurity as an author, to carry him away to strangers altogether,—amongst whom he may reasonably hope to be able to print and publish once a month, or oftener, without running any very imminent hazard of having his modest pages rumbled or fluttered by the eagerness of perusal.

Res Literariæ is a sort of retrospective review, published in English, in face of the island of Caprea! The author's preface is succinct.

The plan of the following work is at present so much in use, that it requires no explanation.

Reviews and journals of modern books are numerous. There is, at least, as much necessity for bringing into notice what has been thrown aside into oblivion, by the operation of time, as what is new. There never was a period when it was more desirable to retrace our steps, and to come back again to the period of more sound and sober times.

Only *seventy-five* copies have been taken of this work.

Naples, Dec. 6, 1820.

The first article is on the life and writings of Petrarch; of whom our worthy Baronet, much to his honour, is a passionate admirer: his reasons for choosing this subject may be deduced—from his first paragraph.

Notwithstanding all that has been written about Petrarch, in the last three hundred years, a good life of him, and an adequate criticism upon him, are yet wanting. This does not arise from the paucity, but from the abundance of the materials for them. Nor are they materials such as mere industry and labour will master. They require a taste cultivated, enlarged, tender, refined, exalted: they require an intimate knowledge of the cotemporary history of the principal nations of Europe: they require a profound and philosophic insight into the movements of cabinets: but, what they most of all require, (next to taste) is an erudition, familiar with all the details of the revival of learning, which, at this time, was in the full vigour of the new expanse of its wings.

Of all these required qualities, the Baronet well knows (and the world ought to know) that he is possessed! Our admiration of Petrarch is almost as warm as his; we think with him that “in finished grace, tenderness, and sweetness of expression, Petrarch has no rival;” but when he seems unwillingly to give the palm of preference to Dante, and asserts that, in some respects, the merits of Petrarch's genius are more extraordinary, our brows drop, and our hearts refuse conviction, for we have been accustomed to consider Dante, as we consider Shakspeare, a holy star, with whose pure rays, the rays of no other planet can assimilate, and with whom to affect rivalry, or comparison, is to be guilty of sacrilege.

The following eulogium we think just.

To dwell for ever on the same subject ; to give endless variety to that which appears to common eyes always the same ; to find language for the most transient and hidden movements of the heart ; to reflect these images with a clearness, in which not a speck disturbs the transparency ; seems to be a proof, (if any proof of this can be admitted) that poetry is really inspiration !

This will appear, to the taste of many, extravagant praise ! But it is not said without long and leisurely consideration. The French have no sympathy for these simple effusions of what is properly called pure poetry ; and they, and their followers, will more especially deny it the merit of purity, on account of the occasional conceits with which some of the least excellent of the poems are deformed. (Page 4.)

We are pleased to see our author support the reality of Laura, and the reality and purity of Petrarch's passion : we have always been inclined to *savoir mauvais gré* to that cold earth-levelling spirit, which has attempted to throw doubt and ridicule on these subjects : they have a favourite romantic corner in our hearts, from which we should with sorrow see them expelled. To divide the name of Laura from Petrarch, would be like dividing the names of Hero and Leander, of Abelard and Eloise,—names which, from our infancy, we have been accustomed to hear together, and which are rendered sacred, in their union, by long and delightful association. To disclose to us that Petrarch's love had no higher character than a common amour, would be to destroy one of our most cherished romantic feelings—of which, alas ! at present not many remain.*

We wish the worthy Baronet had, in his black letter researches, found more supporting arguments, for we would defend these subjects with a triple wall of brass : what he says, however, has its value. Our Baronet, though not Hercules, triumphs, on these points, over Mr. Hobhouse, whose notions are always grovelling.

* We have talked with many French people about Petrarch and Laura, and Petrarch's poetry ; and we cannot call to mind a single instance in which the poetry was not ridiculed, and the passion disbelieved. The fair sex we have found particularly sceptical on the latter subject. We remember talking with a lady about Petrarch's passion, shortly after the appearance of Mad. de Genlis' *Petrarque et Laure* ; she finished the conversation with this declaration : "*Oui-oui ! c'est beau, c'est tres beau ! mais il y a une chose de certaine, qu'une telle passion n'ait jamais existée, et n'existera jamais !—c'est tout-a-fait hors de nature.*"

"Mr. Hobhouse next attacks, in harsh terms, De Sade's interpretation of the word "*ptubs* into *partubus*, instead of *perturbationibus*, as the printed copies have it. But Baldelli has since found an ancient MS. in the Laurentian Library, which decides this question in De Sade's favour : for the MS. writes the word "*patubs*:" which must be taken to be "*partubus*," and not "*perturbationibus*." The passage is in the third dialogue between St. Augustine and Petrarch, *De Contemptu Mundi*, written in 1343."

Sir Egerton gives ample extracts to gratify the curious reader : we must, however, content ourselves with the single one, so often given—

"A. Non hoc quæritur, quantum tibi lachrymarum mors illius formidata, quantumve doloris invexerit ; sed hoc agitur, ut, intelligas, quæ semel concussit, posse formidinem reverti, eoque facilius quod et omnis dies ad mortem propius accedit, et corpus illud egregium, morbis ac crebris patubsexhaustum, nullum pristini vigoris amisit."

"It seems to me (continues the Baronet, after giving the extracts) most strange, that the account given by the poet, of his passion for Laura, should leave any reader in doubt of its existence ; or of its purity, as well as of its force. The birth of two natural children, of whom the name of the mother has not been preserved—and one of them (—a daughter,—) apparently, a few months prior to the date of these *Dialogues*, is opposed by some critics to the sincerity of this attachment. But Petrarch insists on the unblemished and impregnable virtue of Laura : he admits that he has not been himself blameless. "*Cum lorifragum et præcipitem*" (me Laura) "*viderit, deserere maluit, quam sequi.*"—"Incautus in laqueum offendi : — amor, ætasque coegerunt. Firmavi jam tandem animum labentem," etc.

"Others represent this love to have been *Platonic*, because, in their

opinion, such a passion is a ridiculous chimera. Without admitting this presumption, a reader of fancy and sensibility will find both in these extracts, and in numerous passages of the poetry of Petrarch, signs of a temperament sufficiently earthly. Yet a mind gifted by nature, like Petrarch's, and trained as his faculties were, could easily give itself up to that visionary enthusiasm, which appears so improbable to vulgar opinion," &c. (P. 78.)

On the works of Petrarch our author has advanced nothing new. To account for the inferiority of his Latin works, he extracts the following well known passage from "L'Elogio del Petrarca," by Bettinelli.

"Che se dimandassi come fosse il Petrarca sì elegante in volgare, e sì poco in latino, altro dir non saprei, se non che nel primo fu creator del suo stile da Cino* soltanto delineato; ma nel secondo fu educato dal suo secolo, e dall'esempio de' rozzi suoi costumi, che non distinguevano ne' latini l'oro dalli altri metalli."

The objects of this article, the Baronet tells us, are to give the English reader some knowledge of Petrarch, "because (says he) I cannot refrain from thinking, that in the present day, he knows but very little of this great poet: and that little, upon very superficial and tasteless authorities."—He would recall the literary world to the study of that great author, and conduct them to the original sources by which his character may be judged of. The biographers and critics of Petrarch he treats rather harshly; the Memoir of Lord Wodehouselee (he says) does the author little honour: Tiraboschi, he says, is dry; Ginguenè retains a French taste; and Sismondi "judges like a Frenchman of Petrarch's Sonnets." Mrs. Dobson's work, he styles, "a bungling, gossiping, uneducated abridgement of De Sade,

that does not deserve notice." De Sade's Memoirs he esteems highly, and regrets that the book is become scarce. The best modern work concerning Petrarch, he affirms to be a life of the poet, by Baldelli† (a Florentine nobleman still living) a book little known in England.

This long, curious, and unconnected article, after insisting on the necessity of recalling the public taste to good old established models, concludes thus:

It is astonishing that living popularity should be taken as a conclusive, or even as a strong proof of merit. In my own time, in the forty years that I have been old enough to make observations, I have seen the poetical taste and fashion change, in England, at least *eight* times.‡ The two living poets, who held the sway when I first became capable of judging, were Mason and Beattie. Soon after, the reign of Hayley commenced. Then came Cowper, and Burns. Even the Della Crusca school glittered for its little day. Then came Darwin, whose dominion was as short as it was brilliant. The rest I leave the reader to fill up, lest I should offend those whom I name, or those whom I omit. Of all things I hate literary warfare the most. I resort to literature as a balm to the mind; as a peaceful refuge from the troubles of the world. To introduce angry and contentious passions here, would be to pour poison into the cup of gentleness, harmony, and delight.

We admire and respect the sentiment contained in the last lines; and we hope Sir Egerton may long continue to enjoy that "balm," and "peaceful refuge," on which he places so great and so just a value.

The article contains literal prose translations of twenty-seven of the most admired Sonnets of Petrarch, and of two of his fine *Canzoni*, made (as we are informed in a note) by a young lady, the daughter of the writer: they certainly prove all that they were intended to prove, viz. "translate his Sonnets in plain prose, and a high degree of the poetical

* Cino was a celebrated lawyer, of Pistoia, of a noble family. His *Rime* were published by Nicolo Ricci, at Rome, 1559; and again by Faustino Tasso, at Venice, 1589. Crescimbeni pronounces him the most sweet and graceful poet before Petrarch. The Italians consider him the first who gave a grace to Lyric Poetry. His style is now a little antiquated, but his thoughts are just. He died at Bologna in 1336, with the reputation of a learned man.

† We coincide with Sir Egerton in this opinion, and recommend the work in question to the lovers of Italian literature.

‡ Mr. Hazlitt makes a similar assertion—we forget, however, the number he mentions.

character remains: which" (continues the Baronet,) "is the most powerful of all signs, that, in him, the primary ingredient of the poetry is in the *matter*. It is in the sentiment or the image, not in the metaphorical

dress." There are also three poetical translations by the author; we are, however, quite of his opinion, "that they are far more delicious even in the simplest prose."

TIME'S TELESCOPE.

OUR attention has been attracted by a little work, which, though not of sufficient importance to call for a regular article, is still far from being unworthy of notice and attention. The title of it introduces this notice, and is, by the bye, the only part of the book that we do not like, for it does not at all explain the nature of the work to which it is affixed. We shall do this office for it. *Time's Telescope*, is an annual publication, blending something of the character which belongs to the *Literary Pocket-book*, (noticed in our last) with that of a general *Almanack*; but at the same time possessing features different from either of these, and peculiar to itself; and being altogether much more useful and compendious than both.—Each annual Volume contains, first, an Introduction, consisting of a clear, and popular exposition of the elements of some one of the useful and interesting sciences. That which occupies the first part of this year's volume, just published, is *British Ornithology*. To the class of persons for whom this work is intended, nothing can be more attractive than the study of the natural history of English birds. The subject is treated in a popular manner; yet, without wholly neglecting the scientific part of it: and it is rendered doubly agreeable by the introduction of short and well-selected extracts from English Poetry, in illustration of the various matter as it comes forward. The treatise is closed, as in the preceding volumes, by a select list of books which treat of the subject at large.

The second, and chief part of this little work, has twelve divisions, dedicated to anticipatory notices of the twelve coming months, with indications of all the remarkable days of each month,—the origin of the different holidays, and saints' days, and a notice of the birth days of celebrated persons of all ages and nations. These latter are occasionally accompanied by short biographical *hints*, for they profess to be nothing more. As a specimen of this part of the work, we give the first that occurs.

"Jan. 17. 1756.—MOZART BORN.

"When only three years old, his great amusement was finding concords on the piano; and nothing could equal his delight when he had discovered a harmonious interval. At the age of four, his father began to teach him little pieces of music, which he always learnt to play in a very short time; and, before he was six, he had in-

vented several small pieces himself, and even attempted compositions of some extent and intricacy.

"The sensibility of his organs appears to have been excessive. The slightest false note or harsh tone was quite a torture to him; and, in the early part of his childhood, he could not hear the sound of a trumpet without growing pale, and almost falling into convulsions. His father, for many years, carried him and his sister about to different cities for the purpose of exhibiting their talents. In 1764 they came to London, and played before the late King. Mozart also played the organ at the Chapel Royal; and with this the King was more pleased than with his performance on the harpsichord. During this visit he composed six sonatas, which he dedicated to the Queen. He was then only eight years old. A few years after this, he went to Milan; and, at that place, was performed in 1770 the opera of *Mithridates*, composed by Mozart, at the age of fourteen, and performed twenty nights in succession. From that time till he was nineteen, he continued to be the musical wonder of Europe, as much from the astonishing extent of his abilities, as from the extreme youth of their possessor.

"Entirely absorbed in music, this great man was a child in every other respect. His hands were so wedded to the piano, that he could use them for nothing else: at table, his wife carved for him; and, in every thing relating to money, or the management of his domestic affairs, or even the choice and arrangement of his amusements, he was entirely under her guidance. His health was very delicate; and during the latter part of his too short life, it declined rapidly. Like all weak-minded people, he was extremely apprehensive of death; and it was only by incessant application to his favourite study, that he prevented his spirits sinking totally under the fears of approaching dissolution. At all other times, he laboured under a profound melancholy, which unquestionably tended to accelerate the period of his existence. In this melancholy state of spirits, he composed the *Zauber Flöte*, the *Clemenza di Tito*, and his celebrated mass in D minor, commonly known by the name of his *Requiem*. The circumstances which attended the composition of the last of these works are so remarkable, from the effect they produced upon his mind, that

we shall detail them ; and, with the account, close the life of Mozart.

“ One day, when his spirits were unusually oppressed, a stranger of a tall, dignified appearance, was introduced. His manners were grave and impressive. He told Mozart, that he came from a person who did not wish to be known, to request he would compose a solemn mass, as a requiem for the soul of a friend whom he recently lost, and whose memory he was desirous of commemorating by this solemn service. Mozart undertook the task, and engaged to have it completed in a month. The stranger begged to know what price he set upon his work, and immediately paid him one hundred ducats, and departed. The mystery of this visit seemed to have a very strong effect upon the mind of the musician. He brooded over it for some time ; and then suddenly calling for writing materials, began to compose with extraordinary ardour. This application, however, was more than his strength could support ; it brought on fainting fits ; and his increasing illness obliged him to suspend his work. ‘ I am writing this Requiem for myself ! ’ said he abruptly to his wife one day ; ‘ it will serve for my own funeral service ; ’ and this impression never afterwards left him. At the expiration of the month, the mysterious stranger appeared, and demanded the Requiem. ‘ I have found it impossible,’ said Mozart, ‘ to keep my word ; the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it beyond my first design. I shall require another month to finish it.’ The stranger made no objection ; but observing, that for this additional trouble it was but just to increase

the premium, laid down fifty ducats more, and promised to return at the time appointed. Astonished at his whole proceedings, Mozart ordered a servant to follow this singular personage, and, if possible, to find out who he was : the man, however, lost sight of him, and was obliged to return as he went. Mozart, now more than ever persuaded that he was a messenger from the other world sent to warn him that his end was approaching, applied with fresh zeal to the Requiem ; and, in spite of the exhausted state both of his mind and body, completed it before the end of the month. At the appointed day, the stranger returned ;—but Mozart was no more ! ”

These kinds of notices, slight as they may be, are far from being without utility, if they awaken the young reader’s curiosity, and induce him to search for more copious details.

The part allotted to each month, includes an account of the astronomical phenomena of the month, and an explanation of them ; and is closed, by what is called the Naturalist’s Diary, which points out the usual state of the season, rural scenery, &c. at the particular period to which it refers ; notices the habits of the animal world at that season ; and also the particular pursuits and amusements to which the season gives rise, either in the fields, the garden, or within doors. This part of the book, as well as the rest, is lightened and illustrated by neat and apt quotations, and occasionally by original communications, both in prose and verse. Time’s Telescope is, altogether, a very pleasant and useful little work.

THE DRAMA.

No. XIII.

COVENT GARDEN.

Mirandola.—The appearance of this tragedy has well sustained the interest excited by its announcement. Nothing possibly could be more complete than its success,—and, what is better, the success, in this case, is as merited as it has been complete. *Mirandola* is a drama essentially of passion: the heart is in every phrase ; there is a race between feelings and words all the way through, and the former keep always first. The author has been evidently at work in a noble, and now too rare, spirit of sincerity: he does not trifle with emotion ; his agonies do not stand upon ceremony ; he does not formally summon us to surrender our souls, but takes them by surprise, and we

are won before we knew we were attacked. He offers passages of particular beauty for our admiration ; but we like him better for leading us on, through the “ nice conduct ” of the scene, amidst woe and anger, and doubt, and love, and despair,—subdued altogether to an humble obedience to the course of the history,—agitated, trembling, sympathising with the agents,—breathlessly regarding the situations,—impelled by every change of interest, and at length echoing with an involuntary groan the fatal knell of the catastrophe. To effect this, shows the wizard power of genius,—which is to be estimated far above the herculean strength of talent.

The real force of intellect, we ap-

prehend, is shown in the conception of natural results; and to these the author of *Mirandola* advances at once, in the simplest, most direct, and most certain manner. One of his broken exclamations—a parenthesis—a repetition of words varying their accent—will often give evidence of more absolute power of thought, and more penetrating feeling, than a thousand nervous tirades of sentiment, or florid exhibitions of what is called imagination, would do. The reason is, that by these he marks his knowledge of the operation of human passion, and the display of human emotion; shows what fine and complicated sympathy with the varieties of human nature and accident, exists in his mind; and imparts to the spectator a sudden and vivacious consciousness of the weight and extent of the interest. Words may act like touches of Ithuriel's spear; revealing things in their real properties by a start. We know of no author that conveys to them more of this awakening faculty than Mr. Cornwall.

The perplexity of the piece, as most of our readers, probably, by this time, know, turns on an event, which may at first strike many as scarcely fitted for public exhibition. A father has married the lady who loves, and is beloved by, his son: but, though we are no friends to violent attacks on the instincts of morality and social order, made for the purpose of producing effect on the principle of convulsion,—there is not, we think, a word to be said fairly against the author of *Mirandola*, either as having fashioned his plot to excite interest by undue violence in deficiency of skill,—or as having improperly violated the reserve to which every man of honour and judgment will be inclined to adhere, in regard to those crimes and misfortunes which excite horror rather than indignation or pity.—Mr. Cornwall does not seem to us to have transgressed against any sound rule, either of taste, or moral principle. The embarrassment in his play, is one that has a terrible cause, but not an *unnatural* one. It does not even involve licentious feeling, far less any disgusting passion. The parties have been placed unawares in a fearful situation towards each other; but the springs of nature run pure and

clear in their hearts, though the stream of their current is lashed to foam.—It is a proof of our author's great dexterity, as well as of his poetical amenity, that he has wrought out his catastrophe, in the very fullness of agony, despair, and death, without making any of the principal agents *guilty*. There is, indeed, a guilty person in a subordinate condition, whose contrivances have caused the sad mistake; but accident might have done as much. Neither tyranny, nor selfishness, nor duplicity, animate either father or son.—The unhappy lady has not been treacherous to her virgin love,—nor does she prove false to her marriage vow. The misery comes attended by innocence; and the author has his reward for the purity of such a conception, in the increased pathos which this circumstance brings to bear on the sensibility of the spectator.

For dramatic construction, we would praise this piece in almost unqualified terms. With the exception of the first scenes, where the author introduces his serious action in a strain of light elegance, for which neither the audience nor the actors seemed perfectly prepared, the anxious expectation is carried on progressively increasing; though, at every instant, it would seem to have reached its climax. In the third act we are led to say—surely no more can be done to prolong, far less to add to the interest?—yet still it gradually rises to the catastrophe, when the agony drops headlong into that dark oblivious gulph, where suffering is for ever quieted, and “the weary are at rest.” The author has effected this desirable progression by excellent management, though by the simplest means. There is no second plot,—which would be peculiarly inappropriate in such a piece as this, where the principal interest is so engrossing. The father and son sustain our attention all the way through; the glow of our feelings for them is not suffered to cool by diversion: but a masterly revolution is made to take place in the relative position of the two chief characters, which infuses fresh vigour into the march of the play, and renews the suspense, and the anxiety. The son at first thinks himself injured by his father; and addresses reproaches

to him, which the pride of parental and marital authority cannot well brook. The duke of Mirandola, the parent, is conscious that he acted fairly and openly in suing for Isidora's hand: his son was supposed dead, nor when alive had he ever observed his attachment to the lady. Guido, on the other hand, has reason to do more than suspect his father of treachery: he had written letters announcing his recovery, which the machinations of Isabella had caused to miscarry; and as, just before his return, the duke learns, for the first time, that Guido had cherished a passion for Isidora, now the duchess, this startling intelligence throws embarrassment into the manner of the young soldier's reception, which seems to confirm his unfavourable opinions. The grief and resentment of the son, therefore, are the active agents in the first part of the piece, and they are met by the dignified patience, covering the princely displeasure, and natural chivalrous haughtiness, of the duke his father. But in the third act the tide of passion turns: the husband is stung by jealousy; the habits of power assist the violence of the frenzy, —and his moral being, and physical frame, are shaken to pieces in the terrible agitation. He threatens deadly vengeance, and is himself the chief victim. There is the quick sensibility of a noble nature in the duke's bosom: his age may be supposed not to pass the prime of manhood; he loves his wife to distraction; and the majesty of his soul stoops with pain to the unseemliness of suspicion and anger. He is hurt for his son, and hurt for himself: until at length he thinks he is wronged and deceived, and then he allows the rankling mortification, which he had repressed, to burst forth and swell into rage and a desire of revenge. The elevation of his imagination, however, is perpetually throwing his despair back from indignation into pathos and melancholy. "Your son asks to see you," one says to him:—he replies,

We will meet—hereafter:

In the world, never. In the grave perhaps—

In the dark common chamber of the dead
We'll visit, where upon his shadowy steed
(Pale as a corpse) the speechless phantom
rides,

Our king and enemy: there, friends and
foes

Meet without passions, and the sickly light
That glimmers thro' the populous homes of
death

Will be enough to find us. We shall know
Each other there, perhaps.

In the last fatal scene, where the mistaken notion of his son's guilt drives him to the fatal resolution of condemnation:—nothing can be more fearful than the manner of delivering the awful mandate.

Duke. Come hither, slave!

You, sirrah! what's your name?—no matter: Take

Yon man into the palace-court, and there—
Come nearer—near. [*Whispers officer.*
Remember!

Isid. (*Shricks.*) Ha!—What's that?

Oh! mercy, mercy. Spare him—spare us
both,

My Lord!—O husband!

Guido is removed—

Duke. [*Sinks down.*] He's gone!

Isid. A moment stop!—My lord! my
lord!

Spare him! I'll kneel to you, and wet the
dust

With tears. Oh! husband: my dear husband! speak!

I,—Isidora—Isidora, whom

You loved so once, am here—here on my
knees,

Before the world,—in the broad light. My
lord!

Give him but time,—a word—do you hear
that?

A word will clear him. Will you not listen? Oh!—

Cruel, oh! cruel! Mercy, yet;—oh, God!
[*Isidora falls before him.*

Piero. [*after a pause.*] Shall we not
help the Duchess?

Curio. Stay, stay: he

Begins to move.

Piero. He looks like marble with those
fixed eyes.

Curio. Ha! those are heavy tears.

Officer. Hark!

Duke. Mercy!—

No more of that. I am a desolate man:
Much injured; almost mad. I want—I'll
have

Vengeance—tremendous vengeance! Ha!
pale thing;

I will not tread upon her. Tears? what,
tears?

Take her away. [*Isidora is taken out.*

What remains but to add that
proof of his son's innocence is almost
immediately afforded him.

Duke. My son! where is my son? Is
no one gone

To stop my orders? Go—some more. I'll sit

Here, while the Heavens are trembling.
(*A distant report of Musquetry is heard.*)

Ha! [Sinks down.]

(*After a short pause, Casti re-enters.*)

Casti. My lord!

Duke. Ha! my good messenger, a word, a word;

But one: I'll give my Dukedom to you, —all.

Tell me he lives. Swear it. 'Tis my command.

Casti. Alas! it was too late. We can but pray.

Duke. Rain down your blights upon us!

Casti. Sir, be calm.

Duke. Sulphur and blistering fire. I want to die:

Unloose me here, here: I'm too tight.— Some one

Has tied my heart up; no, no; here, Sir, here.

All round my heart, and round my brain, —quick, quick—

I'm burning.—Hush! a drug—a—

Casti. Hold him up.

Duke. Some dull—some potent drink.

I'll give—I'll give

The world away for peace. Oh! round my heart,

And—Ah! unloose this cord about my throat.

Has no one mercy here? I am the Duke,— The Duke. Ha!—I am—nothing.

Casti. Raise his head.

Now, my dear lord.—

Duke. O my poor son! my son!

Young victims—both so young—so innocent.

But they are gone. I feel as I could sleep—

Sleep—hush! for ever. My poor son!— [Dies.]

Some faults have been found with the mechanical contrivances of the plot, and, perhaps, justly: the circumstance of the ring, which leads the duke to believe his wife and son false,—and that of losing the letters, which leads to the discovery of their innocence, are too hackneyed and clumsy. Half an hour's thinking would have furnished better expedients—but we are ourselves very much inclined to deem such things trifles. It is not so with many, however:—there are numbers who are knowing and severe on these points, and, therefore, our author should have been more on his guard. Isabella's final escape from punishment too, has been objected to; but not justly, we think. Vice has rendered her abject: who thinks of her?

she is unworthy of a thought from any one above a hangman.

A word now of the actors:—the writer of this notice is not in the frequent habit of going to the theatre—his department in the Magazine being that of the essays and fracas; and it may, perhaps, be in part owing to this circumstance, that he was so much struck by Macready's elegant and spirited representation of Mirandola. Yet he cannot but think, that, although novelty might give him a peculiarly high relish for the excellencies of this actor's performance, it did not, and could not, deceive him into the belief of beauties which did not exist. Macready both looked, and acted, the high-spirited sensitive Prince, as if he had been a reflection from the clear pages of Boccaccio, or one of Titian's portraits re-animated. To his dress we can apply no term short of exquisite: it was more picturesque than magnificent,—yet rich enough to coincide with the high state of the wearer, at a period when the divisions between the classes of society were marked by external indications of the most striking kind. The powerful were then grander objects of sight than the common people; they emulated the distinctions of nature herself, between the glorious and the mean objects of the earth. The prince towered above the slave and peasant as the oak towers above the bramble. The general character of Macready's performance we would describe as *delicately discriminative*—with the exception of some forced and false transitions of voice, which, without hesitation, we set down as bad and inexcusable imitations of Kean:—Charles Kemble's, on the other hand, was sometimes incorrect in the subtle parts, and of a more common order in the strong. Yet the author owes much to the latter gentleman, as well as to the former: nothing can be conceived more splendid and effective than Mr. Kemble's declamation; nothing more impressive than the manner in which Mr. Macready conveyed the swellings of passion, the alternations of tenderness and violence, and the deep agony of final despair. His tone of exclamation, at those heart-smiting words—"I WANT TO DIE"—which are alone sufficient to establish the author's claim to genius in the highest

acceptation of the term,—was worthy of the conception which inspired them. It came upon our ears as the voice of a suffering beyond that of death-pangs—beyond torture—beyond patience, or endurance.

Miss Foote, as the ill-fated Duchess, had a dangerous competitor with her sorrow in her beauty: we should have sympathised more entirely with the former, but for the dazzling effect of the latter. To be as pretty as she is, is surely to be shielded against every mental suffering, more serious than a morning's pet, or an evening's fit of the sullen. Yet, if this lady were less fascinating as a woman, we suspect we should have a good deal to say in her praise, on the present occasion, as an actress. We are much mistaken if we did not frequently discover, when her eyes happened to be turned to the other side of the house from that where we sat, signs of a quick and delicate perception of the true interest of her scenic situation:—she seemed to bend, like a graceful willow, under the rude gust,—pliable to the impulse, yet elegant and elastic in prostration.

Mr. Abbot, as the friend of Guido, completely filled his part, and added much to the general vigour and truth of this most successful and captivating performance. The house was crowded to overflow on the first night; and the piece still runs with the same effect.

As You Like It, which has been lately brought forward at Covent Garden, is the finest of all pastorals. The Amyntas—the Pastor Fido—the Gentle Shepherd—what are they in comparison with this? Even Comus, and Ben Jonson's, and Fletcher's, beautiful Dramas, must give way before it. It is like one of Boccaccio's hundred evergreens—fashioned into a garland by the hand of a poet. It has something of every thing that is good: there is philosophy, and poetry, and love, and humour, and wit, and music, and melancholy that has no canker,—not preying upon the mind till the bloom of the cheek is destroyed,—but itself the food of a humourist; there is everything which a reasonable man can hope to find in a pastoral Drama, and far more.

We are at first introduced at court, and are made acquainted with the usurping Duke, and with Celia, and Rosalind, in their richer dresses; but we are glad to escape with the fair cousins, from the pomp and heartless presence of royalty, to the streams and the meadows; and we feel that we are indeed free, and about to enjoy ourselves, when we are let loose upon the pleasant glades that run through the Forest of Arden.

Rosalind, and Jaques, and Touchstone, are the great people of the play. Rosalind has, perhaps, (may we venture to say so?) too much wit for a woman; and yet we do not wish that she had less. She is a delightful combination of gentleness and smart gaiety: she is just what we should desire our sister to be, but her tongue runs almost too fast for a wife. We love to hear her prattle and joke, but we at the same time think that Orlando is a bold man to venture on such a match; and begin to wish, when we have arrived at the end of the play, that she had not gone quite so directly against established decorum. Yet, after all, we love her, and wish her happy, and quit her with a full determination to resume our acquaintance at a future day. Touchstone is the fit servant of such a mistress. He seems to have collected all the wit of the court, and to let it run out upon every occasion, to the astonishment of every body less well-bred than himself: even *he* has a sylvan turn, and adopts the maiden Audrey, in order to show his unsophisticated taste. But Jaques is (to us) the great charm of this drama; he appears to have been born for no other purpose than to moralize

Under the shade of melancholy boughs—

and to waste his goodnatured spleen upon his fellow foresters. He is a man fit to enjoy a lazy noon in summer; or to be companion with the robin and the field-fare, when the skirts of the woods are white with snow. He is overflowing with a sad and pleasant humour; and he has a vein of satire withal, which would run to bitter, were it not neutralized by the indolence of his nature. What a picture (we have often thought) he would make, lying at his length,

Beside the brook that brawls along the wood,—

and stopping with his hunting spear the weeds, and floating straws, which the current carried onwards in its flow! We have heard some slight objections made to Macready's Jaques; but, to us, it appeared a most delightful portrait, and we sometimes wondered how this high and spirited tragedian could tame down his buoyancy, and become so listless and idle as he seemed. There is a something in this which we do not quite understand: there is a mastery of the muscle, and a power over the eye, and the voice, which we would fain ourselves acquire.

Charles Kemble's Orlando is excellent; it is one of his very best performances. Mrs. Davison played Rosalind very cleverly, though she is not so young as she was; yet has she a pleasant wit, and we will not be the persons to object to her, because years have matured her acting, or because we remember her more lightsome and less judicious than she now is. Fawcett is, and always was, a capital Touchstone; and Mrs. Gibbs looks like the sun-flower, in the Chinese hat which she wears, when she so unwittingly entraps the affections of the courtly clown. Mr. Duruset is a very delicate and touching singer. We could hear him sing *Under a greenwood tree*, twenty times a day, and rise up at last without fatigue.

DRURY LANE.

Montalto.—This theatre has also produced a tragedy, but its fate was unfortunate. We will not on that account, however, condemn it again. On the contrary, we think that it contained much clever and pleasant writing, and the style of it was decidedly better than that of some tragedies which have met with more success. The title of this play was *Montalto*, and it has been ascribed to a gentleman of the name of Lindsay.

Miss Wilson, who has made her debut at Drury Lane, has not shamed the prologue which announced her. We were sadly afraid, we confess, that Mr. Elliston's red letters would amount to little or nothing, but we have been agreeably disappointed. The lady is a powerful singer:—al-

though not so sweet (by no means so sweet) as Miss Stephens, and without that rich and almost cloying melody that surrounds the lower tones of Miss Tree, she has a voice of greater compass than either. The manner in which she sings *Monster away*, in Arne's Opera of *Artaxerxes*, shows at once, how completely she can sustain her full and powerful notes. There is no relapse, and no evasion,—no trilling or cadencing to hide a weakness of voice; but the stream of sound is finely and unremittingly kept up, till the period arrives for its change. Independently of this, she has good execution, and a confidence in herself. Her lower notes seem thick, and her voice sometimes degenerates into harshness, but she is a great acquisition to the musical world—and to Mr. Elliston everything. Yet,—if comparisons were not odious—we would say that, although she astonishes us, we do not hang upon her tones as we do on those of Miss Stephens: they do not so remain with us after she is gone: nor is there that strange luxury of sound in her voice, which Miss Tree showers forth, like notes from a stringed instrument;—but we have ample evidence, nevertheless, that she is a powerful singer. Why is it then that we play the critic's part? Because we must: and, perhaps, because she seems to have so complete a confidence in herself. Is it because she sings the air, (a mere bravura) of *The Soldier tired*, better than the earlier songs, where there is sentiment as well as sound? We believe there is something in this. She will have better opportunities of showing whether or not she can appreciate the higher qualities of music; and we shall wait for her appearance in the Beggar's Opera before carrying our remarks further.

The Covent Garden Pantomime of "Friar Bacon," continues to be acted. It is excellent; for the tricks are good, and Grimaldi is in full health and humour. It is a fine medicine for the mind, and may be advantageously administered to children of all ages, from ten to twenty. We recommend it with confidence to our readers.

A.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. XII.

THE season, like the spirit of Anacreon, in the famous song composed for the meeting held under his name, now bids

Voice, fiddle, and flute,
No longer be mute.

The whole circle of singers, players, publishers, and teachers, whose town-trade is but for half a year, are reviving from the torpidity of summer; when, as a contrast to the "music of the groves," nature hath ordained the metropolitan choir to be silent.

Concerning the Opera little is yet certainly known; but it is generally understood that the direction will reside in a committee of noblemen and gentlemen; and the management be delegated to Mr. Ayrton—a gentleman whose science, accomplishments, and urbanity, peculiarly fit him for the difficult and dangerous office.

The City Amateur Concerts have commenced, with great satisfaction to the subscribers. Those yet to come will take place on the 8th and 22d of February, and 15th of March.

The Philharmonic Society will hold their first concert on the 26th of February, at the Argyle Rooms, and continue their meetings fortnightly till June 11.

A new series of Concerts is announced to take place, under the patronage of the Marchioness of Salisbury, and other ladies of quality, at a new room in St. Martin's Lane, under the title of THE MUSÆODEUM. Madame Camporese, Mrs. Salmon, and other performers of celebrity, are announced as having been engaged.

On the 18th of January Miss Wilson, the long anticipated pupil of Mr. Welsh, concerning whose abilities we spoke some months ago, made her *debut* as *Mandane*, in Arne's *Artaxerxes*, at Drury Lane. The house was crowded, and her success was complete. The young candidate, at first, laboured under the embarrassments naturally incident to a situation of such trial; but, gradually recovering her self-possession, she was at length able to give a full display of her fine natural talents and scientific acquirements. Her voice, though

powerful, is sweet rather than rich; more resembling that of Billington, than of Catalani,—a circumstance which probably arises as much from the difference between English and Italian methods of instruction, in the early formation of this grand requisite, as from organization: its upper notes appear to be the best; and Miss Wilson evinces, by her power of attenuating the tone to the least possible audible sound, its entire ductility, and the perfection of her practice at once. Neither her articulation, nor her shake, are as perfect as they will probably become; nor, indeed, can any parts of her execution have yet, by numberless degrees, attained their mature beauty and finish. Her promise is certainly abundant; and if her style be not injured by the coarseness which singing on the stage, and the incessant demand the public are apt to make for novelty, are but too liable to produce—combined with the relaxation both of attention and physical strength, but too generally incident to first success, and incessant fatigue,—Miss Wilson will rise much higher, even than she stands at present, in vocal art. She also enjoys other dramatic requisites in a good figure, and graceful action and demeanour. This new addition to the ability of Drury Lane, has determined the manager to give Operas three nights in the week: and, indeed, possessing Mr. Braham, Madame Vestris, and Mr. Horn, it may be said that the vocal power of an English Theatre has seldom before been at so high a pitch.

Hopes are still entertained that Mr. Bartleman will recover sufficient health to resume his professional labours. No man is so much missed from the orchestra. It is said Mr. Cutler, who has graduated in music at Oxford, and is known by his compositions, is about to appear as a bass singer.

We mentioned some time since, a charge of plagiarism from Mr. Clementi, brought against Mr. John Cramer, in the Quarterly Musical Review. That composer has appended to a publication of some of Abel's works, a sketch of his early

musical studies; with a view, as it should seem, to abate the impression of his being under as much obligation to Mr. Clementi's instructions, as it has been generally understood he is. Towards the end of his letter, he alludes to the charge made in the Quarterly Musical Review; but it is something singular that, instead of contradicting or refuting it, he turns off to insinuate, by a quotation from Bach, describing in what spirit criticism ought to be conducted, that the charge in question was malicious and unfounded. Such an evasion will, however, hardly serve. The charge was direct, and was supported by a complete analysis and comparison of the two works; and, in point of fact, there can be no doubt that Mr. Cramer's was an absolute and wilful parody of Mr. Clementi's Octave Sonata. Why a composer of such eminence as Mr. Cramer allowed himself to be tempted into such an act of disrespect or hostility, towards one of his earliest friends, remains still therefore to be explained. The case is certainly not mended by Mr. Cramer's mere insinuation, (which he substantiates by no sort of proof,) against the justice or the temper of his reviewer. The same work, by the way, has, in the last number, detected a similar infringement upon the intellectual property of Mr. Bochsa, committed by Mr. Meyer,—in a work, under the title of *Fourteen progressive Lessons, and Preludes, for the Harp*, recently published by the Royal Harmonic Institution. Many of these are shown to be borrowed from Bochsa's Twelve Lessons, originally printed in France, and republished, in England, by Chappell and Co.

Mr. Horsley, in his quality of organist to the Asylum, has liberally prepared, and presented to that charity, a collection of the Hymn and Psalm tunes, sung during the service there. We have rarely met with a publication that manifests such purity of judgment and feeling, both in the compositions and selections, as this book; nor can the devout, who wish to employ music on Sunday evenings, as well as the admirers of sound taste, easily find such simple and truly sublime and beautiful specimens of devotional harmony as are here to be met with. Most of these compo-

sitions are set for two voices; but may be performed by one or both, without detriment to the effect, at pleasure.

Mr. Lanza's *Little lovely Rose de Meaux*, is a song of much variety and beauty. The melody is light, airy, and pleasing; and the accompaniment happy. This song affords a curious proof that vocal music may be rendered agreeable, and even interesting, without any particular sentiment, by exciting a train of emotions, which we are tempted to call pleasurable perceptions.

Rondo pour le Pianoforte, par F. Kalkbrenner, is an elegant composition, simple in its construction, but has, perhaps, rather too much sameness. It is less elaborate than many of Mr. K.'s productions, and consequently presents fewer difficulties of execution.

A *Waltz and March*, arranged as duets for the pianoforte, by the same composer, are easy little pieces; evidently intended for beginners. The waltz is very superior to the early lessons we are accustomed to see.

The 8th, 9th, and 10th numbers of the *Caledonian Airs*, by Mr. Burrows, have lately appeared, leaving but two to complete the set. The subjects "*Oh, saw ye my Father; Tweed Side; and Morry Lauder;*" are treated with full as much ability as has been evinced in the foregoing numbers,—which is high praise.

The first number of a set of *Quadrille Rondos*,—advertised to be carried on by the most eminent masters, is from the same hand. The introduction is very sweet, and the subject agreeably handled. The piece promises well for the succeeding parts.

The Songs, Duets, and Glees, introduced into Shakspeare's Twelfth Night, selected and composed by H. R. Bishop. The interspersions of music with the scenes of our bard is one of the circumstances which may be taken as symptomatic of the necessity of some change in the preparation of our musical dramas. Last year we had the Comedy of Errors thus dished up, and now a second instance occurs. Storace selected from the Italian Operas. Mr. Bishop has written upwards of forty works for the stage, and now he appears to fly to selection, while entire Operas have yield-

ed to these musical plays. Mr. B. has in both taken a very judicious part, and one not less ingenious than judgmatical. His own compositions are particularly original, at the same time the music has a quaintness that assorts well with the age of the poetry. With a like regard to chronology, he has adapted the part songs to music of our old composers, and in this compilation, we find *From the fair Lavinian Shore*, *When first I saw your face*, and other such, well arranged to Shakspeare's words. His own compositions are entitled to great praise, particularly the duet, *Orpheus with his Lute*, which, except that it partakes of the manner of his former production, *As it fell upon a day*, bears no resemblance to any thing we know; it is also fanciful and expressive. The songs, too, range well with the rest, and we have seldom seen of late so beautiful an adaptation, (which we suppose it to be) as *Bid me discourse*, a truly elegant and beautiful song. Upon the whole this publication has far more to recommend it than the generality of works for the stage.

The Bird Catcher, arranged by T. H. Little, from *Il flauto magico*, forms an easy and pretty lesson for beginners.

Hilton House, an air with variations, for the harp, by Weippert, combines some difficulties of execution with lightness and variety.

Come chace that starting tear away, with variations, by W. Eavestaff. The air is well sustained through six brilliant, and somewhat difficult variations.

Sweet Richard, performed at the

congress of Welch Bards at Wrexham, with variations, by John Parry. The air is light, and its effect much increased by the additional diversity it receives throughout the several variations.

L'amour perdu, a divertimento by Mr. Wright, is an elegant little piece. It has more variety and spirit than usually attend lessons for young performers.

Fantasia, in which is introduced an *Air Russe*, with *Variations*, by J. B. Cramer. These variations, founded on a very simple air, are novel and singular. Their construction is extremely complicated, and generally require great stretch of hand. The variations on Mozart's *Deh Prendi un Dolce Amplesso*, by the same composer, partake of the usual elegance of Mr. Cramer's pieces. The introduction is particularly graceful. The latter is the most simple, and on the whole more agreeable, which probably arises from the decided superiority of the theme.

No. 5 of the Operatic Airs by Cipriani Potter. The theme, *the Carpet Weaver*, is well wrought up into several somewhat curious variations. Much art is displayed in the construction of many of them, and the last, under the form of a Bolero, makes a spirited conclusion. The eighth variation is extremely elegant.

Duet for the Pianoforte, by Latour, on a very elegant little French air *Oui Clair de la lune*. This duet possesses the several attributes of Mr. Latour's style, elegance, lightness, brilliancy, and agreeable melody.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Architectural Antiquities.—That this branch of archæology is cultivated in Germany, as sedulously as among ourselves, is evident from the numerous embellished works on the subject which have, of late, appeared in that country. Among the more recent ones is Hundeshagen's *Historical and Graphic Account of the Palace of the Emperor Frederic—1st Barbarossa*, at Gelnhausen. This interesting work is illustrated by thirteen plates, of views, plans, elevations, sections, and details. The volume (consisting of eighty folio pages) is divided into two sections, the former of which is historical, the latter, descriptive.

One of the most beautiful and most perfect features of this edifice, is the portal of the great hall, the author indeed extols it in the most unqualified manner: "it will not be easy," says he, "to meet with another monument so indicative of the excellence which the plastic arts had obtained in the middle ages, and with which we are yet but imperfectly acquainted,—or comparable to this portal for propriety of form, solidity, beauty, and proportion of its details; in all these respects, it is far superior to that of the Alhambra." The work concludes with some observations on the character of the edifices built under the Saa-

bian emperors; on the origin, and the gradual progress, of the architecture then employed, and on its merits as far as concerns beauty of form; together with some considerations as to its practical application at the present day.—Another work of considerable graphic beauty is, *Picturesque Views of the Abbey of Klosterneuberg*, delineated and engraved by the brothers Philip and Henry Reinhold, with an historical explanation by W. Giska, Vienna, 1820. These plates possess great beauty of execution, yet are more calculated to delight the eye of the painter, than to satisfy the curiosity, or add to the information of the architect. The literary part of the volume gives a concise but interesting history of the building, and the principal events connected with it.

Architectural Lectures.—Mr. Elmes lately concluded his valuable Series of Lectures at the Russell Institution, by a review of the state of Architecture from the conclusion of the reign of George II. to the present time, in which, though he paid some compliments to the taste of the late Mr. Wyatt, &c. and pointed out some beauties in some of the structures erected during that period, he gave us but an indifferent opinion of the talents of the Architects, and of the beauty and constructive excellence of the edifices. At the present time the dawning relish for the pure Greek has given way to the worst manner of the debased styles of the Romans, and the Surveyor-General of George IV. has largely contributed to the degradation. The details of the new street in Westminster are teeming with defect. The Lecturer considered the low state of Architecture in this country to be occasioned by the want of an effective Institution for its promotion, for it was absurd to call the Royal Academy an Academy of Architecture, and the Dilettanti Society is rather a collector of drawings from ancient works, than an originator and effective promoter of Architectural talent. Here he contrasted the numerous and immense facilities supplied to the students in Paris, compared to the very restricted means of study afforded to the Architectural students in the Royal Academy, which excited but did not satisfy an appetite for the art. He praised the iron bridges of the metropolis, and the stone ones of Westminster and Blackfriars, but severely censured as pseudo architectural the decorations of Waterloo-bridge. He considered our bridges to be our noblest modern works, and gave to our countrymen the praise of being the exclusive inventors of iron ones. The eye is most astonished by the appearance of modern bridges, but the mind is most satisfied with the ancient. He concluded by a comprehensive summary of his Lectures. We were enlightened and much gratified with

this Series. Mr. Elmes's enunciation is distinct, but there is a monotony of voice that gives to every sentence nearly the same elevation at their commencement, and the same cadences at the end. The full effect was therefore diminished of the impression arising from his just appreciation of pure Architecture, and his sarcastic hits at defective plans and details of building. He appears to be master of its theory and to possess a correct taste, and we are glad that of such a Lecturer we are able to announce his being engaged to discourse in the spring on the philosophy of his art at the Surrey Institution.

Mr. Kean at New York.—We have been favoured with letters and newspapers from New York to the 10th ult. The critiques of the American writers on his debut in Richard, resemble those of London in variance of opinion. The National Advocate applauds him to the echo, and ascribes the hoarseness of his voice to the cold current of American air which rushes on the stage. The Evening Post is also his enthusiastic admirer. But The American takes the opposite side, O. P. versus P. S. and accuses him of drawling in the dialogue as if he were weighing it in his study for public delivery, rather than delivering it to the public. They all agree, however, that though the evening was wet the theatre was crammed. The Othello, (his second part, which we think is best), is not so well spoken of. The private communications are more particular. One says that the only editor adverse to Kean is Johnson Oerplank, of the American, who is a relation of Cooper's; and thus revenges some harsh criticisms upon Cooper written by a man named Agg (a friend of Maywood's, who plays with Kean). Another states, that the audiences have been much divided in opinion—some admire Kean's excellency, while others revolt at his extraordinary manner and voice. Yet he improves so generally on acquaintance, that he has even moved the New York houses to shout bravo! (a rare innovation on their heretofore sober critical fashion) though they have not got the length of huzzaing and hat-waving, practised by the enlightened frequenters of Drury Lane. A third letter mentions, that persons have come all the way from Philadelphia, (90 miles) to see him perform: it is therefore no wonder that the temporary theatre should draw, as it has done, 1000 dollars per night, which it hardly did before in a week. Kean has renewed his engagement till January, and was on the 10th to act Lear for his own benefit. After closing at New York he goes to Philadelphia; and we rejoice to hear that his habits are temperate and respectable.—*Literary Gazette.*

Mr. Haydon's Picture in Edinburgh.—As Mr. Haydon's aim is to raise the

character of British art, by fixing public attention most regardfully upon the loftiest of its objects, we feel no common pleasure in announcing the success of his grand picture in Edinburgh, where it was enthusiastically welcomed by all classes, on the private day being as crowdedly attended as in London, and on the first public day greater in proportion to the population than in London. As an evidence that his talents have a weight of genius, that, however it may have been in a degree recommended by the admiration of the Literary, lifts itself up into fame, the popularity of this fine work has already established itself in a city where he is not understood to have had at any time a single son of the Muses to bespeak him a passport to public notice. Among particular reasons may be adduced a greater simplicity of taste in the greater part of the visitors, who judge more from a feeling unsophisticated by impressions derived from third rate painters, who, till the higher feeling for art has taken a deep root, give a false tone to taste, except in the more refined few who have had frequent opportunities of cultivating their relish for the higher beauties of the Italian painters.

The Royal Mint.—The Mint is coming into full activity: and we are informed, that preparations have been made for coining ten millions of guineas within the year 1821. By the time the process is in complete operation, the issues will amount to 200,000 per week.

Singular Character.—A. M. Azais has just published at Paris a work called "On the Lot of Man in all Ranks of Life: on the Lot of Nations in all Ages: and more especially on the present Lot of the French People." In the preface is the following singular invitation:—

"I live in the heart of Paris, in a solitary house, surrounded by a fine garden. Every day for two hours I shall be at the disposal of any person who may wish to procure one of my books, and to discuss the principles of it with me, from two to four in winter, and in summer from six until dusk. It will be very agreeable to me to form by this means an acquaintance with the lovers of science and philosophy; to stroll with them in my little domain, to reply to their questions and observations; and to profit by the information which they may give me, or which they may excite me to seek for myself. If I could venture to invent a word which should describe the nature of our confidential intercourse, I would say that we will 'platonize' together, under the constant guidance of nature and philosophy."—*Literary Gazette.*

Newly constructed Cart.—A cart, worked by two men instead of horses, the invention of the Rev. Dr. Cartwright, of mechanical celebrity, made its appearance a fortnight since, at Covent Garden Market. The

cart and its contents weighed 15 cwt., and was worked a distance of about 30 miles.

Philological Travels.—Professor Rask, of Copenhagen, the author of a Treatise on the Origin of the Northern Languages, is now employed in travelling through Asiatic Russia, for the purpose of collecting information, with regard to the various idioms and languages of that extensive country, and of ascertaining what relationship exists between them and the Slavonian and northern European dialects.

New Life of Cervantes.—The Madrid academy have published a new edition of Don Quixote, with an entire new series of embellishments; and, instead of the biographical memoir prefixed to the other editions, they have given a fifth or supplementary volume, containing a life of the Author, written by Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete. This is far superior to any of the preceding biographies of Cervantes; containing a number of well authenticated facts hitherto unnoticed; and it is rendered still more interesting by the information it gives respecting the contemporaneous history and literature of Spain, as well as by the sound critical taste which it exhibits. M. Navarrete has composed several other excellent historical and economical works, which are greatly esteemed by his countrymen; one of the latest of these is a dissertation on the part which the Spaniards took in the Crusades, and on the influence which their maritime expeditions at this period had upon commerce. This production displays great erudition, and a perfect acquaintance with the points of history which it undertakes to illustrate.

Lady of the Lake.—Two German Translations of this beautiful production of Sir Walter Scott, appeared in the course of the year 1819; one at Leipzig, the other at Essen. The former of these is by Mad. Schubart, who has likewise translated the Ballads of the same poet—the latter version is from the pen of Dr. Adam Starck, professor at Bremen. Both possess considerable merit: that by the professor, conveys a more exact idea of the style and peculiar manner of the original, as it adheres to the measure and versification; while Mad. Schubart has, not very judiciously, adopted the regular octave stanza of the Italian school; which, whatever be its beauties, or its merits, does not accord with the wild and lyric cast of the original. In the number of the Isis, for last August, parallel extracts, of considerable length, are given from the opening of the poem, and are printed in opposite columns.

Italian Literature.—From a recent coup-d'œil of the literary productions of Italy, for 1819, it appears, that during that period, the press was fully employed, if not on any modern work of particular merit, at

least in ushering into the world many hitherto inedited pieces, and likewise new editions of the most popular authors, both the earlier classic ones, and those of later date, such as Parini, Denina, Gozzi, Alfieri, &c. &c. There are also two extensive collections of the best modern Italian writers, which deserve to be noticed here—that by Silvestri now extended to 79 vols. in 16mo., (this, however, contains some of the early authors),—and another collection by Fusi, which is confined to the writers of the 18th century, has now reached its 19th volume. Many also are the editions published of the Greek and Latin classics during that year—nor was there any want of translations. Among those most deserving of being specified, are Mancini's Version of the *Iliad* into octave rhyme; Manzi's Translation of Lucian; and Nibby's of Pausanias. But it is their Translations from Modern Languages which will tend to excite the emulation of the Italians; at the same time that they present to them new models of composition. Sismondi's History of the Republics, by Ticozzi, is, by this time, completed in 16 vols. 8vo. Rassi has translated two historical works from the French; viz. Michaud's History of the Crusades, and Segur's Universal History. A new edition of Rollin, in Italian, appeared at Venice, besides many other translations from the French Language; among the rest of some of Madame Genlis' Novels; not to mention many medical, botanical, and other scientific works. England has contributed some of its most popular writers of the present day: of these, Byron and Moore are the most conspicuous. Leoni, who is known by his numerous translations from the best English Poets, has given his countrymen a Version of the 4th Canto of *Childe Harold*, under the title of *l'Italia*. The *Corsair* of the same noble author has also been translated, as has Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, (written *Lala Rook*) the latter by Gatti, of Turin. The celebrated English historian, Hume, has received two different Italian garbs, the first from the pen of Antoniotti, a second from that of the indefatigable Leoni. Among the other translations from the English, we meet with the names of Locke, Goldsmith, and Accum, besides some poems from Pope, and Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*. The German language is every day more cultivated in Italy, and a number of elementary works are produced, for the purpose of facilitating its study and acquisition, in addition to new editions of former ones. Nor is the number of the works translated from this idiom, by any means inconsiderable, while the names of Lichtenstern, Hormayr, Engel, Schiller, Meiners, &c. &c. are a pledge for the importance of the works themselves. Italy

itself has produced no very eminent poetry, with the exception of the *Satires* of Pindemonti, and De Luca. The dramatic muse, however, has been rather unusually prolific, yet many of these productions are little more than servile imitations of Alfieri; exact, indeed, as far as regards diction, and sententiousness, but destitute of the genius, the energy, and the interest of that truly great writer; among the exceptions to this poverty of intellectual merit may be placed Manzoni's *Tragedy of Carmagnola*. No comedies of particular merit appeared during 1819: neither can it be said that Italy possesses at present many good actors, or a company capable of any tolerable delineation of character, and in addition to this want of talent, there is such a gross want of industry, or even decency prevailing among performers, that they rely almost entirely on the prompter; even the Comedies of *Nota* which charm so much in the perusal by their fidelity to nature, their delineation of manner, the force of their satire, and the purity of their style—even these lose considerably of their effect in representation, owing to the wretched manner in which they are performed.

Northern Expedition.—The Gazette has announced the division of the parliamentary reward of 5000*l.*, viz. 1000*l.* to the commander, Captain Parry; 500*l.* to the commander of the *Griper*, Lieut. Liddon; 200*l.* to the other officers of the rank of lieutenants, including Captain Sabine of the artillery; about 55*l.* to the officers classed with midshipmen; and 10*l.* each to the seamen. Some promotions have also taken place. The new expedition, consisting of the *Hecla*, and (instead of the miserable little *Griper*) the *Fury* bomb, of nearly the same tonnage, will sail about the end of May. Its immediate object is not Lancaster's Sound, but Hudson's Bay, which it is appointed to explore to the north and north-west; to ascertain if any channel leads to Prince Regent's Inlet, or other part of the seas traversed last year. Should nothing of this kind be discovered, we presume that the first season will be spent; and the vessels will, in the second, again attempt to reach the Pacific Ocean by the northwest passage. That this passage exists from the longitude attained by Captain Parry, we have no doubt. The flowing of tides from the west, is a sufficient evidence that there is a passage to the Ocean in that direction. Whether or not the ice renders it eternally unnavigable, remains to be investigated. The *Hecla* is to be again commanded by Captain Parry; the *Fury*, by Lieut. Lyon, the African companion of Ritchie, who has recently returned from that quarter of the globe, and announced his journal for publication.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

The king of Naples, it appears, has accepted the invitation of the Allied Powers, to meet them at the Congress of Laybach.

German Papers contain the following declaration, addressed to the different governments of Europe by the Allied Sovereigns at Troppau, relatively to the affairs of Naples. It was delivered to the Senate at Hamburg, by the Austrian Resident Minister Baron HADEL:—

“The overthrow of the order of things in Spain, Portugal, and Naples, has necessarily excited the cares and the uneasiness of the powers who combated the Revolution, and convinced them of the necessity of putting a check on the new calamities with which Europe is threatened. The same principles, which united the great Powers of the Continent to deliver the world from the military despotism of an individual issuing from the Revolution, ought to set against the revolutionary power which has just developed itself.

“The Sovereigns assembled at Troppau with this intention, venture to hope that they shall attain this object. They will take for their guides, in this great enterprise, the treaties which restored peace to Europe, and have united its nations together.

“Without doubt, the powers have the right to take, in common, general measures of precaution against those States, whose Reforms, engendered by rebellion, are openly opposed to legitimate government, as example has already demonstrated; and, especially, when this spirit of rebellion is propagated, in the neighbouring States, by secret agents. In consequence, the Monarchs assembled at Troppau have concerted together the measures required by circumstances, and have communicated to the Courts of London and Paris their intention of attaining the end desired, either by mediation or by force. With this view they have invited the King of the Two Sicilies to repair to Laybach, to appear there as Conciliator between his misguided people and the States whose tranquillity is endangered by this state of things; and as they have resolved not to recognise any authority established by the seditious, it is only with the king that they can confer.

“As the system to be followed has no other foundation than treaties already existing, they have no doubt of the assent of the Courts of Paris and London. The only object of this system is to consolidate the alliance between the Sovereigns; it has no view to conquest, or to violations of the

independence of other Powers. Voluntary ameliorations in the government will not be impeded. They desire only to maintain tranquillity, and protect Europe from the scourge of new revolutions, and to prevent them as far as possible.”

The Prince Vicar-General, now Regent of the kingdom of Naples, issued a proclamation to the people, dated the 15th of December, on assuming his new functions, of which we transcribe the concluding passages: after some remarks on the departure and the mission of his father, he proceeds thus:—

“I remain among you Regent of the kingdom; and be assured I will do every thing in my power to return the new mark of confidence reposed in me by the nation and the king. I shall redouble my anxiety and my labours for your welfare, always pursuing exactly the career pointed out by the Constitution to which we have sworn.

“I feel secure, however, that you will always listen to my voice when in concord with that Constitution. This is the more necessary, since it is by the prudence of your conduct, at once firm and moderate, you will give force to the arguments which the king, my august parent, will offer to the Congress at Laybach in support of our national independence, and enable him to prove, by an appeal to facts, that the liberty established by the generous free-will of the Sovereign, is not a dangerous predicament, but that our true social contract has consolidated the throne by founding it on the love of the people.

“Let all, then, be of one accord, not less to sustain the rights of the nation, than to obey the appointed Constitutional Authorities, and to banish from among you all spirit of discord, which can only tend to weaken us. Let us, finally, form a solid and respected body, which may place us in the most imposing rank of nations.

Prince Cimitelli, Ambassador from the Constitutional Government of Naples at the British Court, but who has not had an audience of his Majesty, received a letter from the King of Naples, written by his own hand, requiring his immediate attendance at Laybach, to assist him in the conferences he has to endure with the Sovereigns there assembled.

An Academy for the teaching of shorthand has been opened in Lisbon for the purpose of training up reporters of public

debates, &c. A literary and political society has also been established, and orders sent to this country for a regular supply of journals, pamphlets, &c. The nomination of Deputies has already had the influence in Lisbon of raising the value of

the Government Paper. The public receipts and expenditure are now regularly published, a thing totally unknown under the *ancien regime*, and exhibit a great improvement in the finances.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

On Tuesday the 23d. His Majesty proceeded in state to open both Houses of Parliament, which he did by the following speech:

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" I have the satisfaction of acquainting you, that I continue to receive from Foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition towards this country.

" It will be a matter of deep regret to me, if the occurrences which have lately taken place in Italy should eventually lead to any interruption of tranquillity in that quarter; but it will, in such case, be my great object to secure to my people the continuance of peace.

" Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

" The measures by which, in the last Session of Parliament, you made provision for the expences of my Civil Government, and for the honour and dignity of the Crown, demand my warmest acknowledgments.

" I have directed that the Estimates for the current year shall be laid before you, and it is a satisfaction to me to have been enabled to make some reduction in our Military Establishments.

" You will observe from the Accounts of the Public Revenue, that notwithstanding the Receipts in Ireland have proved materially deficient, in consequence of the unfortunate circumstances which have affected the Commercial Credit of that part of the United Kingdom, and although our Foreign Trade, during the early part of this time, was in a state of depression, the total Revenue has nevertheless exceeded that of the preceding year.

" A considerable part of this increase must be ascribed to the new Taxes; but in some of those branches which are the surest indications of internal wealth, the augmentation has fully realized any expectation which could have been reasonably formed of it.

" The separate provision which was made for the Queen, as Princess of Wales, in the year 1814, terminated with the demise of his late Majesty.

" I have, in the mean time, directed advances, as authorised by Law; and it will, under present circumstances, be for you to consider what new arrangements should be made on this subject.

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" I have great pleasure in being able to acquaint you, that a considerable im-

provement has taken place within the last half year in several of the most important branches of our commerce and manufactures; and that in many of the manufacturing districts the distresses which prevailed at the commencement of the last Session of Parliament have greatly abated.

" It will be my most anxious desire to concur in every measure which may be considered as calculated to advance our internal prosperity.

" I well know that, notwithstanding the agitations produced by temporary circumstances, and amidst the distress which still presses upon a large portion of my subjects, the firmest reliance may be placed on that affectionate and loyal attachment to my Person and Government, of which I have recently received so many testimonies from all parts of my kingdom; and which, whilst it is most grateful to the strongest feelings of my heart, I shall ever consider as the best and surest safeguard of my Throne.

" In the discharge of the important duties imposed upon you, you will, I am confident, be sensible of the indispensable necessity of promoting and maintaining, to the utmost of your power, a due obedience to the laws, and of instilling into all classes of my subjects, a respect for lawful authority, and for those established Institutions, under which the country has been enabled to overcome so many difficulties, and to which, under Providence, may be ascribed our happiness and renown as a nation."

His Majesty quitted the House with the same state as on entering it, and the Commons retired from the Bar.

The addresses in reply to this moderate speech, passed unanimously in both Houses; ministers stating that they contemplated no further proceedings against the Queen, and the opposition intimating that they would soon regularly bring forward the question in regard to the exclusion of her Majesty's name from the Liturgy.

An Inquest has been held on the body of Elizabeth Thomas, an interesting female, twenty years of age. It appeared from the evidence, that the deceased was on a visit at her mother's residence in the New-road for some time past, during which she became acquainted with a young gentleman, who paid his addresses to the deceased, and an intimacy subsisted between them, but, in consequence of a frivolous

dispute, the young man quarrelled with the deceased, and ultimately quitted her in a passion, vowing that he never more would notice her. The deceased, up to this time, was observed to be very cheerful, but a sudden change took place in her, and she became very dejected shortly after the quarrel. She purchased some deadly poison, and took a large dose. The deceased's mother was not at home at the time, but on her coming home the fatal medicine began to operate. The deceased became very ill, and her mother immediately sent for medical aid; but the deceased had taken a sufficiency of the poison to have destroyed the lives of ten people. She became delirious, and as she lay in the bed she frequently repeated the words "Oh, Robert! Dear Robert!" the Christian name of the young man who had forsaken her; and with these expressions she died a few hours afterwards in great agony.—The Jury returned a verdict "That the deceased died in consequence of taking a quantity of poison, being at the time in a state of temporary derangement."

State of his Majesty's Gaol of Newgate
up to the 4th Jan. 1821.

	Males.	Fem.
Convicts under sentence of death	28	3
— upon whom the judgment of the Court has been respited	7	0
— under sentence of transportation for life.....	33	19
— for 14 years	12	29
— for 7 years.....	63	31
Prisoners under sentence of imprisonment for felony and misdemeanors	21	13
Committed by Commissioners of Bankrupt	3	0
For trial at the present Sessions	88	17
Admiralty Sessions	3	0
For the Assizes.....	1	0
	<hr/> 258	<hr/> 112
Total.....	370	

A dreadful catastrophe has taken place at the house of Doctor Uwin, of No. 13, Bedford-row:—Mrs. Leese, an elderly lady, in consequence of indisposition, was lately sent up to London from the country, and placed in the house of Dr. Uwin, where she occupied apartments, together with her daughter, Miss Leese, in order that she might be under the immediate attention of the Doctor. Whilst Mrs. Leese was lying sick in bed, and her daughter reading by the bedside, the female servant entered the apartment with some medicine, and having placed the candle in an awkward situation, the bed curtains caught

fire, which was not perceived till the blaze spread over the apartment. Miss Leese was so much alarmed, that she immediately rose, and in great agitation opening the back window, she precipitated herself to the pavement of the area, and pitching upon her head, fractured her skull in a dreadful manner. The servant followed the example of her mistress by throwing herself from the same window which belongs to the second floor back room apartment; she broke both her legs and her back in the fall. By this time the flames in the apartment were increasing, which, together with the groans of the unfortunate females in the yard, attracted the attention of the persons adjacent to the spot, and assistance was immediately procured. Mrs. Leese did not meet with any injury save the excessive fright she underwent, and the effect produced by the melancholy catastrophe of her daughter. Both the young women died in consequence of their hurts.

Loss of the Abeona Transport.—The Abeona transport, of 328 tons, under the charge of Lieut. Mudge, of the Royal Navy, sailed from Greenock, in October last, with settlers for the Cape of Good Hope. On the 25th November, about noon, in lat. 4 deg. North, and long. 25 deg. West, the vessel caught fire, and was burnt. Out of a crew of 21 persons, and 140 emigrants, men, women, and children, making a total of 161 persons, only 49 are saved. These are all safely landed at Lisbon, and have subsequently sailed for Greenock. The fire broke out in the after store-room, whilst the chief-mate was occupied in some necessary business there; and such was the progress of the flames, that only three small boats could be got overboard, before the flames consumed the tackle, &c. necessary for hoisting out the long-boat. In these three small boats 49 persons were received on board, with so scanty a supply of provisions, that the consequences must have been almost equally dreadful with the fate of those left on board, had not a Portuguese ship fallen in with them at day-light next morning.

London Workhouse.—This asylum for the wretched was opened for their reception on New Year's day. The committee had met early in the day for the purpose of superintending some necessary alterations in the Workhouse for the accommodation of the houseless. The object the committee profess is the saving from starvation, or the fatal effects of exposure to the cold, those who have no cognizable claim upon parish relief. Members are to be appointed from the Committee to go through the markets and search the penthouses of the metropolis nightly in search of fit objects for the notice of the Committee. During the period when shelter was afforded last winter to the poor in Mr. Hick's warehouse, 1522 persons were relieved.

A very singular and affecting case has occurred, which deserves to be recorded. The dead body of Charles Taylor was found in Hoxton-fields, and an investigation was instituted into the causes of his death. It was found out that he had lived at the Rose and Crown public house, Bunhill-row, with a young woman who was supposed to be his wife. On the morning of the fatal day Taylor left the house soon after ten o'clock in the morning, with the view of looking for work. It was his custom to return at an early hour after a disappointment. Mrs. Taylor was not alarmed at his absence until that absence far exceeded the usual hours of labour.—Her distress at his stay then became very great; and all the efforts of the landlady, who humanely represented the various circumstances which, at Christmas, were likely to keep a man from home, were ineffectual in giving consolation. The night

passed over, but the terrors of the unfortunate young woman increased with the appearance of day. On the next morning she was discovered to have committed suicide! It turned out that she was the niece of the man, and had eloped with him when he left his wife and family. The Coroner's Inquest having assembled on Taylor's body, Mr. Stirling said, he had received an anonymous letter, which was without a signature; at the same time stating, that it could not be received as evidence.—The purport of the letter was, that its author had killed Taylor in self-defence, having been attacked by him with a view to robbery.—The Jury returned the following verdict:—That Charles Taylor was killed by a pistol shot on the 22d instant; but by whom, or under what circumstances, the said pistol was fired, there was no evidence adduced to the Jury.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, January 23.)

There has been so little to call for any general observation since the date of our last month's report, that we shall not detain our readers by any preliminary observations, but refer them to the details, requesting, however, their attention to some points of comparison which we shall have occasion to notice, in the state of the commerce in certain articles of colonial produce in the last and some preceding years.

Coffee.—For a considerable time after our last report the market remained languid; and so little, in fact, doing, that the prices were almost considered as nominal till about the 11th, when there was a public sale of 282 casks, and 49 bags, the whole of which went off freely, fully supporting the previous prices by private contract, and in some instances rather higher prices were obtained. The holders by private contract were very firm; for St. Domingo 118s. were refused. In the ensuing week the demand gradually became more general, and the prices improved, 121s. being paid by private contract for St. Domingo. Public sales on the 16th, 18th, and 19th, went off with spirit; on the latter day good and fine ordinary Jamaica sold at 118s. 6d. to 122s. middling 128s. 6d. middling Demerara 132s. to 133s. The markets looked firm, with appearance of a further advance.

The high rate at which coffee has continued for several years, in comparison with any other article of colonial produce, has occasioned, as might have been anticipated, an increased importation in 1820. Yet the supply still seems inadequate to the increased consumption, as the stock in hand is now smaller than in any preceding year. The quantity in Great Britain has partially decreased for a series of years.

Stock in the West India Warehouses.

	Casks.	Bags.
Dec. 31. 1814.....	37,508.....	155,494
1820.....	7,283.....	10,171

Total importation of coffee (including East India and Brazil) into Great Britain in the following years—

	Casks.	Bags.
1818.....	52,600.....	101,900
1819.....	39,490.....	127,240
1820.....	49,400.....	117,110

Stock on hand.

	Casks.	Bags.
1818.....	16,850.....	74,700
1819.....	10,940.....	47,200
1820.....	9,220.....	39,760

Sugar.—During the Christmas week there was of course very little doing, but in the first week of the present month the demand for Moscovades was brisk and extensive, the purchases exceeding 7,000 hds. and the prices 2s. higher. The immediate cause of the improvement appeared to be a great increase in the demand, and consequent advance in the prices of refined. Some reports had been spread of the probability of a favourable alteration in the Russian Tariff, but it afterwards appeared that the proposal to admit refined sugar on more favourable terms had been rejected by the Russian government; yet, though this expected change certainly had caused the rise in the prices, the buyers have still remained confident that there will be little if any depression, as the prices have been lately very low, and they look to a general revival of trade. There has been nothing doing in foreign and East India sugars. 500 chests Havannah put up to sale on the 12th were all taken in, as were 372 boxes Havannah on the 19th. Some East India of inferior

quality went at 2s. or 3s. lower than in any previous sale. We regret to observe, that the trade of refining has been decreasing for several years. The quantity refined in 1818 was estimated at 150,000 hogsheads, in 1820, only 100,000. The cause of the great diminution in the exportation is owing to the increased number of establishments for manufacture abroad, especially at St. Petersburg and the Hanse towns; and as the supplies go direct from the place of their growth to foreign ports, it is evident that a very valuable branch of trade is leaving the country. From official accounts, the value of refined sugars exported up to Jan. 5 each year was—

1818 2,403,981*l*.

1819 2,461,706*l*.

1820 1,446,323*l*.

The official details for the year 1820 are not yet made, but there is little doubt they will show a further decline of the export trade.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette.

Dec. 30. 34*s*. 11½*d*.

Jan. 9. No return

13. 35*s*. 2½*d*.

20. 35*s*. 4½*d*.

Cotton.—The cotton market has continued in a very depressed state, and the business done altogether inconsiderable, but there is no reduction in the prices. A sale of 1000 bags at the India House drew little attention; only a few lots sold at 5½*d*, the rest being all taken in. Towards the middle of the month there was an increased demand for export. At Liverpool also the market was heavy; the buyers expecting that the first fair wind would bring large arrivals from America, and the holders being for the same reason desirous to sell.

Indigo. On the 16th there was a sale, but, as we mentioned in our last, a very small one. The prices were consequently from 9*d*. to 1*s*. 3*d*. per lb. higher, for the middling and good qualities for home consumption, and from 8*d*. to 1*s*. higher on middling and good shipping descriptions.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The rum market has continued in the same depressed state. Brandy is held at rather higher prices, but no sales are reported. According to letters received from Hamburg, dated 12th Jan. advices had been there received from St. Petersburg that it was in contemplation to raise the import duty on rum from 9 silver roubles to 20, and that on coffee from 2 to 3 roubles.

Oils.—The prices improved during the severe weather, but have since declined again. The total produce of last year's fishery is 18,500 tons: the present stock in Great Britain is about 9000 tons.

Rice.—The imports of rice from the East Indies have been one third less in 1820 than in 1819, yet the excessive supply of the preceding year, and the low prices of corn in Europe, have occasioned a com-

plete stagnation in the demand. The prices are so very low that no further supply can be anticipated. Should the harvest of 1821 be unfavourable, a great rise may be expected; and this seems the only cause likely to affect the immense stock on hand, viz. 238,000 bags. That of Carolina is about 2500 casks.

Spices.—The quantity of East India spices shipped direct to the Continent has been very considerable; the consequence has been a gradual decrease in the prices, and generally a heavy market.

Saltptre.—The imports during 1820 have been uncommonly large, the greater proportion privilege. The demand for home consumption, and for export, has also been very extensive; the stock in hand, Dec. 1820, was 10,500 tons.

Dyewoods.—The stocks in the warehouses at the close of 1820 are very deficient, compared with preceding years; yet they attract but little attention; the chief demand is for exportation.

Corn.—Though the arrivals of grain were for some days hindered by the ice in the river, the prices of the finest wheat only were temporarily affected, and the fluctuations in other grain have not been considerable. New red clover has been in great demand, and English being scarce, has advanced from 5*s* to 6*s*. per cwt. White was also much in demand at an advance of 4*s*. the cwt. At a time when the complaints of the farmers are so general, it may not be uninteresting to take a view of the average prices of wheat for the last 9 years.

Aggregate averages of Wheat per quarter, in England and Wales.

1812—133 <i>s</i> . 10 <i>d</i> .	1817—95 <i>s</i> . 0 <i>d</i> .
1813—119 <i>s</i> . 0	1818—84 <i>s</i> . 9½ <i>d</i> .
1814—77 <i>s</i> . 0	1819—73 <i>s</i> . 0
1815—65 <i>s</i> . 0	1820—65 <i>s</i> . 10
1816—54 <i>s</i> . 0	

The average of the week ending 12th Jan. was 54*s*. 7*d*.; yet still the average of the 9 years is above 85*s*.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

St. Petersburg, 29th Dec.—The importation of foreign goods is uncommonly great. Many hundred sledges have been employed in bringing over wine from Cronstadt, the cargoes of the ships that arrived last.

Riga, 29th December, 1820.—*Flax* on the spot meets with a ready sale, at the following prices: viz. Druiania and Taiesenhansen Rackitzer at 42*r*.; cut Badstub, 36*r*.; Risten Threeband, 30*r*.; Tow 15*r*. —*Corn* without demand. —*Hemp*; for clean Ukraine, 103*r*. all the money down, are asked.—The following prices, with 10 per cent. earnest, have been acceded to; viz. 111*r*. for end of May, 112 for end of June, and 113*r*. for end of July; 80*r*. all paid, are asked for Ukraine Outshot, and

70 r. for ditto Pass.—*Hemp Oil* is held at 105 r. all paid, and might probably be purchased for 110 r. with 10 per cent. down.—*Seeds* are rather more in demand. *Druiana* weighing 112 to 114 lbs. has been bought at $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{4}$ r. all down, to be delivered according to sample by the end of May, 15 to $18\frac{1}{2}$ r. banco, according to quality, and all the money down has been given for crushing linseed.—*Tallow*; yellow crown lying here, and for delivery at the end of May, is held at 160 r.; 155 r. have been offered on the last condition, and refused.

The value of Russian produce, exported from Riga to England, to the end of November, this year, is 22,055,946 r., which is equal to the exportation to all other parts of Europe together.

Odessa, 8th Dec.—The English Consulate has just given notice, that in future all vessels touching at Malta, whether on account of contrary winds, or to take in water, or to communicate with their agents, (provided they only enter the quarantine harbour) shall enjoy this permission for 48 hours, without any other charge than the usual anchorage duty, and without being obliged to deliver their papers. On the other hand, a regular Tariff has been established, instead of the former general duty of 1 per cent. on imports, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on exports.—The accounts of the late harvest in the governments of Podolia and Wolhynia are unfavourable, but the prices are notwithstanding low.

Hamburgh, 6th Jan.—*Sugar.* The steadiness of the prices of our refined goods at the end of last year has increased the demand at the beginning of this year, and a good deal of business has accordingly been done, with a small rise in the prices. This has also had a favorable effect upon Jumps, and crushed sugars. Raw, on the contrary, are purchased only for the immediate supply of our manufactories, and almost exclusively—white and brown Brazils, at 10 to 11, and 8 to $8\frac{1}{2}$ d.; white and yellow Havannah are held at prices too high for this place, in expectation of a favourable opportunity to export them. The very reduced prices of treacle lessen the demand for common brown sugar.

As our stock is sufficient for the regular supply of our manufactories during the winter, no general rise in the price is probable; though, if the navigation should be long interrupted, a temporary and partial advance may take place; the holders are therefore not disinclined to sell at the present prices. But it seems to be beyond doubt that our refined goods will experience a considerable advance, as soon as shipments can be made to the Baltic.

Amsterdam, 6th Jan.—The number of ships arrived here last year was about 2500, which is considerably more than in the year before; probably in consequence

of the productive harvest, and the increased importation of corn.—*Cotton.* The changes which will be required in consequence of the introduction of the new weights and measures, are not yet determined, but most of those who are interested in this article, seem to wish that it shall be weighed in future without turn of the scale, but the other usual conditions retained, and the prices fixed in half Netherland pounds.—*Coffee.* Some of the conditions for the sale of coffee are; casks and bales, must be weighed in Netherland pounds, without turn of the scale, and the weight stated in even or odd lbs. The casks shall be emptied, and tared, the weight noted with the addition of a Netherland lb., but in the account, 1 per cent. be deducted for good weight. The price is to be fixed in stivers, per half Netherland lbs., without allowing any deduction, besides 1 per cent. on the sale for prompt payment. The brokerage is fixed at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the amount.

The estimated importation of last year is 20 millions of lbs. by far the greatest part from our own Colonies, especially in the East Indies. Our present stock is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ million lbs. On the whole, there was a great deal of business done last year, and though it was less in the last three or four months, the prices have remained extremely firm. The stock here, as well as at London, is less than the year preceding.

Corn.—Not changed by the new system of weights and measures.

Hair and Wool.—To be sold in future by the 100 Netherland lbs. except Danish, which is sold by the Netherland lb.

Tea.—The only change is, that this article is now sold by $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. The prices have fallen considerably since the beginning of last year, and as the stock in hand is large, and great supplies are expected, an advance is hardly probable.

Sugar.—The changes to be made respecting this article, since the introduction of the new system, are not yet agreed upon; a good deal of business was done last year, and our present stock of raw goods is small, only 1800 hogsheads West India.

Naples, 2d Jan.—Business is again at a stand, except some exportations of cotton for France. This article seems to tempt speculation at this moment. Colonial produce without being much in demand, maintains its price; this is owing entirely to the consumers. Wool, and our other national productions, are without demand.

Genoa, 6th Jan.—We hoped that business would resume its usual activity after the holidays, but the very bad weather has prevented it; so that nothing has been done in goods, or in grain, except a few trifling sales for immediate consumption. No corn has been sold this fortnight, and, as supplies still arrive, a fall in price is to be apprehended.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE annual meeting of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society took place on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of December. The proceedings were very interesting. The Most Noble the Marquis Lansdown was re-elected president, with the most glowing expression of universal esteem. The premiums were awarded for live stock,—for implements,—to successful ploughmen in the matches,—and to claimants on the score of long and faithful servitude, and for bringing up large families without parish aid. The latter are classes of well-doers, whom it is both humane and politic in every sense to reward;—and, if we may apply such a word, to honor—for such comforts and distinctions as may be thus conferred, cannot fail to act as powerful antidotes to that growing indifference to industry and character, which, it is now universally agreed, attend the daily demoralizing operation of the poor laws.—We regret to perceive that decreased funds have compelled the society to economize their future distribution of premiums, as well as to decline prosecuting its former recommendations of offering new encouragements. The following communications were deemed the most important.

A paper from Mr. Bailward, reciting the success of spade husbandry, in raising crops of mangel wurzel, Guernsey parsnips, and long and short carrots. The experiments were made on a field of three acres,—after a cabbage crop, which had been dunged with eighty cart loads per acre; part of the plat being a second time manured, and a second time dug. The crops were set at wide intervals, except the carrots, which were sown broad cast. The produce was great. Some of the mangel wurzel roots were immensely large, which is attributed to their enjoying greater room, in consequence of the neighbouring roots being destroyed by the grub. This shows the efficacy of wide planting.

Admiral Coffin communicated to the society the result of an experiment made by his directions on a bed of this valuable root. From one third of the crop he caused the leaves to be plucked gradually, leaving a little green in the centre of the plant. The leaves thus obtained served as food for pigs and rabbits; but the most remarkable fact is, that this third exceeded in weight the other two thirds of the bed, of which the leaves were suffered to take their natural course.

The Society had received from the London Society of Arts some specimens of rice, and other grains, of East Indian growth, with a request that the possibility of their cultivation in England might be ascertained.

A paper on the use of pyroligneous acid, (an acid procured by the distillation of wood in close vessels,) in manufactures, and particularly in the curing of fish and meat, by Dr. Wilkinson, was read, and excited much attention. The antiseptic properties of this acid effectually preserve animal substances from putrefaction.

A motion for a petition to parliament praying an inquiry into the causes of the depression of agriculture was negatived, as not being within the province of the Society.

The premiums for stock were adjudged to Sir B. Hobhouse; Mr. R. Hughes, of Salthorpe; Mr. Nicholl, of Harnhill; Mr. John White, of Upleadon; Mr. W. Beaver, of Whaddon; Mr. J. Price, of Malvern; Mr. T. Evans, of Deerhurst; Mr. W. Smith, of Ruthford; Mr. J. M. Buckland, of Abbot's Leigh; Mr. R. Harding, and Mr. J. Redman, of Seend. The report concluded with expressing the decided good effects derived from the encouragements offered by the Society, visible in the increasing competition between the breeders, and in the manifest improvement of the stock exhibited, compared with former annual meetings.

The Tredegar exhibition at Court-y-Billa Farm, was very numerously attended on the 19th of December; and the stock shown of high excellence. Nor was the show confined to the customary animals: there was an extraordinary display of poultry, in beauty and size not to be equalled. A Muscovy duck was exhibited, weighing no less than nine pounds. Sir Charles Morgan presided, and distributed the prizes, twenty-two in number. Cups were liberally promised at the next year's show—for the best Glamorgan ox, from any county; for the best Scotch yearling bull; for the best two-year old Scotch heifer, from any county; for the best Hereford ox; for the best five acres of turnips.

Mr. Webbe Hall, the persevering advocate of the claims of the agriculturist to legislative protection, has addressed a very long letter to Mr. Robinson, the President of the Board of Trade, enforcing the right of the petitioners to such protection, by means of the imposition of heavy duties on foreign grain imported; and showing the inefficacy of the present corn bill to its declared object. We can but guard our readers against the plausible doctrines of this zealous and certainly able advocate, because, however apparently luminous his illustrations may seem, we cannot entertain a moment's doubt that the agriculturist will find little of the hoped relief from the expedients he proposes. With similar views Mr. H. has answered the letter addressed by Lord Nugent to Mr. Baker, in

which his Lordship discourages the formation of associations to petition the legislature.

The agricultural reports, published in the various country papers, contain scarcely any thing beyond a reiteration of complaints, which have but too much foundation in the incipient calamities of farmers and their labourers. We say incipient, for the full effects of the fall are only beginning to be felt. Distresses for rents and tithes, or lenient remissions, are but too general, however, already. This is not a state of things to continue; for the one class will never be long content to bestow, or the other to receive, as alms, sums which they ought to give and claim in the nature of rights, either on the score of property or as the earnings of industry. The substitution of any other expedient, however benevolent on the one side, and however

gratefully acknowledged on the other, tends to lower the noble and necessary feeling of independence, and to produce intellectual and moral degradation. The business of agriculture at this season is not very urgent, or very actively pursued, and has of course suffered interruption from the late severe frosts, which have injured the turnips, but not materially, and cut down the flourishing appearance of the wheats. The season has now relented, and the plough is again at work where it is needed. The prices of agricultural produce, of every sort, are stagnant or receding, except beef, in which there is some expectation of a rise. The growers of short wool complain, like the growers of corn, that they are losers by their labour. The subject of the distress will probably be warmly discussed in Parliament.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Dr. Good is preparing for publication, *The Study of Medicine*, comprising its Physiology, Pathology, and Practice. These Volumes, in addition to that lately published on Nosology, and dedicated by permission to the College of Physicians, will complete the Author's Design: and constitute an entire Body of Medical Science, equally adapted to the Use of Lecturers, Practitioners, and Students.

Mr. Edwin Atherstone has in the Press, Poems entitled, *The Last Days of Herculaneum*, and *Abradates and Panthena*.

In a few days will appear, from the pen of Mr. Southey, *The Vision of Judgment*.

Miss Baillie's *Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters*, a Poem, in 4to. is nearly ready.

The Poems of Caius Valerius Catullus, translated, with Preface and Notes, by the Hon. George Lamb, will shortly appear.

Memoirs of James Earl Waldegrave, KG. one of his Majesty's Privy Council in the Reign of George II, are in the Press.

An Itinerary of the Rhone, including part of the Southern Coast of France, by John Hughes, AM. will be shortly published.

Madame Adèle du Thon is about to publish, in the French language, a History of the Sect of Friends, with a Notice of Mrs. Fry and Newgate Prison, in one Volume, 12mo.

Mr. Hazlitt has in the Press, a Volume entitled, *Essays on Character*.

The Union of the Roses, a Tale of the Fifteenth Century, in Six Cantos, is in the Press.

Henry Schultze, a Tale; *The Savoyard*, a French Republican's Story, with other Poems, are preparing for Publication.

Memoirs of the last Nine Years of the Reign of George II, by Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, from the Original MSS. as left by his Lordship's Will, will soon appear in 2 Vols. 4to.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt, by Bishop Tomline, are in the Press.

Travels in Syria and Mount Sinai, by the late J. L. Burckhardt, are in the Press.

A Work entitled *Practical Economy*, or *Hints for the Application of Modern Discoveries to the Purposes of Domestic Life*, is preparing for publication.

Captain Batty has in the Press, a Narrative of the Campaign of the left wing of the Allied Army under the Duke of Wellington, from the passage of the Bedasso in 1813, to the end of 1814, with Plates.

Letters from the Havanna, by an official British Resident; containing a Statistical Account of the Island of Cuba, &c. present state of the Slave Trade, and the Progress made in its abolition, are in the Press.

The Rev. J. Hodgson is preparing for publication, the second Volume of his *History of Northumberland*, which will contain the History of the Parishes in Castle Ward.

Mr. Haden, of Sloane-street, is about to publish a *Monthly Journal of Medicine*, addressed principally to unprofessional persons.—The Work will teach the prevention, rather than the cure, of disorders; at the same time that it will point out how the friends of the sick may, in the best way, assist their medical men in his treatment, and otherwise show how health may be preserved and disease warded off.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Antiquities.

A History of Northumberland, in three Parts. By the Rev. John Hodgson, Sec. to the Newcastle A.S. Vol. V. being the First Volume of Part III; and containing an exact Record and Historical Papers. 4to. demy, 2l. 2s. Royal Paper 3l. 3s.

Biography.

The Life of the late George Hill, DD. By George Cook, DD. 8vo. With a Portrait. 10s. 6d.

The Annual Biography and Obituary of celebrated Men, for 1821. 8vo. 15s.

The Life of Voltaire, with interesting Particulars respecting his Death. By F. H. Standish, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

Drama, Novels, &c.

Society and Solitude; a Novel. By Innes Hoole, Esq. 3 vols. 15s.

Calthorpe, or Fallen Fortunes; a Novel. 3 vols. 1l. 1s.

Kenilworth. By the Author of "Waverley," &c. &c. 3 vols. Post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Mirandola; a Tragedy. By Barry Cornwall. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Traits and Trials; a Novel. 2 vols. 14s. Such is the World; a Novel. 3 vols. 1l. 1s.

Scheming; a Novel. 3 vols. 1l. 1s.

Education.

A Clue for Young Latinists, and Non-Latinists, to trace the Origin, &c. of Nouns and Verbs. By John Carey, LL.D. 12mo. 2s. bound.

A Grammar of Universal Geography, and of Elementary Astronomy. By Alex. Jamieson. 18mo. 3s. 6d. bound.

The Mother's Book; exemplifying Pestalozzi's Plan of awakening the Understanding of Children. By P. H. Pullen. 12mo. 6s. boards.

M. Tullii Ciceronis Opera. Ex Editionibus Oliveti et Ernesti sedula recensione accurata Johannis Carey, LL.D. Correctly printed, in 12 Pocket Volumes. 3l. 12s. boards.

Law.

A Report of the Case of Bills of Exchange, made payable at Bankers, as decided in the House of Lords; with an Appendix. By Richard Bligh, Esq. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Howell's State Trials. Vol. XXIX; or, 8th of the Continuation. Royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

The Exclusion of the Queen from the Liturgy, historically and legally considered. By a Barrister. 8vo. 2s.

The Prerogatives of the Queen Consort of England. 2s.

Medicine, Surgery, and Physiology.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Treatment of Gravel, Calculus, and other Diseases connected with a deranged Operation of the Urinary Organs. By William Prout, MD. FRS. 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.

An Essay on Sea Bathing; in preserving Health; and as a Remedy in Disease; especially Nervous, Scrophulous, &c. By J. W. Williams, Member of the College of Surgeons, London. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Cases illustrating the improved Treatment of Stricture in the Urethra and Rectum. By James Arnott. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

A Dictionary of Chemistry, on the Basis of Mr. Nicholson's; in which the Principles of the Science are investigated anew. By Andrew Ure, MD. 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.

Practical Observations in Midwifery; with a Selection of Cases. By John Rambotham, MD. 8vo. Part I. 10s. 6d.

Practical Observations on Chronic Affections of the Digestive Organs, and on Bilious and Nervous Disorders. By John Thomas, MD. 8vo. 6s.

Illustrations of the great Operations of Surgery. By Charles Bell. Part I. Plates coloured. 1l. 1s.

Miscellaneous.

History of the several Italian Schools of Painting; with Observations. By J. T. James, MA. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

A few plain Directions for Persons intending to proceed as Settlers to his Majesty's Province of Upper Canada, in North America; containing also a short Sketch of the Author's Voyage across the Atlantic, in June, 1819. By an English Farmer, settled in Upper Canada. 12mo. With a Map. 3s. 6d. boards.

Italy, and the Italians in the 19th Century. With an Appendix. By a foreign Officer in the British Service. 1 vol. 8vo.

A Treatise on Chess; founded on a Plan of progressive Improvement. By the late J. H. Sarratt, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

Miraculous Prophecies and Predictions of eminent Men, particularly in England and France. 18mo. 5s. boards.

Universal Science; or the Cabinet of Nature and Art: comprising various Selections from useful Discoveries in the Arts and Sciences. By Alex. Jamieson. 2 vols. 12mo. 16s.

Constantine and Eugene; or, an Evening at Mount Vernon. 8vo. 3s.

Poetry.

Picturesque Piety, illustrated by 48 Engravings, and an Original Poem to each. By the Rev. Isaac Taylor. 2 vols. 6s.

Æsop, in Rhyme, with some Originals.

By Jefferys Taylor; embellished by 72 Plates. 12mo. 4s. neatly half-bound.

What is Life? and other Poems. By Thomas Bailey. 18mo. 3s. 6d. boards.

Select Works of the British Poets; with Prefaces by Dr. Aikin. 10 vols. royal 18mo. 3l. Post 18mo. 2l.

Politics, and Political Economy.

The Declaration of the People of England to their Sovereign Lord the King. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Selections from the Queen's Answers to various Addresses presented to her. With an Introduction. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The Substance of the Speech of J. G. Lambton, Esq. MP. at the Durham County Meeting, Dec. 13. 8vo. 1s.

An Address to the Queen. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

A Letter to the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, on the Subject of the Queen. By Paul Hartford, Esq. 8vo. 3s.

Theology.

Hulsean Lectures for 1820. Twenty Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge in 1820, at the Lecture founded by the Rev. John Hulse. By the Rev. C. Benson, MA. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Tracts on the Divinity of Christ, and on the Repeal of the Statute against Blasphemy. By the Bishop of St. David's. 8vo. 12s. boards.

The Scripture Testimonies to the Divinity of Jesus Christ, collected and illustrated. By the Rev. G. Holden, MA. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

NEW PATENTS.

James Ransome, of Ipswich, iron-founder, and Robert Ransome, of Colchester, iron-founder, for an improvement upon an invention by James Ransome, for which he now hath a patent, June 1, 1816, for certain improvements on ploughs.—Nov. 28th.

William Kendrick, of Birmingham, chemist; for a combination of apparatus for extracting a tanning matter from bark and other substances containing such tanning matter.—Dec. 5th.

Thomas Dobbs, of Smallbrook-street, Birmingham, for a mode of uniting together, or plating, tin upon lead.—Dec. 9th.

John Moore, Jun. of Castle-street, Bristol; for a certain machine or machinery, which may be worked by steam, by water, or by gas, as a moving power.—Dec. 9th.

William Mallet, of Marlborough-street, Dublin, for improvements on locks, applicable to doors, and to other purposes.—Dec. 14th.

George Vaughan, of Sheffield; for a blowing machine, on a new construction, for the fusing and heating of metals, smelting of ores, and supplying blast for various other purposes.—Dec. 14th.

Andrew Timbrell, of the Old South Sea House, London, for an improvement of the rudder and steerage of a ship or vessel.—Dec. 22d.

Sir William Congreve, Bart. of Cecil-street, Strand, for improvements in printing in one, two, or more colours.—Dec. 22d.

William Pritchard, of Leeds, for improvements in an apparatus to save fuel, and for the more economical consumption of smoke in shutting fire-doors and air-flues in steam-engine boilers, drying-pans, and brewing pans, other fire-doors and air-flues.—Dec. 22d.

Marc Isambard Brunel, of Chelsea, for a pocket copying-press, and also improvements on copying-presses.—Dec. 22d.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Hon. C. G. Perceval, instituted to the rectory of Calverton, Bucks, on the presentation of his father Lord Arden.—The Hon. and Rev. W. Leonard Addington, son of Lord Sidmouth, instituted to the rectory of Poole, Wilts.—The Rev. J. Saville Ogle, to the new prebend of Durham cathedral, in the room of the Hon. Auchitel Grey, resigned.—The Rev. J. H. St. John of Balliol College, to the rectory of Mourton, in Dorsetshire.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Norrisian Prize adjudged to Mr. Kenelm Digby, BA. of Trinity College, for an Essay, showing from the civil, moral, and religious state of mankind at the time of Christ's appearance, how far the reception this religion met with, is a proof of its Divine origin.—The Hulsean Prize, adjudged to the Rev. R. Brough, BA. of Bennet College, for a dissertation on the Importance of Natural Religion.

Sir William Browne's Medals.—Subjects for the present year.

For the Greek Ode:

* Ωκεανὸς ὁ Τερβέρεος.

For the Latin Ode:

Maria Scotorum Regina.

For the Epigrams:

* Επαίξεν ἄμα σπουδάζων.

Person Prize.—The passage fixed upon for the present year is,

Shakspeare, Othello. Act I. Scene III. Othello's Apology.

Beginning with

"And till she comes, as truly as to Heaven."

And ending with

"Here comes the Lady, let her witness it."

The metre to be Tragicum Iambicum Trimetrum Acatalecticum.

OXFORD, Dec. 30.—The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's Prizes, for the ensuing year, viz.—

Four Latin Verses—Eleusis.

For an English Essay—The study of Modern History.

For a Latin Essay—De Auguriis et Auspiciis apud Antiquos.

The first of the above subjects is intended for those Gentlemen of the University who have not exceeded four years from the time of their Matriculation; and the other two for such as have exceeded four, but not completed seven years.

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize.—For the best composition in English Verse, not containing either more or fewer than fifty lines, by an Under Graduate, who has not exceeded four years from the time of his matriculation.—Pastum.

The Rev. J. Johnson, B.D. Fellow of Magdalen College, admitted Doctor in Divinity, Grand Compounder.—The Rev. J. Griffiths, M.A. of Queen's College, admitted Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, Grand Compounder.—T. J. Morris of Queen's College, admitted Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity.

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

[T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.]

Gazette—Dec. 23.

Barton, Henry, Paul's-Cray, Kent, miller. Atts. Clarke and Faulkner, Saddler's-hall, Cheapside, London. T.
 Bryon, Wm. Hammersmith, Middlesex, brandy-merchant. Att. Brown, Commercial-sale-rooms, Mincing-lane, London. T.
 Bulkley, George Wilford, Queen-street, Hanover-square, wine-importer. Att. Dyne, 59, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. T.
 Bunyon, George, Jerusalem coffee-house, Cornhill, London, master-mariner. Att. Latimer, 13, Gray's-inn-square. T.
 Chapman, Charles William, Addington-place, Camberwell, Surrey, stock-broker. Att. Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, London. T.
 Chapman, Thompson, junior, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, master-mariner. Att. Bowman, Broad-street-buildings, London. T.
 Graddon, Edward, Nassau-street, Middlesex-hospital, Middlesex, piano-forte-maker. Atts. W. and D. Richardson, Walbrook, London. T.
 Hall, Henry Bonham, Thames Ditton, Surrey, maltster. Att. Gude, 44, Bedford-row, London. T.
 Harris, Henry, Chipperfield-wood Mill, Hertford, grocer. Att. Martindale, Gray's-inn, London. T.
 Jackson, George, Birmingham, Warwick, grocer. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. C.
 Marsh, Edmund, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, grocer. Att. Ba'tye, 20, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Miller, James Campbell, and Andrew Miller, Bishopsgate-street, London, merchants. Att. Van Sandan, 26, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street. T.
 Molineux, Michael, Birmingham, Warwickshire, grocer. Atts. Long and Austin, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Oekley, Vincent, Terrington, Norfolk, general-shopkeeper. Att. Nelson, 7, Barnard's-inn, Holborn, London. C.
 Richardson, James, Manchester, joiner. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.
 Roese, Thomas, Liverpool, optician. Att. James, Ely-place, London. C.
 Ross, Alexander, and James Murray, Leadenhall-buildings, Gracechurch-street, London, merchants. Atts. Tomlinson, Thomson, Baker, and Smith, 13, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street. T.
 Singleton, Joseph, Lay Moor, in Golcar, Huddersfield, York, clothier. Attorneys Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Spurrier, James, and John Barker, Bellbroughton, Worcester, scythe-manufacturers. Atts. Jennings and Bolton, 4, Elm-court, Temple, London. C.
 Tweed, Thomas Littell, Boreham, Essex, potato-merchant. Atts. Druce and Son, Billiter-square, London. T.
 Wren, Ann, and Edward Wren, Reading, Berks, butchers. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Wright, John, Bloomfield-cottage, Vauxhall-turnpike, Surrey, wine-merchant. Att. Martindale, Gray's-inn-square, London. T.

Wrighton, William, Leeds, York, druggist. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. C.

Gazette—Dec. 26.

Courtney, Thomas, Oxford coffee-house, Strand, Middlesex, coffee-house-keeper. Atts. Dennett, Graves, Baxendale, and Tatham, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street, London. T.
 Edwards, Thomas, Alton, Southampton, iron-monger. Att. Dyne, 59, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. C.
 Fell, Henry, Walbrook, London, merchant. Atts. Clarke, Clarke, and Cullington, 8, Little St. Thomas Apostle. T.
 Harrison, Wade Henry, Farnsfield, Nottingham, victualler. Att. Stevenson, 8, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
 Holt, Matthew, Stoke, Coventry, watchmaker. Att. Edmunds, Exchequer office of Pleas, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
 Kidd, William, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-dra-per. Atts. Bell and Brodrick, Bow Churchyard, Cheapside, London. C.
 Offer, Robert, Bathwick, Somerset, plaisterer. Atts. Nethersole and Baron, 15, Essex-street, Strand, London. C.

Gazette—Dec. 30.

Barehead, Thomas, New Malton, Yorkshire, corn-factor. Att. Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-garden, London. C.
 Bellis, Joseph, Chester, grocer. Atts. Milne and Parry, Temple, London. C.
 Boyn, John, Crutched-friars, London, merchant. Att. Le Blanc, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars. T.
 Farrar, George, Commercial Sale-rooms, Mincing-lane, London, merchant. Atts. Nind and Cotteril, 32, Throgmorton-street. T.
 Knight, Thomas, Chipping-Sodbury, Gloucester, dealer in wine. Att. Burfoot, 2, King's Bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
 Marshall, William, Regent-street, St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, statuary. Att. Addis, Park-street, Westminster. T.
 Mayer, Elijah, and James Keeling, Shelton, Stafford, factors. Att. Edmunds, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
 Mitchell, Edward, and Samuel Mitchell, Norwich, wine-merchants. Att. Holtaway, Tooke's-court, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Reddell, Joseph Hadley, Balsal-hea'h, Moseley, sword-cutler. Atts. Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearse, and Hunt, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, London. C.
 Reed, Hayter, Mill-street, Bermondsey, Surrey, corn-dealer. Atts. Sudlow, Francis, and Urquhart, 4, Monument-yard, London. T.
 Rollinson, Robert, Great Whelnetnam, Suffolk, miller. Att. Wayman, Bury St. Edmund's, London. C.
 Stibbs, Joseph, Cully Hall, Bitton, Gloucester, yeoman. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Wylie, William, Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, Middlesex, merchant. Att. Patten, Hatton-garden, London. T.

Gazette—Jan. 2.

Bailey, Joseph, Birmingham, grocer. Atts. Long and Austin, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Bruggenkate, Gerardus Albertus Ten, 47, Little East Cheap, London, merchant. Att. Wilson, Devonshire-street, Bishopsgate-street. T.
 Elgie, William, Ruswarp, York, merchant. Atts. Milne and Parry, Temple, London. C.
 Hardman, Edmund, Liverpool, merchant. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Hewitt, Robert, North Shields, Northumberland, linen-draper. Atts. Bell and Brodrick, Bow church-yard, Cheapside, London. C.
 Landles, John, and James Landles, Berwick-upon-Tweed, merchants. Atts. Raine, North, and Smart, 11, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
 Parsons, Richard, senior, Richard Parsons, junior, and Thomas Parsons, Lyncombe and Widcombe, Somerset, corn-factors. Att. Potts, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet street, London. C.
 Reynolds, Richard, Shobrooke, Devonshire, tanner. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, 7, King's Bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
 Shillito, William, Chapel Allerton, Leeds, York, dealer in cattle. Att. Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-garden, London. C.
 Swan, William, Shiffnall, Salop, tailor. Atts. Williams and White, Lincoln's inn, London. C.
 Webb, George, Cornhill, London, dealer. Atts. Reynal and Ogle, Lord Mayor's Court-office, Royal Exchange. T.

Gazette—Jan. 6.

Butler, Sarah, Sherston Magna, Wilts, innholder. Atts. Dax, Son, and Meredith, 29, Guildford-street, London. C.
 Carter, Richard, Hertford, farmer. Atts. W. and D. Richardson, Walbrook, London. T.
 Dellin, Thomas, Birmingham, dealer and chapman. Att. Taylor, Walbrook, London. C.
 Ellis, Samuel, and George Glover, Aldersgate-street, London, drysalter. Att. Morris, 1, Cobourg-terrace, Horseferry-road, Westminster. T.
 Facey, Isaac, Bishopsgate-street-within, London, pastry-cook. Att. Gray, 136, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road. T.
 Glasscott, Barnabas, Cheapside, London, jeweller. Att. Lawledge, Gray's-inn-lane. T.
 Hatton, John, Oferton, Chester, miller. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.
 Landles, George, Lower Thames-street, London, fish-factor. Att. Lang, 107, Fenchurch-street. T.
 Parkinson, George, Failsworth, Lancashire, tanner. Atts. Willis, Clarke, and Watson, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street, London. C.
 Plaskett, John, Dockhead, Southwark, Surrey, stove-merchant. Att. Lang, 107, Fenchurch-street, London. T.
 Shuffrey, Thomas, Broadway, Worcester, grocer. Atts. Bousfield and Williams, Bouverie-street, London. C.
 Vipond, George, Ludgate-hill, London, linen-draper. Att. Harman, Wine-office-court, Fleet-street. T.

Gazette—Jan. 9.

Abitbol, Moses, Bond-street, St. James, Middlesex, merchant. Atts. Evitt and Rixon, Haydon-square, Minories, London. T.
 Allen, Campbell, Shad Thames, Surrey, lighterman. Att. Carter, Lord Mayor's Court-office, Royal Exchange, London. T.
 Coombs, William, Norton St. Philip, Somerset, butcher. Atts. Perkins and Frampton, 2, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Douglas, Thomas, London, merchant. Att. Maugham, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street. C.
 Diamont, James Lewis, Austin-friars, London, merchant. Atts. Kaye, Freshfield, and Kaye, New Bank-buildings, London. T.
 Jennings, John, Sittingborne, Kent, innkeeper. Atts. Brace and Monins, Essex-court, Temple, London. C.
 Kerby, William, Margate, Kent, coach-maker. Atts. Hall and Willett, Great James-street, Bedford-row, London. C.

Melhuish, George, Crediton, Devonshire, tanner. Att. Brutton, 55, Old Broad-street, London. C.
 Pearson, Thomas, Hipperholme-cum-Brighouse, Halifax, Yorkshire, butcher. Att. Wigglesworth, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Senior, John Hanson, Wakefield, Yorkshire, oil-crusher. Atts. Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn, London. C.
 Shand, Francis, Liverpool, iron-merchant. Att. Battye, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Gazette—Jan. 13.

Carter, Solomon, Fetter-lane, London, tavern-keeper. Att. Parton, Bow-church-yard, London. T.
 Coates, Charles, Stanton Drew, Somerset, dealer. Atts. Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside, London. C.
 Forster, Thomas, William-street, Newington, Surrey, builder. Atts. Smith, Gell, and Roberts, New Basinghall-street, London. T.
 Judd, James, Derby, innkeeper. Att. Lever, Gray's-inn. C.
 Macnair, David Cohen, Cornhill, London, merchant. Atts. Clare and Dickinson, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, London. T.
 Malcolm, William, Great St. Helen's, London, merchant. Att. Bowman, Broad-street-buildings, London. T.
 Ryder, Thomas, and James Nasmyth, Fenchurch-street, London, merchant. Atts. Wadeson and Son, Austin Friars.
 Shingles, Samuel, 41, Basinghall-street, London, factor. Att. Williams, Red Lion-square, London. T.
 Simmons, Edward, Stanway, and Thomas Simmons, Winchcomb, dealers in timber. Atts. Darke, Church, and Darke, 30, Red Lion-square, London. C.
 Taylor, John, Sheffield, York, merchant. Att. Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Thatcher, Thomas Mellish, Hungerford-wharf, Hungerford-street, Strand, coal-merchant. Att. Carpenter, 3, Furnival's-inn, Holborn. T.
 Turner, Robert, Liverpool, dealer. Att. Chester, 3, Staple-inn, London. C.
 Wall, Richard, St. Thomas the Apostle, Devon, innkeeper. Atts. Collett, Wimburn, and Collett, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 White, John, Southampton-row, Russell-square, Middlesex, dyer. Att. Parton, Bow-church-yard, London. T.

Gazette—Jan. 16.

Baggott, James, Bromyard, Hereford, skinner. Atts. Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn Old-square, London. C.
 Billing, John Humphries, junior, Southampton-row, Paddington, Middlesex, flour-factor. Atts. Druce and Son, Billiter-square, London. T.
 Charlesworth, John, Carr-green, York, clothier. Atts. Clark, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Christy, John, Old Gravel-lane, Middlesex, master-mariner. Att. Sheffield, Great Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields. T.
 Duffield, William, Darlaston, Stafford, nail-manufacturer. Atts. Swain and Co. Old Jewry, London. C.
 Durkin, William, and James Durkin, Southampton, ship-builders. Att. Roe, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street, London. C.
 Forrest, Thomas, Liverpool, wine-merchant. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Gilbert, William Ralph, Leicester, woolstapler. Att. Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Hennell, David, Kettering, Northampton, draper. Att. Nelson, Barnard's-inn, London. C.
 Holland, Benedict, High-street, Shadwell, Middlesex, corn-chandler. Att. Dimes, 18, Friday-street, London. T.
 Hope, Thomas, Sandwich, Kent, hoyman. Att. Starr, Canterbury. C.
 Lister, John, and Benjamin Lister, Leeds, York, woolstapler. Atts. Jacomb and Bentley, 6, Basinghall-street, London. C.
 Macdonald, Hector, junior, Liverpool, merchant. Atts. Blackstock and Bunce, King's Bench-walk, Temple, London. C.

Webb, Thomas, Warwick, horse-dealer. Att. Wortham, Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.
 Parsey, Samuel, Ironmonger-row, City-road, Middlesex, oilman. Att. Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house, London. T.
 Reynolds, Henry, Ormskirk, Lancaster, liquor-merchant. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Sanders, John, Ivybridge, Devon, tanner. Att. Bowden, 66, Aldermanbury, London. C.
 Smith, William, Naburn Grange, York, corn-factor. Atts. Sweet, Stokes, and Carr, 6, Basinghall-street, London. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Dec. 23 to Jan. 16.

Galloway, Robert, merchant, Dundee.
 Smellie, William, merchant, Hamilton.
 Watson, John, plumber and tin-plate-manufacturer, Dundee.
 Patterson, Richard, merchant, Edinburgh.
 Anderson, John, and co. and David Anderson, as an individual, merchants, Glasgow.
 Crawford, James, and Andrew Crawford, as a company, and as individuals, merchants, Glasgow.
 Milligan, James, cattle-dealer, Boghouse, Crawfordjohn, Lanarkshire.
 Arnold, Thomas, Stockbridge, near Edinburgh.
 Lamb, Robert, Henry Kerr, and William Row, dealers, Glasgow.
 Kincaid, Thomas, corn-merchant, Leith.
 McCowan, James, coal and lime-merchant, Lanark.
 Buchanan, William, merchant, Glasgow.
 Gill, John, ship-builder, Aberdeen.
 Sinclair, Daniel, farmer, Glasgow.
 Taylor, Joseph, merchant, Glasgow.
 Blair, James, ship-master, Dumbarton.
 Fleeming, John, sen. and James Fleeming, merchants, Langloan.
 Hume, Walter, merchant, Kelso.
 Hyde, David, merchant, Dunoon.
 Oddy, George, grocer, Tradestown, Glasgow.
 Smith, David, grocer, Paisley.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 21. At Brislington, Somersetshire, John Gordon, Esq. eldest son of the very Rev. the Dean of Lincoln, to Miss Matthews, late of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.
 23. At St. George's, Hanover-square, W. Gordon, Esq. of Hatfield, in the county of Hereford, to Mary, eldest daughter of W. Wingfield, Esq. and niece to the Earl of Digby.
 27. At St. George's, Hanover-square, W. Fullerton Lindsay Carnegie, Esq. of Spynie and Bowsack, county of Angus, to the Right Hon. Lady Jane Christian Carnegie, fourth daughter of the Earl of Northesk.
 28. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. E. Chaplin, Edward Holroyd, Esq. third son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Holroyd, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Chas. Pugsley, Esq. of Ilfracombe, Devon.
 1821. Jan. 2. At Liverpool, T. Rodick, Esq. to Judith, youngest daughter of Robert Preston, Esq. of Bevington-lodge, Lancashire.
 — At Leeds, the Rev. G. Walker, MA. rector of Papworthy, Everard, Cambridgeshire, and head master of the Leeds Grammar School, to Ellen, eldest daughter of F. Brown, Esq. of Park-place, Leeds.
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Dr. Stanier Clarke, Chaplain of the Household to his Majesty, C. Millar, Esq. of H. M. S. Severn, to Juliana Freeman, only child of the late Peter Atkins, Esq. of the Royal Navy.
 3. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Lord Bishop of London, the Rev. Fred. Sullivan, third son of the late Sir R. J. Sullivan, of Thames Ditton, Bart to Arabella Jane Wilmot, only daughter of the late V. H. Wilmot, of Farnborough, Hants, Esq. and of the Right Hon. Lady Dacre.
 — The Rev. E. H. Owen, rector of Cound, to Miss Hinchcliffe, granddaughter of the late Bishop of Peterborough, and niece to Lord Crewe.

3. Sir Robert Steele, to Emily, daughter of the late W. Clarke, Esq. of Beemister, Dorsetshire.
 4. Thomas Blake, Esq. of Doctors' Commons, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late W. Palmer, Esq. of Great Yarmouth.
 9. At Wolverhampton, the Hon. Capt. Joceline Percy, R. N. son of the Earl of Beverley, and cousin to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, to Sophia Elizabeth, third daughter of Moreton Walhouse, Esq. of Hatherton, Staffordshire.
 — Major-Gen. Robt. Douglass, to Mary, eldest daughter of W. Packer, Esq. formerly of Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury.
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, T. Cockayne, Esq. of Ickleford-house, in the county of Hertford, to Mary Ann Amelia, widow of George Edwards, Esq. late of Lynn, and of Wimpole-street.
 — Capt. Charles Cunliffe Owen, RN. to Miss Mary Peckwell, daughter of Mr. Serjeant Blosset, Deputy Recorder of Cambridge.
 11. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, John Reid, MD. of Grenville-street, Brunswick-square, to Eliz. Jesser, second daughter of W. Sturch, Esq. of Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square.
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. Dr. Bond, of Lambeth, Surry, and of the city of Bristol, to Mary Ann, relict of the late John Olney Berkley, Esq. of Wickham, Kent.
 — By the Hon. and Rev. Richard Cust, at Mary-le-bone church, Capt. the Hon. E. Cust, MP. Equerry to his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, to Mary Ann, only daughter of the late L. W. Boode, Esq.
 — James Bennert, Esq. of Cadbury-house, to Annabella, daughter of the Rev. W. F. Wickham, of Charlton-house, both in Somersetshire.
 18. At Rosehill-house, Hants, by Special Licence, by the Bishop of Winchester, J. Cruickshank, Esq. eldest son of J. Cruickshank, Esq. of Langley Park, in the county of Angus, to the Right Hon. Lady Anne Letitia Carnegie, second daughter of the Earl of Northesk.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Mellendean, Chas. Abraham Leslie, Esq. eldest son of Sir John Leslie, Bart. of Warder and Findrassie, to Anne, third daughter of Adam Walker, Esq. of Mairhouse-law, Roxburghshire.
 At Ayr, Lieut.-Col. J. Shaw, late of the 43d regt. to Mary Primrose, second daughter of David Kennedy, of Kirkmichael.
 At Inveresk-house, the residence of the Right Hon. Lady Seaforth, Joshua Henry Mackenzie, Esq. Advocate to the Hon. Helen Anne Mackenzie, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Seaforth.
 At Edinburgh, Robt. Harz, Jun. Esq. of Dublin, to Eliza, daughter of George Chalmer, Esq. formerly of Madras, and lately of Westcombe-house, Somersetshire.

ABROAD.

At Madras, Capt. Duncan Ogilvie, 21st regt. N. 1. to Jane, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Duncan, of Ratho.
 At Vevey, in France, M. Antonie, S. Polegieux de Falconnet, to Sophia, eldest daughter of the late W. Faerholme, of Chapel, Esq.
 At Madeira, on board his Majesty's ship Esk, John Telling, Esq. to Lady Donna Juliana Leonora da Cunha Tello.
 At Chambery, Comte Emile de Grimaldi, nephew to his Excellency the Governor of Savoy, to Marie Polixene, daughter of the late Marquis de la Pierre.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 23. In Grosvenor-place, Countess Munster, the lady of the Hanoverian Minister, a son.
 24. At Hewish-house, Dorset, the lady of J. G. Maddison, Esq. a son.
 — At Cambridge, the lady of Sir John Mortlake, a son.
 29. At Maxwell-hall, Yorkshire, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Coote, a son.
 1821. Jan. 1. In Gloucester-place, the lady of G. H. Cherry, Esq. M. P. a daughter.
 2. At Llynnon, in the county of Anglesea, the lady of H. H. Jones, Esq. of Llynnon, a daughter.
 5. At Birmingham, the lady of N. H. Mairis, Esq. 6th dragoon guards, a son.

8. In St. James' place, the lady of Woodbine Parish, Jun. Esq. a son.
15. Vicountess Curzon, a son-and-heir.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, lady Pringle, of Stitchesell, a daughter.

The lady of W. Hay, Esq. of Drummelzier, a son.
At Edinburgh, the lady of Major James Hervey, a son.

IN IRELAND.

In Merrion-square, Dublin, the lady of the Count de Salis, a son.

ABROAD.

At Ghent, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Muller, 1st Royal Scots, a son.

DIED.

- Dec. 20. Lately at Egham, in her 17th year, Barbara Matilda, daughter of the late Hon. Thos. Wm. Coventry, of North Cray, Kent, and niece to the Earl of Coventry.
— Lately at Belvoir Castle, aged 62, the Rev. Sir John Thornton, Rector of Bottisford, and domestic Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Rutland.
— Lately at Frome, Captain Hassall, formerly of the 19th Dragoons.
— Lately, after a short illness, Joseph Hopkins, MD. a celebrated Accoucheur.
— Lately, Thos. Jones, Esq. of Llandysilio-hall, near Llangollen, Denbighshire. This gentleman was a great admirer of the arts, and a liberal entertainer of those artists who visited the romantic vale of Llangollen.
— Lately at Bath, Lady Christina Eliz. Keith.
22. At Bishopstrow, Wilts, in his 24th year, the Rev. Edward Montague, youngest son of Admiral Sir George Montague, GCB.
23. In his 71st year, the Rev. John Thos. Jordan, BD. Rector of Hickling, in Nottinghamshire, and of Bircholt, in Kent, and many years senior tutor of Queen's College, Cambridge.
— In his 76th year, Robert Herring, Esq. one of the Common Council and Deputy of the Ward of Farringdon-without.
26. At her house, in Baker-street, Miss Booth, eldest daughter of the late Benjamin Booth, Esq. and sister to Lady Ford.
— Lately, Anne, widow of Thos. Graham, Esq. of Kinross and Burleigh, late M. P. for the county of Kinross.
31. At Ludlow, Chas. Rogers, Esq. of Stanage-park, Radnorshire.
1821.—Jan. 3. At Bath, after a long and severe indisposition, Lieut.-Gen. Monro, of Ensham-house, Dorsetshire.
6. At Bath, aged 80, the Hon. Agnesa Yorke, second wife and widow of the Lord Chancellor Chas. Yorke, and mother to the Rt. Hon. Chas. Philip Yorke; to Vice Admiral Sir Jos. Yorke, KCB.; and to Caroline, late Countess of St. Germain's.
— In Duke-street, Westminster, John Lillingston Pownell, Esq. of East Wykeham, in the county of Lincoln, and Provost Marshal-Gen. of the Leeward Islands; as he died without issue, his estates devolve to Sir Geo. Pownall, at Brighton, as does likewise his office. Sir George being the last in succession to the patent.
7. At Hengrave-hall, Suffolk, after a short illness, Lady Throckmorton, relict of the late Sir John Throckmorton, Bart. of Buckland, Berks, and Coughton, Warwickshire, in her 59th year.
8. Suddenly, at his house in West-square, Lambeth, Lieut.-Col. Handfield, of the Royal Engineers, in his 43d year.
— At Bath, Capt. Robert Cuthbert, of the R. N.
— At Norton-house, Devonshire, Lady Jodrell, relict of the late Sir Paul Jodrell.
9. At T. W. Money's, Esq. M. P. Mrs. Cunningham, wife of the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow.
— At his house, Park-place, Mary-le-bone, the Rev. Frederick Thruston, MA. son of the late Framingham Thruston, Esq. of Weston Hall, Suffolk.
10. Francis Drake, Esq. of Wells, in the county of Somerset, Recorder of that Borough, one of

his Majesty's deputy Lieutenants for that county, and formerly British Minister at the Court of Bavaria.

12. Henry Chicheley Plowden, Esq. of Newtown-park, near Lymington, Hants.

— At his house at Brompton Grove, at an advanced age, Sir John Macpherson, Bart. many years a Member of the Supreme Council of Bengal, and afterwards Governor General of India.

— Jas. Topping, Esq. of Wharcroft-hall, Cheshire, one of his Majesty's Counsel, a Bencher of the Inner Temple, and late Attorney General of the county Palatine of Lancaster, and of the county Palatine of Durham.

13. General Gwyn, Colonel of the King's Dragoon Guards, and Governor of Sheerness.

— The lady of George Vaughan, Esq. late First Major in the Second Troop of Life Guards.

— Aged 23, Mr. J. Blanchard, Jun. Portrait Engraver, son of Mr. Blanchard, of Covent Garden Theatre.

14. At Roundhay Park, in his 57th year, Thomas Nicholson, Esq.

Lately at Normanton Hall, Lady Dixie, wife of Sir Willoughby Dixie, Bart.

At the Green, Richmond, Yorkshire, Lady Gerard, widow of Sir Robert Gerard, of Garswood, Lancashire, Bart.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Pitfour, Aberdeenshire, in his 72d year, George Ferguson, Esq. of Pitfour, only surviving brother of the late James Ferguson, Esq. M. P. for that county.

At Hutton-hall, Mrs. Catherine Hume, wife of Robert Johnston, Esq. of Hutton-hall, daughter of the late John Hume, Esq. of Ninewells, and niece of the celebrated philosopher and historian of England.

At Holyrood-house, the Rt. Hon. Lady Eliz. Murray, in her 78th year.

At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Col. John Grant.

At Fountain-hall, Sir Andrew Lauder Dick, Bart. of Fountain-hall, and Grange.

IN IRELAND.

At Lisson, aged 87, the Rt. Hon. John Staples, one of his Majesty's most hon. Privy Council.

At his house, Dominick-street, Dublin, Wm. Walker, Esq. Recorder of that city.

ABROAD.

At Nassau, New Providence, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Frederick Tomkins, who survived her but three days.

At Nice, Rich. John Gulston, Esq. late of the 3d (or King's Own) Light Dragoons, only son of Frederick Gulston, Esq. of West Clendon, in the county of Surrey, and of Stretton, in Yorkshire; his death was owing to a rupture of a blood vessel on his lungs, occasioned by excessive exertion, while on duty with his regiment in Dublin, July last.

At Bombay, Col. John Griffith, commandant of the 2d Battalion of Artillery at that Presidency.

At George Town, in Berbice, his Excellency H. W. Bentinck, Lieut. Governor of that colony.

Suddenly, in the 59th year of her age, Princess Maria Anne, sister of the Duke of Saxony.

At Bangalore, East Indies, Major Doherty, of the 13th Light Dragoons, eldest son of Colonel Doherty, CB.

At Surat, Capt. Robt. Campbell, of the Bombay Army. He distinguished himself particularly in the late India war, and was brother to Capt. Colin Campbell, of the Navy, and Major John Campbell, late of the 55th Regiment, the only two surviving brothers of seven, brought up in the service of their country.

Dec. 18. In the 43d year of his age, his Highness Duke Augustus of Brunswick, last son of the celebrated Duke Charles William Ferdinand, and uncle of the reigning Duke, General of Cavalry in the service of Hanover, and Great Cross of the Guelphic Order. Also brother to the Queen of England.

At Rome, Sir Thomas Gage, Bart. of Hengrave-hall, Suffolk.

At Moorabad, Major Henry Bellingham, 1st Battalion, 1st Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, commanding officer at the above station, and nephew to Sir Wm. Bellingham, Bart.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT BUSHEY-HEATH, MIDDLESEX.

By Colonel Beaufoy, F.R.S.

	Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
Dec.											
1	M. 35	29.676	78	WNW	Cloudy	17	M. 34	29.127	83	Calm	Fog
	A. 41	29.649	70	W	Cloudy		A. 38	29.194	78	N by W	Fog
2	M. 37	29.449	80	W by S	Cloudy	18	M. —	29.600	87	SE by E	Fog
	A. 40	29.449	69	W	Cloudy		A. —	29.624	83	SE	Fog
3	M. —	29.603	82	SSW	Fog, rain	19	M. —	29.751	88	S	Fog, rain
	A. 43	29.579	75	SW by W	Rain		A. —	29.788	85	SW	Fog, rain
4	M. 49	29.479	78	W by N	Cloudy	20	M. —	29.900	84	SSE	Wet, fog
	A. 52	29.483	72	W by S	Fine		A. 43	29.855	88	S	Fog, rain
5	M. 49	29.440	71	W	Cloudy	21	M. 47	29.618	73	W	Cloudy
	A. 50	29.382	70	W	Rain		A. 46	29.638	68	W	Cloudy
6	M. 45	29.541	84	E	Fog	22	M. 37	29.688	78	W by N	Very fine
	A. 46	29.574	79	SE	Rain, fog		A. 42	29.643	72	W	Rain
7	M. 49	29.563	79	W	Fine	23	M. 39	29.510	75	NE	Cloudy
	A. 52	29.589	73	W by S	Cloudy		A. 41	29.458	68	NE	Cloudy
8	M. —	29.682	74	W by S	Cloudy	24	M. 32	29.400	73	E by N	Cloudy
	A. —	—	—	—	—		A. 32	29.390	70	ENE	Cloudy
9	M. 47	29.703	69	W by S	Cloudy	25	M. 29	29.349	70	ENE	Cloudy
	A. 48	29.660	68	W by S	Cloudy		A. 29	29.335	71	ENE	Cloudy
10	M. 48	29.543	74	SW by W	Cloudy	26	M. 28	29.263	72	E	Rain
	A. 49	29.515	78	SW by W	Rain		A. 29	29.263	70	E	Cloudy
11	M. 49	29.375	82	WSW	Rain	27	M. 28	29.394	69	E by N	Cloudy
	A. 51	29.412	72	W	Mizzle		A. 29	29.402	69	E	Cloudy
12	M. —	29.131	87	SSW	Fog, rain	28	M. 27	29.404	69	NE by E	Clear
	A. 50	29.100	76	WSW	Cloudy		A. 29	29.434	63	NE by E	Cloudy
13	M. 46	28.932	82	NNE	Fog, rain	29	M. 24	29.479	66	NE by E	Cloudy
	A. 36	28.990	82	NE	Rain		A. 24	29.433	66	NE by E	Cloudy
14	M. 31	29.396	70	N by E	Clear	30	M. 24	29.410	68	NE	Cloudy
	A. 36	29.429	67	NNE	Clear		A. 25	29.429	65	NE	Fine
15	M. 32	29.464	65	ESE	Cloudy	31	M. 21	29.432	70	NE	Cloudy
	A. —	—	—	—	—		A. 27	29.391	65	NE	Very fine
16	M. 28	29.193	74	ESE	Cloudy						
	A. 31	29.093	71	ESW	Cloudy						

Rain, by the pluviometer, between noon the 1st of November, and noon the 1st of December, 1.223 inch. The quantity that fell upon the roof of my observatory during the same period, 1.303 inch. Evaporation, between noon the 1st of Nov. and noon the 1st of Dec. 0.853 inch.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 19 Jan.	Hamburg. 26 Jan.	Amsterdam 19 Jan.	Vienna. 3 Jan.	Genoa. 5 Jan.	Berlin. 9 Jan.	Naples. 31 Dec.	Leipsig. 4 Jan.	Bremen. 8 Jan.
London.....	25.60	37.6	40.9	9.56	30½	7.1¾	599	6.17½	621
Paris.....	—	26½	56¾	117¼	95¾	82¾	25.40	78¾	17½
Hamburg...	132½	—	34¾	143¾	44	151½	44	145½	135½
Amsterdam.	57½	104½	—	137½	91½	144½	48.90	138¾	127½
Vienna.....	254	144½	14½	—	61½	41¾	59	100½	—
Franckfort..	2½	145¾	35½	99½	—	104¾	—	100½	109½
Augsburg...	254	144¾	—	99½	61	104	58.65	100½	109½
Genoa.....	476	83½	89¾	—	—	—	19.40	—	—
Leipsig.....	—	145	—	—	—	104½	—	—	109½
Leghorn....	506	88¾	95	57½	122½	—	118.56	—	—
Lisbon.....	563	37½	41	—	887	—	50.35	—	—
Cadiz.....	15.35	92	—	—	625	—	118	—	—
Naples.....	420	—	79½	—	102	—	—	—	—
Bilboa.....	15.30	—	99	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	15.60	94	101	—	618	—	117	—	—
Porto.....	563	37½	41	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 11 Jan.	Nuremberg 14 Jan.	Christiana. 21 Dec.	Petersburg. 25 Dec.	Riga. 25 Dec.	Stock- holm. 2 Jan.	Madrid. 9 Jan.	Lisbon. 26 Dec.
London.....	151½	fl. 10.4	6 Sp. 116	9½	9½	12.20	37.5	38¾
Paris.....	78½	fr. 117¾	—	105½	—	24	16.6	16.8
Hamburg....	144½	144½	146	9½	9½	128	92½	93
Amsterdam.	138½	138½	—	10½	10½	122	102½	103
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	2960	—

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Dec. 23 to Jan. 23.

Amsterdam C. F.....	12-8..12-9
Ditto at sight	12-5..12-6
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-9..12-10
Antwerp	12-9..12-10
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-10..38-2
Altona, 2½ U	37-11..38-3
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-75
Ditto. 2 U.....	26-5
Bordeaux	26-5
Frankfort on the Main }	
Ex. M..... }	155½..156
Petersburg, rble, 3 Us.	9½
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M 10-16..	10-25..10-20
Trieste ditto	10-16..10-25..10-20
Madrid, effective	36..35½
Cadiz, effective	35¾..35
Bilboa	35¾..35
Barcelona	34½..34½
Seville	35½..35½
Gibraltar	30½
Leghorn	46½
Genoa	43½
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60
Malta	45
Naples	38½
Palermo, per. oz.	115
Lisbon	48½
Oporto	48½
Rio Janeiro	52..50
Bahia	59
Dublin.	7¾..8
Cork	8

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin 0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars 3	17	10½	0	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	14	9	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	11	0	4	10½
Silver, in bars, stand. 0	4	10½	0	4	11½	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 35s. 4½d.

Bread.

The highest price of the best wheaten bread throughout the Metropolis and Suburbs, is 10d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£3	0	0	to	4	10	0
Champions	3	0	0	to	4	10	0
Oxnobles	2	0	0	to	2	10	0
Apples	2	10	0	to	3	10	0

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Jan. 1 to Jan. 22.

	Jan. 1.	Jan. 8.	Jan. 15.	Jan. 22.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle....	38 0 to 45 0	41 0 to 43 9	42 6 to 44 0	34 6 to 41 6
Sunderland...	42 6 to 45 6	42 0 to 43 0	00 0 to 00 0	34 9 to 41 9

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.
By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels,
from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Dec. 23.	Dec. 30.	Jan. 6.	Jan. 13.
Wheat	53 11 54	1 54 0	54 7	
Rye -	34 0 34	7 34 2	35 0	
Barley	26 2 25	8 25 1	25 6	
Oats	19 7 19	2 18 11	18 9	
Beans	35 1 35	6 33 7	32 11	
Peas	41 0 40	11 37 0	34 0	

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Dec. 20 to Jan. 23.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	20,286	13,850	550	34,686
Barley	20,716	170	86	20,860
Oats	33,035	3,350	250	36,635
Rye	127	—	—	127
Beans	7,824	—	130	7,954
Pease	11,423	—	—	11,423
Malt	16,293	Qrs.;	Flour 34,943	Sacks.

Foreign Flour 1,358 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	45s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	45s. to 63s.
Essex, ditto	56s. to 65s.
Yearling Bags	00s. to 00s.
Kent, New Pockets	50s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	42s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	56s. to 75s.
Farnham, ditto	112s. to 126s.
Yearling Pockets	00s. to 00s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.	Clower.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
3 0 to 4	4..4 0 to 5 0..1	6 to 1 10
	Smithfield.	
3 5 to 4	0..3 10 to 5 0..1	4 to 1 12
	Whitechapel.	
3 0 to 4	10..4 0 to 5 0..1	4 to 1 14
	St. James's.	

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at	
Newgate.—Beef ...	3s. 2d. to 4s. 2d.
Mutton ...	3s. 0d. to 4s. 0d.
Veal ...	5s. 8d. to 7s. 8d.
Pork ...	3s. 8d. to 5s. 8d.
Lamb ...	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Leadenhall.—Beef ...	3s. 0d. to 4s. 4d.
Mutton ...	3s. 0d. to 3s. 3d.
Veal ...	5s. 0d. to 7s. 4d.
Pork ...	4s. 4d. to 6s. 2d.
Lamb ...	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Dec. 29 to Jan. 22, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
10,780	1,060	82,670	1,300

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Jan. 21st, 1821.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.	
£.	£.	s.		£.	s.	£.	£.	s.	£.	s.
Canals.										Bridges.
350	100	—	Andover.....	5	2912	100	—	Southwark	17	
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch	11 10	4443	40	—	Do. new	16	
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham	70	3000	100	—	Vauxhall	18	5
1260	100	—	Basingstoke.....	6	54,000L.	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes	92	
54,000L.	—	2	Do. Bonds	40	5000	100	—	Waterloo	5	5
2,000	25	21	Birmingham (divided)	550	5000	60	—	— Annuities of 8l.	27	10
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury.....	100	5000	40	—	— Annuities of 7l.	22	10
958	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny	75	60,000L.	—	5	— Bonds.....	100	
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater	90				Roads.		
1500	100	8	Chesterfield.....	120				Barking.....	35	
500	100	44	Coventry	970	300	100	—	Commercial	103	
4546	100	—	Croydon.....	3	1000	100	5	East-India		
600	100	6	Derby.....	112	—	100	5	Branch	100	
2060	100	3	Dudley	62				Great Dover Street.....	31	
3575	133	3	Ellesmere and Chester....	63	492	100	1 15	Highgate Archway.....	6	
231	100	58	Erewash	1000	2393	50	—	Croydon Railway.....	12	
1297	100	20	Forth and Clyde	500	1000	—	1	Surrey Do.....	10	
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	20	3762	50	1	Severn and Wye	30	
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan.....	57				Water Works.		
11,815	100	9	Grand Junction	210				East London.....	—	
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey	57 10	3800	100	—	Grand Junction	47	
48,800L.	—	5	Do. Loan	95	4500	50	2 10	Kent	33	
2849	100	—	Grand Union	28 10	2000	100	—	London Bridge.....	50	
19,327L.	—	5	Do. Loan	93	1500	—	2 10	South London	21	
3096	100	—	Grand Western.....	4	800	100	—	West Middlesex	49	
749	150	7	Grantham.....	130	7540	—	2	York Buildings.....	18	
6312	100	—	Huddersfield	13	1360	100	—	Insurances.		
25,328	100	18	Kenner and Avon	18 15				Albion	40	
11,699	100	1	Lancaster	27	2000	500	2 10	Atlas	5	
2879	100	10	Leeds and Liverpool.....	280	25,000	50	6	Bath	575	
545	—	14	Leicester	295	—	40	—	Birmingham	350	
1895	100	4	Leicester & Northampton Union	83	300	1000	25	British	50	
70	—	119	Loughborough.....	2400	—	250	3	County	39	
250	100	11	Melton Mowbray	—	4000	100	2 10	Eagle	2 12 6	
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell	650	20,000	50	5	European	20	
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire	150	50,000	20	1	Globe	118	
43,526L.	100	5	Do. Debentures	92	1,000,000L.	100	6	Hope	3 5	
700	100	—	Montgomeryshire	70	40,000	50	5	Imperial	80	
247	—	25	Neath	400	2400	500	4 10	London Fire	23	
1770	25	—	North Wilts	—	3900	25	1 4	London Ship.....	19	
500	100	12	Nottingham.....	—	31,000	25	1	Provident	17	
1720	100	32	Oxford	625	2500	100	18	Rock	1 18	
2400	100	3 10	Peak Forest	68	100,000	20	2	Royal Exchange	230	
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel..	23	745,100L.	—	10	Sun Fire.....	—	
12,294	—	—	Regent's	25	—	—	8 10	Sun Life	23	
5631	100	2	Rochdale	40	4000	100	10	Union.....	33	
500	125	9	Shrewsbury	160	1500	200	1 4	Gas Lights.		
500	100	7 10	Shropshire	140				Gas Light and Coke (Char- tered Company)	62	
771	50	—	Somerset Coal.....	—	8000	50	4	Do. New Shares	41	
700	100	40	Stafford. & Worcestershire.	700				City Gas Light Company	98	
300	145	10	Stourbridge	210	4000	50	2 8	Do. New	47	
2647	—	—	Stratford on Avon	10	1000	100	7 10	Bath Gas	19	
—	—	22	Stroudwater	495	1000	100	3 10	Brighton Gas	15 5	
533	100	12	Swansea	190	2500	20	16	Bristol	28	
350	100	—	Tavistock	90	1500	20	—	Literary Institutions.		
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway.....	24 10				London	37	
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk	1875				Russel	11 11	
1000	100	12	Warwick and Birmingham	215	1000	75gs	—	Surrey	7	
1000	50	—	Warwick and Napton	210	700	25gs	—	Miscellaneous.		
980	100	11	Wilts and Berks.....	6	700	30gs	—	Auction Mart	20	
14,288	105	5	Wisbeach	60				British Copper Company ..	50	
126	—	1	Worcester and Birmingham ..	25	1080	50	1 5	Golden Lane Brewery	10	
6000	—	—	Docks.					Do.	6 10	
2209	146	—	Bristol	—	1397	100	2 10	London Commercial Sale Rooms	19	
—	100	5	Do. Notes	—	2299	80	—	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class..	71	
3132	100	3	Commercial	60	3447	50	—	Do..... 2d. Class.....	61 10	
450,000L.	100	10	East-India	162	2000	150	1	City Bonds	101	
1038	100	—	East Country	18 10						
3,114,000L.	100	4	London	95						
1,200,000L.	100	10	West-India	163						

Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th December to 25th January.

	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	New ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
1820 Dec.															
26 Hol.															
27 —	69 ⁷ / ₈	70	shut	—	87 ¹ / ₂	—	—	—	—	—	26	—	—	1p	71 ¹ / ₂
28 Hol.															
29 —	69 ⁷ / ₈	70	—	78 ⁷ / ₈	87 ³ / ₄	107	18 ¹ / ₁₆	68 ⁵ / ₈	1 ³ / ₄	—	27	—	—	1p	71 ¹ / ₂
30 —	69 ⁷ / ₈	70 ¹ / ₈	—	—	87 ³ / ₄	107	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	—	—	27	—	—	1p	71 ¹ / ₂
1821 Jan.															
1 Hol.															
2 223	70 ¹ / ₈	4	—	79 ¹ / ₈	88	107 ¹ / ₄	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	1 ³ / ₄	—	27	—	—	2p	71 ¹ / ₂
3 222 ¹ / ₂	70 ¹ / ₈	70	—	79 ¹ / ₈	88	107 ¹ / ₄	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	—	—	27	—	—	1p	71 ¹ / ₂
4 —	70 ¹ / ₈	4	—	79 ¹ / ₈	87 ³ / ₄	—	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	2	—	27	—	—	3p	71 ¹ / ₂
5 222 ¹ / ₂	70 ¹ / ₈	3	—	79 ¹ / ₈	87 ³ / ₄	—	18 ¹ / ₁₆	68 ³ / ₄	—	—	—	—	—	2p	71 ¹ / ₂
6 Hol.															
8 223	70 ¹ / ₈	69 ³ / ₄	1	—	87 ³ / ₄	104 ¹ / ₂	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	—	225 ³ / ₄	30	—	—	5p	71 ¹ / ₂
9 —	70 ¹ / ₈	69 ³ / ₄	1	79 ¹ / ₈	87 ³ / ₄	104 ¹ / ₂	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	1 ³ / ₄	225 ³ / ₄	35	—	—	5p	71 ¹ / ₂
10 223	70 ¹ / ₈	70	69 ³ / ₄	79 ¹ / ₈	87 ³ / ₄	104 ¹ / ₂	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	1 ³ / ₄	225 ³ / ₄	34	—	—	6p	71 ¹ / ₂
11 223 ¹ / ₂	70 ¹ / ₈	69 ³ / ₄	69 ³ / ₄	79 ¹ / ₈	87 ³ / ₄	104 ¹ / ₂	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	1 ³ / ₄	225 ³ / ₄	34	—	—	6p	71 ¹ / ₂
12 223 ¹ / ₂	70 ¹ / ₈	69 ³ / ₄	69 ³ / ₄	79 ¹ / ₈	87 ³ / ₄	104 ¹ / ₂	18 ¹ / ₁₆	68 ³ / ₄	1 ³ / ₄	223 ¹ / ₄	34	76 ³ / ₈	—	6p	71 ¹ / ₂
13 —	69 ⁷ / ₈	70	69 ³ / ₄	—	87 ³ / ₄	104 ¹ / ₂	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	—	—	33	—	—	6p	70 ⁷ / ₈
15 —	70 ¹ / ₈	69 ³ / ₄	69 ³ / ₄	78 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	104 ¹ / ₂	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	—	—	—	—	—	5p	70 ⁷ / ₈
16 223	69 ³ / ₄	1	69 ³ / ₄	8	87 ³ / ₄	103 ³ / ₄	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	—	—	—	68 ³ / ₄	—	5p	70 ⁷ / ₈
17 —	69 ³ / ₄	68 ³ / ₄	69 ³ / ₄	78 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	103 ³ / ₄	18 ¹ / ₁₆	68 ³ / ₄	1 ³ / ₄	—	33	—	68 ³ / ₄	5p	70 ⁷ / ₈
18 223	69 ³ / ₄	69 ³ / ₄	9	78 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	103 ³ / ₄	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	—	221 ³ / ₄	33	—	—	5p	70 ⁷ / ₈
19 —	69 ³ / ₄	69 ³ / ₄	—	79 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	104 ¹ / ₂	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	—	222 ³ / ₄	34	—	—	6p	69 ³ / ₄
20 222 ¹ / ₂	69 ³ / ₄	70	69 ³ / ₄	79 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	104 ¹ / ₂	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	—	223 ³ / ₄	34	—	—	6p	69 ³ / ₄
22 222	70 ¹ / ₈	4	69 ³ / ₄	79 ³ / ₄	88	104 ¹ / ₂	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	1 ³ / ₄	223 ³ / ₄	36	76 ¹ / ₄	—	6p	69 ³ / ₄
23 223	70 ¹ / ₈	69 ³ / ₄	—	79 ³ / ₄	88 ³ / ₄	104 ¹ / ₂	18 ¹ / ₁₆	—	—	224 ¹ / ₈	38	—	—	6p	70 ¹ / ₈
24 225	70 ¹ / ₈	69 ³ / ₄	70 ¹ / ₈	80	88 ³ / ₄	105	18 ⁵ / ₁₆	69 ³ / ₄	2 ¹ / ₄	225	—	78 ¹ / ₄	—	6p	70 ⁷ / ₈
25 —	71	72	70 ¹ / ₈	—	90	106	18 ⁵ / ₁₆	—	4 ¹ / ₄	—	—	—	—	6p	72

IRISH FUNDS.

	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Loan.	City Dublin Bonds.	Pipe Water De- bentures.	Wide Street De- bentures.
1820 Dec.											
16 —	—	75 ¹ / ₈	75	—	—	103 ¹ / ₈	103	—	—	—	—
18 —	—	75 ¹ / ₈	75	—	—	103 ¹ / ₈	103 ¹ / ₈	—	—	—	—
20 —	—	75 ¹ / ₈	75 ¹ / ₈	—	—	104	103 ¹ / ₈	—	—	—	—
21 —	—	75 ¹ / ₈	75 ¹ / ₈	—	—	103 ¹ / ₈	103 ¹ / ₈	—	—	—	—
22 —	—	75 ¹ / ₈	75 ¹ / ₈	—	—	103 ¹ / ₈	103 ¹ / ₈	—	—	—	—

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From Dec. 22, to Jan. 19.

	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
1820 Dec.	fr. c.	fr. c.
22 78	50	1430 —
30 79	15	1425 —
1821 Jan.		
6 80	20	1455 —
8 80	20	1445 —
13 80	20	1452 —
15 80	75	1454 —
19 81	85	1470 —

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.										N. YORK. Nov. 28
	Dec. 26	29	Jan. 2	5	9	12	16	19	23		
Bank Shares.....	22-15	22-15	par.	par.	par.	par.	22-5	22-5	22-5	102 ¹ / ₂	
6 per cent.....	1812	104	104	—	—	—	103	103	103 ¹ / ₈	106 ¹ / ₈	
	1813	104 ¹ / ₈	105	—	—	—	104	104	104 ¹ / ₈	107	
	1814	105 ¹ / ₈	106	—	—	—	105	105	105 ¹ / ₈	107 ¹ / ₈	
	1815	106 ¹ / ₈	107	—	—	—	106	106	106 ¹ / ₈	108	
3 per cent.....	70	70	69 ¹ / ₈	69 ¹ / ₈	69 ¹ / ₈	69 ¹ / ₈	69 ¹ / ₈	69 ¹ / ₈	69 ¹ / ₈	71	

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

